



UNIVERSAL  
LIBRARY



107 573

UNIVERSAL  
LIBRARY

# IMPRESSIONS OF LATIN AMERICA

Five centuries of travel  
and adventure by English  
and North American writers

JOHN RALEIGH GAGE ROGERS  
JAMES HALL TEMPLE  
HERMAN MELVILLE  
THOMAS REED  
LAWRENCE MOFFET FRANK TONK  
ALBRECHT  
ALEX. FISHER

980  
W1751

SELECTED AND EDITED BY  
**Frank MacShane**

kansas city



public library

kansas city, missouri

Books will be issued only  
on presentation of library card.

Please report lost cards and  
change of residence promptly.

Card holders are responsible for

all books, records, films, pictures

or other library materials

checked out on their cards.







# IMPRESSIONS OF LATIN AMERICA

Five Centuries of Travel  
and Adventure by English  
and North American Writers

Selected and Edited by FRANK MACSHANE

WILLIAM MORROW AND COMPANY

NEW YORK • 1963

Copyright © 1963 by Frank MacShane

Grateful acknowledgment is made to:

E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York, and to The Royal Society for The Protection of Birds and The Society of Authors, London, for permission to reprint "The Plains of Patagonia," from *Idle Days in Patagonia*, by W. H. Hudson.

Mrs. George Bambridge, Macmillan & Co. Ltd., London, and to Doubleday & Company, Inc., New York, for permission to reprint "São Paulo and a Coffee Estate," from *Brazilian Sketches*, by Rudyard Kipling, copyright 1927 by Rudyard Kipling.

The Society of Authors, London, as the Literary Representative of the Estate of the late H. M. Tomlinson, for permission to reprint "Entering the Amazon," from Mr. Tomlinson's book, *The Sea and the Jungle*.

Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc., New York, for permission to reprint "With Pancho Villa in Mexico," from *Insurgent Mexico*, by John Reed.

Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., New York, Laurence Pollinger Limited, London, and the Estate of the late Mrs. Frieda Lawrence for permission to reprint "Walk to Huayapa," from *Mornings in Mexico*, by D. H. Lawrence, copyright 1927 by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

Harper & Row, Publishers, New York, for permission to reprint "Antigua," from *Beyond the Mexique Bay*, by Aldous Huxley, copyright 1934 by Aldous Huxley.

Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., New York, for permission to reprint "An Evening in Havana," from *San Cristóbal de la Habana*, by Joseph Hergesheimer, copyright 1920, 1927 by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

William McFee and Doubleday & Company, Inc., New York, for permission to reprint "Antioquia," from Mr. McFee's book, *Sunlight in New Granada*, copyright 1925 by William McFee.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, for permission to reprint "Chuquicamata," from *America Hispana* (pages 141-154), by Waldo Frank, copyright 1931 by Waldo Frank; renewal copyright © 1959.

J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, and the Estate of Christopher Morley for permission to reprint "Buenaventura," from Mr. Morley's book, *Hasta la Vista*, copyright 1934, 1935 by Christopher Morley.

Christopher Isherwood, Random House, Inc., New York, and Methuen & Co. Ltd., London, for permission to reprint "In Bogotá," from *The Condor and the Cows*, copyright 1948 by The Curtis Publishing Company, copyright 1948, 1949 by Christopher Isherwood, copyright 1952 (*The World in the Evening*), 1954 by Christopher Isherwood.

All rights reserved. Published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada by George J. McLeod Limited, Toronto. Printed in the United States of America.

Library of Congress Catalog Card Number 63-8791

# Contents

Introduction ix

"We Took the Silver and Left the Man"  
SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

The Discovery of Guiana 13  
SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Mexico City, 1635 26  
THOMAS GAGE

The Real Robinson Crusoe 40  
WOODES ROGERS

Santiago in the 1740's 47  
JOHN BYRON

The Inquisition in Lima 57  
W. B. STEVENSON

With San Martín in Peru 69

A Visit to Guayaquil 81  
BASIL HALL

Overnight in a Bolivian Village	93
EDMUND TEMPLE	
Snake Hunting in the Brazilian Wilderness	103
CHARLES WATERTON	
The Indians of Tierra del Fuego	112
CHARLES DARWIN	
The Encantadas, or Enchanted Isles	122
HERMAN MELVILLE	
Prisoner in Paraguay	133
G. F. MASTERMAN	
A Cuban Sugar Plantation	152
RICHARD HENRY DANA	
The Plains of Patagonia	167
W. H. HUDSON	
Un Angelito	188
ROBERT BONTINE CUNNINGHAME	
GRAHAM	
São Paulo and a Coffee Estate	198
RUDYARD KIPLING	
Entering the Amazon	207
H. M. TOMLINSON	
With Pancho Villa in Mexico	220
JOHN REED	
Walk to Huayapa	236
D. H. LAWRENCE	
Antigua	253
ALDOUS HUXLEY	

An Evening in Havana	262
JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER	
Antioquía	271
WILLIAM MCFEE	
Chuquicamata	287
WALDO FRANK	
Buenaventura	301
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY	
In Bogotá	308
CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD	
Suggested Further Reading	326
Index	329

*(All selections in this anthology have been styled and printed as they appeared in the standard editions of the individual works.)*





# Introduction

Not everybody agrees that travel is a useful experience or an intelligent way of spending one's time: Ralph Waldo Emerson, for example, bluntly stated, "Traveling is a fool's paradise," and his friend, H. D. Thoreau, observed sardonically that he had "traveled a good deal in Concord," thus suggesting that whoever voyaged outside of his immediate neighborhood risked condemnation as a superficial observer of life.

Valid as Emerson's and Thoreau's comments are as correctives to useless sight-seeing for the sake of titillation or escape, travel (as distinct from tourism) has its real uses. It is useful not merely for the cliché reason that it is a "broadening experience," but because now, at least, as the globe shrinks and world crises increase in frequency and violence, an understanding of the motives of people in other societies is more vital for the survival of decency in the world than it ever was.

At any rate, this book is based on the assumption that travel is useful and that the records of past travelers are not only interesting in themselves but useful in their unpretentious way to those

who are curious about people and customs in other places—outside of Concord, Massachusetts.

This then is an anthology of writings by Englishmen and North Americans who have visited Latin America over the past four hundred years. That Latin America should be the subject of such an anthology is surely no cause for surprise in view of the tremendous outburst of interest in that continent during the past few years. For decades Europe and the United States tended to ignore the twenty Latin American nations, but in recent years, thanks largely to the size of the Latin American vote in the United Nations and to the growing dichotomy between East and West, these countries have made Washington and London aware of their importance. One of the most vivid proofs of this new interest in Latin America is the Alliance for Progress instituted by President Kennedy in 1961.

Little more need be said in justification of the subject; the method, however, may require some explanation. The tendency of Anglo-Saxondom to ignore the Latin republics of America having been admitted, it may seem peculiar to call on observers from England and the United States to comment upon life south of the border. But the fact is that from almost the very beginning, there have always been a few English—and later, North American—visitors on the scene who have commented freely on what they saw. In their different ways, these travelers have been able to give a sense of Latin American life which Spanish and Portuguese visitors, or indeed natives of Latin America itself, have not always been able to give. The Spaniard or the Latin American normally is deeply affected by the events and customs of the continent, whereas the Anglo-Saxon observer has usually been entirely free of political and social involvement and therefore is capable of a more objective commentary. Moreover, coming with eyes accustomed to the habits of New York or London, he is able to notice things with an incisiveness the local observer usually cannot equal because of his very familiarity with the scene. The foreigner, in short, is frequently the best observer of the national character-

istics of countries other than his own: Alexis de Tocqueville in his *Democracy in America* proved that assertion once and for all.

In addition, thanks to the widely varying reasons for their visits to Latin America, these English and North American travelers have been able to explore a great many different aspects of Latin America and thus, taken as a whole, their comments provide a composite picture of Latin American life and give some idea of the complexity of the subject. On the other hand, this anthology makes no pretense of completeness: all it hopes to accomplish is to suggest that Latin America has its own intellectual, social, political, religious and economic heritage which makes it as complex a society as any in the world. Such a heritage, with its resulting problems, demands that Latin America be given as respectful a hearing as is commonly given to Europe, Asia and North America.

One aspect of this anthology which I hope will please the reader is the quality of the writing revealed in the various selections. I have always been suspicious of writers who are unable to express themselves clearly, for I suspect that unclear expression indicates muddy thinking or faulty observation. By concentrating on well-known authors who have elsewhere demonstrated the incisiveness of their minds, I have hoped to reveal aspects of Latin America that are frequently overlooked by well-meaning but relatively illiterate commentators, or by men whose interests are very narrow. Moreover—and certainly not least in importance—the hope is that the reader will simply enjoy the opportunity of reading good prose, be it the work of famous authors like W. H. Hudson and D. H. Lawrence or of such relatively unknown men as Edmund Temple and G. F. Masterman.

There remains one final purpose to this anthology, which is revealed in the order in which the various selections are printed; and that is to give some idea of the length and quality of the Anglo-Saxon association with Latin America. The first Englishmen who came to South America in the sixteenth century are hardly likely to earn our admiration today for, as is obvious in the accounts of Sir Francis Drake and Sir Walter Raleigh—and to a

certain extent in that of Captain Woodes Rogers—they came simply to raid Spanish shipping and to steal whatever they could of Latin American produce. Thus the motives of the first English visitors were in no way superior to those of Pizarro, Almagro and Cortez, who first conquered the continent for the Spanish monarchy. By the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, however, a change for the better is clearly discernible in the writings of John Byron, Captain Basil Hall and W. B. Stevenson. Instead of appearing off the Latin American coasts as marauders and buccaneers, they came simply to observe the way in which native South Americans lived, and before leaving they were usually so impressed with the naturalness of Latin American society that they lent their moral support to the burgeoning movements for independence that sprang up over the continent during the first two decades of the nineteenth century. There were also a number of men of English or Irish extraction who played leading roles in the wars for independence from Spain. Some of these were the sons of Englishmen or Irishmen who had settled here or there on the continent; others were soldiers of fortune who rose to the occasion. Bernardo O'Higgins, the Liberator of Chile; Lord Cochrane, the first admiral of the Chilean navy; and General William Miller, who fought with Bolivar in Peru, all had Anglo-Saxon blood in their veins.

Following the establishment of republican governments in most parts of the continent, a new wave of visitors appeared in Latin America. Most of these new arrivals came on special missions: there were commercial entrepreneurs, members of religious orders sent out as missionaries and, perhaps most interesting of all, naturalists and explorers like Waterton and Darwin. The very frequency of their appearance suggested that at long last, after almost three centuries as a colonial dependency of Portugal and Spain, Latin America was coming into its own and establishing itself as a community of relatively stable republics.

Such a statement should not be taken as an assertion that Latin America has always been able to practice republicanism with suc-

cess. G. F. Masterman's account of his experiences under the dictatorship of Francisco Solano López in Paraguay is enough to dispel that notion. On the other hand, it is worth noting that the popular version of political life in Latin America, according to which there is a dictator in every presidential palace, is a falsification of reality. For while it is a sad truth that no Bolivian president has been able to survive his full term of office, quite the contrary is true of a number of other countries on the continent. In addition, though four presidents of the United States have been assassinated in office, no single Chilean president has even been shot at; and in Uruguay political sophistication has reached the point of eliminating the need for a president altogether.

Still, the latter part of the nineteenth century was a period of political struggle and warfare in South America. Dictatorships flourished widely; and the War of the Pacific, in which Chile successfully engaged Peru and Bolivia, and the disastrous defeat of Paraguay at the hands of Uruguay, Brazil and the Argentine were but two of innumerable conflagrations during this period.

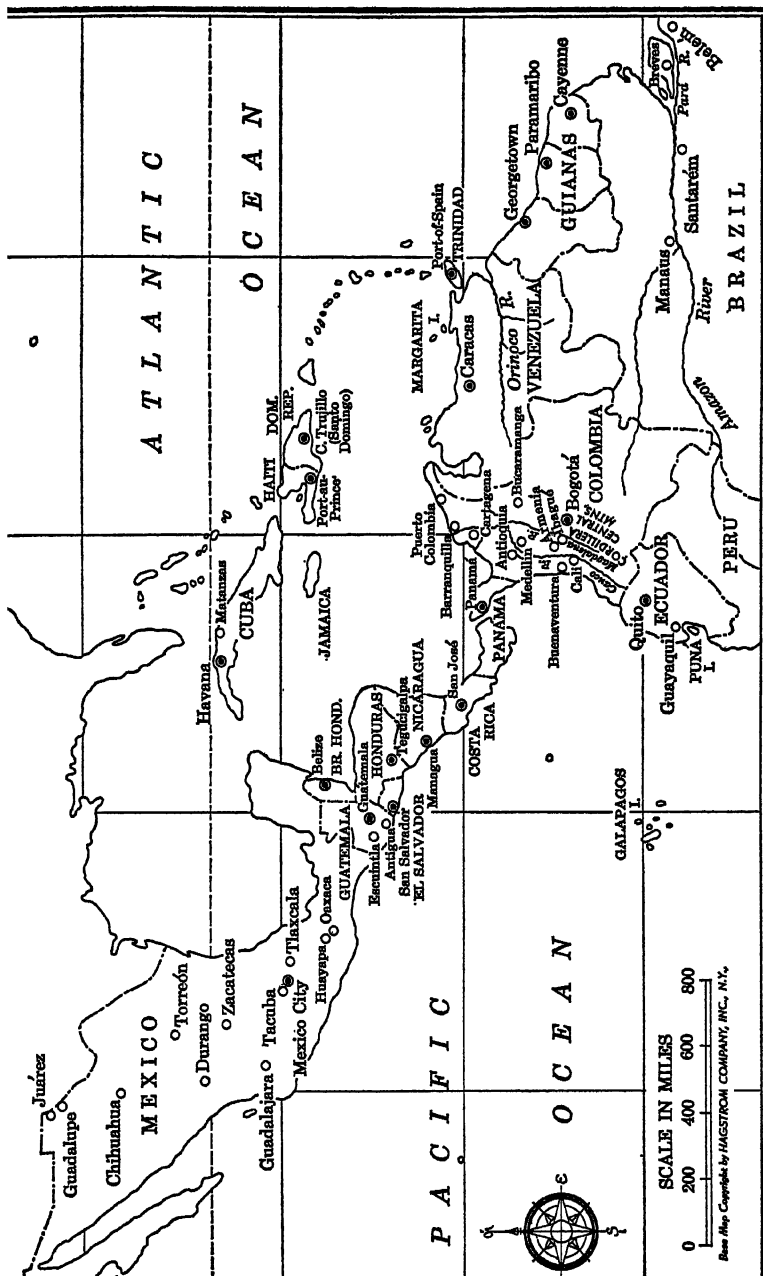
By the turn of the century, however, Latin America had really begun to come of age. In terms of the present anthology, this development is made most plain in the work of men like W. H. Hudson and R. B. Cunninghame Graham. In their work, as in that of their friend Joseph Conrad, South America for the first time became the setting of serious artistic production in English literature. This fact in itself suggests a maturity hitherto not achieved by the continent. In addition, the publication of books like *Green Mansions*, *El Ombú* and *Nostromo* forced England and America to look upon South America not merely as the locale of singularly inept comic-opera governments, but as a place having traditions and a way of life as interesting and vivid as any in the United States or Europe.

Understandably, Hudson and Graham stressed the picturesque elements of Latin America in their books: they presented South American life as a kind of bitter-sweet affair always overladen with an aura of the strange and the romantic. But the popularity

of their work really opened the floodgates, and by 1920 Latin America was inundated by foreign observers with as diverse interests as John Reed, H. M. Tomlinson and D. H. Lawrence. By the next decade, Latin America had come to mean many different things to many visiting authors. No longer merely an out-of-the-way subject for the relatively straight forward investigations of naturalists or of men of action, it began to reflect its own very real and individual personality in the work of a number of writers who found its social organization and traditions as satisfyingly complex as those of North America and Great Britain. With such a development, Latin America attained maturity as a subject in English and North American literature. Subsequent years have suggested further changes, stressing an essentially international point of view, but so far this development has not taken its final form.

F. M.

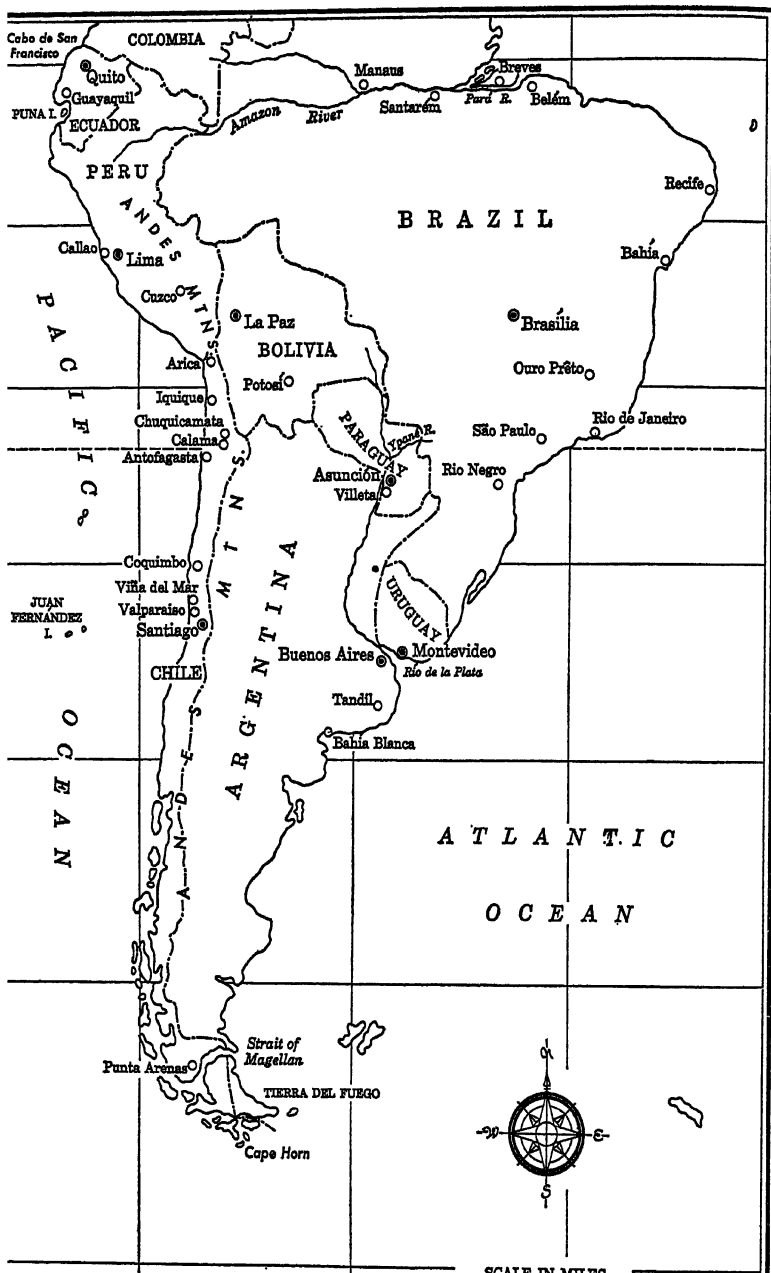
University of California  
Berkeley, California  
June 1, 1962



SCALE IN MILES

0 200 400 600 800

Base Map Copyright by HAGSTROM COMPANY, INC., N.Y.





# “We Took the Silver and Left the Man”

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

(Narrative by Francis Pretty, Gentleman at Arms)

*By the end of the sixteenth century, virtually all of Latin America was in the hands of the Portuguese and Spaniards, and therefore the first Englishmen to visit the continent were members of that famous tribe of seamen known as buccaneers, whose sole purpose in sailing to the Spanish Main was to raid the shipping of Philip II and especially to seize the galleons laden with treasure, which were dispatched semiannually from South America. Hawkins, Cavendish, Raleigh and many other Elizabethan seamen were engaged in this traffic, but probably the most famous and successful of all was Sir Francis Drake.*

*Drake was born in Devon in about 1540 and spent almost all of his life at sea, embarking on numerous voyages to South America and of course gaining his greatest fame for the role he played in helping to repel the Spanish Armada in 1588. Still buccaneering eight years later, he died at Panama in 1596.*

*While Drake's principal purpose was to seize plunder, as is made clear in the portion of the narrative printed below, which*

*was the work of his associate Francis Pretty, his expeditions were also of considerable significance as voyages of discovery. The particular voyage here recounted was probably the most important of all of these, for it marked the first time an Englishman ever circumnavigated the globe. Sailing through the Straits of Magellan in August of 1578, a passage which took him sixteen days and cost him the loss of two of his ships, Drake entered the Pacific alone. Upon emerging from the Straits, he renamed his ship the Golden Hind in honor of the crest of the then Lord Chancellor of England, Sir Christopher Hatton. Continuing onward along the west coast of South America, Drake sailed as far north as San Francisco before crossing the Pacific. Then, after stops at Java and other places in the South Seas, he finally rounded the Cape of Good Hope and returned to England in 1580, three years after he had originally set out.*

*The following account, though tantalizingly skimpy in some of its details, gives a vivid picture of actual conditions on this famous voyage of plunder and discovery. Moreover, it emphasizes the casual ruthlessness and brutality apparently common in the days of the great "General," Sir Francis Drake.*

From the first day of our departure from the islands of Cape Verde, we sailed 54 days without sight of land. And the first land that we fell with was the coast of Brazil, which we saw the fifth of April, in the height of 33 degrees towards the pole Antarctic. And being discovered at sea by the inhabitants of the country, they made upon the coast great fires for a sacrifice (as we learned) to the devils; about which they use conjurations, making heaps of sand, and other ceremonies, that when any ship shall go about to stay upon their coast, not only sands may be gathered together in shoals in every place, but also that storms and tempests may arise,

to the casting away of ships and men, whereof, as it is reported, there have been divers experiments.

The 7th day in a mighty great storm, both of lightning, rain, and thunder, we lost the canter, which we called the *Christopher*. But the eleventh day after, by our General's great care in dispersing his ships, we found her again; and the place where we met our General called the Cape of Joy, where every ship took in some water. Here we found a good temperature and sweet air, a very fair and pleasant country with an exceeding fruitful soil, where were great store of large and mighty deer, but we came not to the sight of any people; but travelling further into the country we perceived the footing of people in the clay ground, shewing that they were men of great stature. Being returned to our ships we weighed anchor, and ran somewhat further, and harboured ourselves between the rock and the main; where by means of the rock that brake the force of the sea, we rid very safe. And upon this rock we killed for our provision certain sea-wolves, commonly called with us seals. From hence we went our course to 36 degrees, and entered the great river of Plate, and ran into 54 and 53½ fathoms of fresh water, where we filled our water by the ship's side; but our General finding here no good harbourough, as he thought he should, bare out again to sea the 27th of April, and in bearing out we lost sight of our fly-boat, wherein Master Doughty was. But we, sailing along, found a fair and reasonable good bay, wherein were many and the same profitable islands; one whereof had so many seals as would at the least have laden all our ships, and the rest of the islands are, as it were, laden with fowls, which is wonderful to see, and they of divers sorts. It is a place very plentiful of victuals, and hath in it no want of fresh water. Our General, after certain days of his abode in this place, being on shore in an island, the people of the country shewed themselves unto him, leaping and dancing, and entered into traffic with him; but they would not receive anything at any man's hands, but the same must be cast upon the ground. They are of

clean, comely, and strong bodies, swift on foot, and seem to be very active.

The 18th day of May, our General thought it needful to have a care of such ships as were absent; and therefore endeavouring to seek the fly-boat wherein Master Doughty was, we espied her again the next day. And whereas certain of our ships were sent to discover the coast and to search an harbour, the *Marigold* and the canter being employed in that business, came unto us and gave us understanding of a safe harbour that they had found. Wherewith all our ships bare, and entered it; where we watered and made new provision of victuals, as by seals, whereof we slew to the number of 200 or 300 in the space of an hour. Here our General in the *Admiral* rid close aboard the fly-boat, and took out of her all the provision of victuals and what else was in her, and hauling her to the land, set fire to her, and so burnt her to save the iron work. Which being a-doing, there came down of the country certain of the people naked, saving only about their waist the skin of some beast, with the fur or hair on, and something also wreathed on their heads. Their faces were painted with divers colours, and some of them had on their heads the similitude of horns, every man his bow, which was an ell in length, and a couple of arrows. They were very agile people and quick to deliver, and seemed not to be ignorant in the feats of wars, as by their order of ranging a few men might appear. These people would not of a long time receive anything at our hands; yet at length our General being ashore, and they dancing after their accustomed manner about him, and he once turning his back towards them, one leaped suddenly to him, and took his cap with his gold band off his head, and ran a little distance from him, and shared it with his fellow, the cap to the one, and the band to the other. Having despatched all our business in this place, we departed and set sail. And immediately upon our setting forth we lost our canter, which was absent three or four days; but when our General had her again, he took out the necessities, and so gave her over, near to the Cape of Good Hope. The next day after,

being the 20th of June, we harboured ourselves again in a very good harborough, called by Magellan, Port St. Julian, where we found a gibbet standing upon the main; which we supposed to be the place where Magellan did execution upon some of his disobedient and rebellious company.

The two and twentieth day our General went ashore to the main, and in his company John Thomas, and Robert Winterhie, Oliver the master-gunner, John Brewer, Thomas Hood, and Thomas Drake. And entering on land, they presently met with two or three of the country people. And Robert Winterhie having in his hands a bow and arrows, went about to make a shoot of pleasure, and, in his draught, his bowstring brake; which the rude savages taking as a token of war, began to bend the force of their bows against our company, and drove them to their shifts very narrowly.

In this port our General began to enquire diligently of the actions of Master Thomas Doughty, and found them not to be such as he looked for, but tending rather of contention or mutiny, or some other disorder, whereby, without redress, the success of the voyage might greatly have been hazarded. Whereupon the company was called together and made acquainted with the particulars of the cause, which were found, partly by Master Doughty's own confession, and partly by the evidence of the fact, to be true. Which when our General saw, although his private affection to Master Doughty, as he then in the presence of us all sacredly protested, was great, yet the care he had of the state of the voyage, of the expectation of her Majesty, and of the honour of his country did more touch him, as indeed it ought, than the private respect of one man. So that the cause being thoroughly heard, and all things done in good order as near as might be to the course of our laws in England, it was concluded that Master Doughty should receive punishment according to the quality of the offence. And he, seeing no remedy but patience for himself, desired before his death to receive the communion, which he did at the hands of Master Fletcher, our minister, and our General himself accompanied him in that holy action. Which being done, and the place.

of execution made ready, he having embraced our General, and taken his leave of all the company, with prayers for the Queen's Majesty and our realm, in quiet sort laid his head to the block, where he ended his life. This being done, our General made divers speeches to the whole company, persuading us to unity, obedience, love, and regard of our voyage; and for the better confirmation thereof, willed every man the next Sunday following to prepare himself to receive the communion, as Christian brethren and friends ought to do. Which was done in very reverent sort; and so with good contentment every man went about his business.

The 17th day of August we departed the port of St. Julian, and the 20th day we fell with the Strait of Magellan, going into the South Sea; at the cape or headland whereof we found the body of a dead man, whose flesh was clean consumed. The 21st day we entered the Strait, which we found to have many turnings, and as it were shuttings-up, as if there were no passage at all. By means whereof we had the wind often against us; so that some of the fleet recovering a cape or point of land, others should be forced to turn back again, and to come to an anchor where they could. In this Strait there be many fair harbours, with store of fresh water. But yet they lack their best commodity, for the water there is of such depth, that no man shall find ground to anchor in, except it be in some narrow river or corner, or between some rocks; so that if any extreme blasts or contrary winds do come, whereunto the place is much subject, it carrieth with it no small danger. The land on both sides is very huge and mountainous; the lower mountains whereof, although they be monstrous and wonderful to look upon for their height, yet there are others which in height exceed them in a strange manner, reaching themselves above their fellows so high, that between them did appear three regions of clouds. These mountains are covered with snow. At both the southerly and easterly parts of the Strait there are islands, among which the sea hath his indraught into the Straits, even as it hath in the main entrance of the frete. This Strait is extreme cold, with frost and snow continually; the trees seem to stoop with the burden of

the weather, and yet are green continually, and many good and sweet herbs do very plentifully grow and increase under them. The breadth of the Strait is in some places a league, in some other places two leagues and three leagues, and in some other four leagues; but the narrowest place hath a league over.

The 24th of August we arrived at an island in the Straits, where we found great store of fowl which could not fly, of the bigness of geese; whereof we killed in less than one day 3,000, and victualled ourselves thoroughly therewith. The 6th day of September we entered the South Sea at the cape or head shore. The 7th day we were driven by a great storm from the entering into the South Sea, 200 leagues and odd in longitude, and one degree to the southward of the Strait; in which height, and so many leagues to the westward, the 15th day of September, fell out the eclipse of the moon at the hour of six of the clock at night. But neither did the ecliptical conflict of the moon impair our state, nor her clearing again amend us a whit; but the accustomed eclipse of the sea continued in his force, we being darkened more than the moon sevenfold.

From the bay which we called the Bay of Severing of Friends, we were driven back to the southward of the Straits in 57 degrees and a tierce; in which height we came to an anchor among the islands, having there fresh and very good water, with herbs of singular virtue. Not far from hence we entered another bay, where we found people, both men and women, in their canoes naked, and ranging from one island to another to seek their meat; who entered traffic with us for such things as they had. We returning hence northward again, found the third of October three islands, in one of which was such plenty of birds as is scant credible to report. The 8th day of October we lost sight of one of our consorts, wherein Master Winter was; who, as then we supposed, was put by a storm into the Straits again. Which at our return home we found to be true, and he not perished, as some of our company feared. Thus being come into the height of the Straits again, we ran, supposing the coast of Chili to lie as the general maps have

described it, namely north-west; which we found to lie and trend to the north-east and eastwards. Whereby it appeareth that this part of Chili hath not been truly hitherto discovered, or at the least not truly reported, for the space of twelve degrees at the least; being set down either of purpose to deceive, or of ignorant conjecture.

We continuing our course, fell the 29th of November with an island called La Mocha, where we cast anchor; and our General, hoisting out our boat, went with ten of our company to shore. Where we found people, whom the cruel and extreme dealings of the Spaniards have forced, for their own safety and liberty, to flee from the main, and to fortify themselves in this island. We being on land, the people came down to us to the water side with show of great courtesy, bringing to us potatoes, roots, and two very fat sheep; which our General received, and gave them other things for them, and had promise to have water there. But the next day repairing again to the shore, and sending two men a-land with barrels to fill water, the people taking them for Spaniards (to whom they use to show no favour if they take them) laid violent hands on them, and, as we think, slew them. Our General seeing this, stayed here no longer, but weighed anchor, and set sail towards the coast of Chili. And drawing towards it, we met near to the shore an Indian in a *canoa*,\* who thinking us to have been Spaniards, came to us and told us, that at a place called Santiago, there was a great Spanish ship laden from the kingdom of Peru; for which good news our General gave him divers trifles. Whereof he was glad, and went along with us and brought us to the place, which is called the port of Valparaiso. When we came thither we found, indeed, the ship riding at anchor, having in her eight Spaniards and three negroes; who, thinking us to have been Spaniards, and their friends, welcomed us with a drum, and made ready a *botija* of wine of Chili to drink to us. But as soon as we were entered, one of our company called Thomas Moon began

\* Editor's Note: Canoe.



to lay about him, and struck one of the Spaniards, and said unto him "*Abaxo, perro!*" that is in English, "Go down, dog!" One of these Spaniards, seeing persons of that quality in those seas, crossed and blessed himself. But, to be short, we stowed them under hatches, all save one Spaniard, who suddenly and desperately leapt overboard into the sea, and swam ashore to the town of Santiago,\* to give them warning of our arrival.

They of the town, being not above nine households, presently fled away and abandoned the town. Our General manned his boat and the Spanish ship's boat, and went to the town; and, being come to it, we rifled it, and came to a small chapel, which we entered, and found therein a silver chalice, two cruets, and one altar-cloth, the spoil whereof our General gave to Master Fletcher, his minister. We found also in this town a warehouse stored with wine of Chili and many boards of cedar-wood; all which wine we brought away with us, and certain of the boards to burn for fire-wood. And so, being come aboard, we departed the haven, having first set all the Spaniards on land, saving one John Griego, a Greek born, whom our General carried with him as pilot to bring him into the haven of Lima.

When we were at sea our General rifled the ship, and found in her good store of the wine of Chili, and 25,000 pesos of very pure and fine gold of Valdivia, amounting in value to 37,000 ducats of Spanish money, and above. So, going on our course, we arrived next at a place called Coquimbo, where our General sent fourteen of his men on land to fetch water. But they were espied by the Spaniards, who came with 300 horsemen and 200 footmen, and slew one of our men with a piece. The rest came aboard in safety, and the Spaniards departed. We went on shore again and buried our man, and the Spaniards came down again with a flag of truce; but we set sail, and would not trust them. From hence we went to a certain port called Tarapaca; where, being landed, we found by

\* Editor's Note: Certainly not the capital which is some distance inland; presumably a small village near Valparaiso, possibly Viña del Mar.

the sea side a Spaniard lying asleep, who had lying by him thirteen bars of silver, which weighed 4,000 ducats Spanish. We took the silver and left the man. Not far from hence, going on land for fresh water, we met with a Spaniard and an Indian boy driving eight *llamas* or sheep of Peru, which are as big as asses; every of which sheep had on his back two bags of leather, each bag containing 50 lb. weight of fine silver. So that, bringing both the sheep and their burthen to the ships, we found in all the bags eight hundred weight of silver.

Herehence we sailed to a place called Arica; and, being entered the port, we found there three small barks, which we rifled, and found in one of them fifty-seven wedges of silver, each of them weighing about 20 lb. weight, and every of these wedges were of the fashion and bigness of a brickbat. In all these three barks, we found not one person. For they, mistrusting no strangers, were all gone a-land to the town, which consisteth of about twenty houses; which we would have ransacked if our company had been better and more in number. But our General, contented with the spoil of the ships, left the town and put off again to sea, and set sail for Lima, and, by the way, met with a small bark, which he boarded, and found in her good store of linen cloth. Whereof taking some quantity, he let her go.

To Lima we came the 13th of February; and, being entered the haven, we found there about twelve sail of ships lying fast moored at an anchor, having all their sails carried on shore; for the masters and merchants were here most secure, having never been assaulted by enemies, and at this time feared the approach of none such as we were. Our General rifled these ships, and found in one of them a chest full of reals of plate, and good store of silks and linen cloth; and took the chest into his own ship, and good store of the silks and linen. In which ship he had news of another ship called the *Cacafuego*,\* which was gone towards Payta, and that the same ship was laden with treasure. Whereupon we stayed no

\* *Spitfire*.

longer here, but, cutting all the cables of the ships in the haven, we let them drive whither they would, either to sea or to the shore; and with all speed we followed the *Cacafuego* towards Payta, thinking there to have found her. But before we arrived there she was gone from thence towards Panama; whom our General still pursued, and by the way met with a bark laden with ropes and tackle for ships, which he boarded and searched, and found in her 80 lb. weight of gold, and a crucifix of gold with goodly great emeralds set in it, which he took, and some of the cordage also for his own ship. From hence we departed, still following the *Cacafuego*; and our General promised our company that whosoever should first descry her should have his chain of gold for his good news. It fortuned that John Drake, going up into the top, descried her about three of the clock. And about six of the clock we came to her and boarded her, and shot at her three pieces of ordnance, and strake down her mizen; and, being entered, we found in her great riches, as jewels and precious stones, thirteen chests full of reals of plate, fourscore-pound weight of gold, and six-and-twenty ton of silver. The place where we took this prize was called Cape de San Francisco, about 150 leagues [south] from Panama. The pilot's name of this ship was Francisco; and amongst other plate that our General found in this ship he found two very fair gilt bowls of silver, which were the pilot's. To whom our General said, "Señor Pilot, you have here two silver cups, but I must needs have one of them"; which the pilot, because he could not otherwise choose, yielded unto, and gave the other to the steward of our General's ships. When this pilot departed from us, his boy said thus unto our General, "Captain, our ship shall be called no more the *Cacafuego*, but the *Cacaplata*, and your ship shall be called the *Cacafuego*." Which pretty speech of the pilot's boy ministered matter of laughter to us, both then and long after. When our General had done what he would with this *Cacafuego*, he cast her off, and we went on our course still towards the west; and not long after met with a ship laden with linen cloth and fine China dishes of white earth, and great store

of China silks, of all which things we took as we listed. The owner himself of this ship was in her, who was a Spanish gentleman, from whom our General took a falcon of gold, with a great emerald in the breast thereof; and the pilot of the ship he took also with him, and so cast the ship off.

This pilot brought us to the haven of Guatulco, the town whereof, as he told us, had but 17 Spaniards in it. As soon as we were entered this haven, we landed, and went presently to the town and to the town-house; where we found a judge sitting in judgment, being associated with three other officers, upon three negroes that had conspired the burning of the town. Both which judges and prisoners we took, and brought them a-ship-board, and caused the chief judge to write his letter to the town to command all the townsmen to avoid, that we might safely water there. Which being done, and they departed, we ransacked the town; and in one house we found a pot, of the quantity of a bushel, full of reals of plate, which we brought to our ship. And here one Thomas Moon, one of our company, took a Spanish gentleman as he was flying out of the town; and, searching him, he found a chain of gold about him, and other jewels, which he took, and so let him go. At this place our General, among other Spaniards, set ashore his Portugal pilot which he took at the islands of Cape Verde out of a ship of St. Mary port, of Portugal. And having set them ashore we departed hence, and sailed to the island of Canno; where our General landed, and brought to shore his own ship, and discharged her, mended and graved her, and furnished our ship with water and wood sufficiently.

# The Discovery of Guiana

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

*Even more than Drake, Raleigh has come down to us as a typical figure of the English Renaissance. Not only was he a poet and a friend of Spenser, Chapman and Marlowe, he was also a seaman, a colonizer and, not least, at one time the favorite of the Queen. Born in Devon in about 1552, he attended Oriel College, Oxford, and soon afterward began his career as explorer and man of action, sailing to the New World in 1585 in hopes of establishing a new colony there. Although he failed in his attempt to colonize Virginia, he succeeded in introducing two American products into England and Ireland which were to affect life profoundly in those countries. These were tobacco and potatoes.*

*In 1592, Raleigh fell out of the Queen's favor because of his courtship of one of her ladies-in-waiting and as a result was committed to the Tower of London. Three years later, however, he was released in the hope, which he encouraged, that he would be able to discover in what is now British Guiana and*

*Venezuela, a source of treasure equal to that taken from the rest of South America by the Spaniards. Raleigh's intention was to colonize the area and to provide England with a more reliable means of income than that provided by buccaneers like Gilbert and Drake; and, as his narrative indicates, he had great hopes for the future of the Orinoco region.*

*Much of his hope lay in the frequently reiterated rumor that somewhere in the interior of the continent, and on the eastern side of the Andes, there was a fabulous kingdom whose wealth was at least equal to that of the Incas of Peru. It was Raleigh's intention to ascertain the truth of this rumor and later, upon the publication of his report, to embark on a colonizing expedition as Pizarro had done some decades earlier.*

*Thus, Raleigh's expedition was of the utmost importance, both to himself—since on its success depended his own career—and to England in its continuing warfare with Spain. Unfortunately, despite the promise of possible wealth expressed in his Discovery of Guiana, Raleigh was unable to bring back to England tangible proof of its existence, and so no action was taken concerning further exploration of the area. A few years later, after Elizabeth's death, Raleigh was again committed to the Tower, and there he remained for thirteen years. Finally, in 1616, he was again released in the hope that he might, after all, discover gold in Guiana. The results of his second voyage were even more disastrous than those of the first, however, for along the way Raleigh had attacked and burned a Spanish settlement, an action which caused the Spanish ambassador in London to issue vehement protests. Relations between Spain and England were now much better than they had formerly been, and when Raleigh returned empty-handed from Guiana, he was again imprisoned and in 1618, was executed at the Tower.*

*The portion here printed is of interest not only as an account of a voyage of discovery into unknown parts, but as a depiction of life along the immense Orinoco River, for what is astonishing is that the mode of life here described has changed little in the four hundred years since Raleigh first knew it.*

We could not learn of Berreo any other way to enter but in branches so far to windward as it was impossible for us to recover; for we had as much sea to cross over in our wherries, as between Dover and Calice, and in a great billow, the wind and current being both very strong. So as we were driven to go in those small boats directly before the wind into the bottom of the Bay of Guanipa, and from thence to enter the mouth of some one of those rivers which John Douglas had last discovered; and had with us for pilot an Indian of Barema, a river to the south of Orenoque, between that and Amazons, whose *canoas* we had formerly taken as he was going from the said Barema, laden with *cassavi* bread to sell at Margarita. This Arwacan promised to bring me into the great river of Orenoque; but indeed of that which he entered he was utterly ignorant, for he had not seen it in twelve years before, at which time he was very young, and of no judgment. And if God had not sent us another help, we might have wandered a whole year in that labyrinth of rivers, yere we had found any way, either out or in, especially after we were past ebbing and flowing, which was in four days. For I know all the earth doth not yield the like confluence of streams and branches, the one crossing the other so many times, and all so fair and large, and so like one to another, as no man can tell which to take: and if we went by the sun or compass, hoping thereby to go directly one way or other, yet that way we were also carried in a circle amongst multitudes of islands, and every island so bordered with high trees as no man could see any further than the breadth of the river, or length of the breach. But this it chanced, that entering into a river (which

because it had no name, we called the River of the Red Cross, ourselves being the first Christians that ever came therein), the 22nd of May, as we were rowing up the same, we espied a small *canoa* with three Indians, which by the swiftness of my barge, rowing with eight oars, I overtook ere they could cross the river. The rest of the people on the banks, shadowed under the thick wood, gazed on with a doubtful conceit what might befall those three which we had taken. But when they perceived that we offered them no violence, neither entered their *canoa* with any of ours, nor took out of the *canoa* any of theirs, they then began to show themselves on the bank's side, and offered to traffic with us for such things as they had. And as we drew near, they all stayed; and we came with our barge to the mouth of a little creek which came from their town into the great river.

As we abode here awhile, our Indian pilot, called Ferdinando, would needs go ashore to their village to fetch some fruits and to drink of their artificial wines, and also to see the place and know the lord of it against another time, and took with him a brother of his which he had with him in the journey. When they came to the village of these people the lord of the island offered to lay hands on them, purposing to have slain them both; yielding for reason that this Indian of ours had brought a strange nation into their territory to spoil and destroy them. But the pilot being quick and of a disposed body, slipt their fingers and ran into the woods, and his brother, being the better footman of the two, recovered the creek's mouth, where we stayed in our barge, crying out that his brother was slain. With that we set hands on one of them that was next us, a very old man, and brought him into the barge, assuring him that if we had not our pilot again we would presently cut off his head. This old man, being resolved that he should pay the loss of the other, cried out to those in the woods to save Ferdinando, our pilot; but they followed him notwithstanding, and hunted after him upon the foot with their deer-dogs, and with so main a cry that all the woods echoed with the shout they made. But at the last this poor chased Indian recovered the river side and



got upon a tree, and, as we were coasting, leaped down and swam to the barge half dead with fear. But our good hap was that we kept the other old Indian, which we handfasted to redeem our pilot withal; for, being natural of those rivers, we assured ourselves that he knew the way better than any stranger could. And, indeed, but for this chance, I think we had never found the way either to Guiana or back to our ships; for Ferdinando after a few days knew nothing at all, nor which way to turn; yea, and many times the old man himself was in great doubt which river to take. Those people which dwell in these broken islands and drowned lands are generally called Tivitivas. There are of them two sorts; the one called Ciawani, and the other Waraweete.

The great river of Orenoque or Baraquan hath nine branches which fall out on the north side of his own main mouth. On the south side it hath seven other fallings into the sea, so it disemboqueth by sixteen arms in all, between islands and broken ground; but the islands are very great, many of them as big as the Isle of Wight, and bigger, and many less. From the first branch on the north to the last of the south it is at least 100 leagues, so as the river's mouth is 300 miles wide at his entrance into the sea, which I take to be far bigger than that of Amazons. All those that inhabit in the mouth of this river upon the several north branches are these Tivitivas, of which there are two chief lords which have continual wars one with the other. The islands which lie on the right hand are called Pallamos, and the land on the left, Hororotomaka; and the river by which John Douglas returned within the land from Amana to Capuri they call Macuri.

These Tivitivas are a very goodly people and very valiant, and have the most manly speech and most deliberate that ever I heard of what nation soever. In the summer they have houses on the ground, as in other places; in the winter they dwell upon the trees, where they build very artificial towns and villages, as it is written in the Spanish story of the West Indies that those people do in the low lands near the gulf of Uraba. For between May and September the river of Orenoque riseth thirty foot upright, and then are those

islands overflown twenty foot high above the level of the ground, saving some few raised grounds in the middle of them; and for this cause they are enforced to live in this manner. They never eat of anything that is set or sown; and as at home they use neither planting nor other manurance, so when they come abroad they refuse to feed of aught but of that which nature without labour bringeth forth. They use the tops of palmitos for bread, and kill deer, fish, and porks for the rest of their sustenance. They have also many sorts of fruits that grow in the woods, and great variety of birds and fowls; and if to speak of them were not tedious and vulgar, surely we saw in those passages of very rare colours and forms not elsewhere to be found, for as much as I have either seen or read.

Of these people those that dwell upon the branches of Orenoque, called Capuri and Macureo, are for the most part carpenters of *canoas*; for they make the most and fairest *canoas*, and sell them into Guiana for gold and into Trinidad for *tabacco*, in the excessive taking whereof they exceed all nations. And notwithstanding the moistness of the air in which they live, the hardness of their diet, and the great labours they suffer to hunt, fish, and fowl for their living, in all my life, either in the Indies or in Europe, did I never behold a more goodly or better-favoured people or a more manly. They were wont to make war upon all nations, and especially on the Cannibals, so as none durst without a good strength trade by those rivers; but of late they are at peace with their neighbours, all holding the Spaniards for a common enemy. When their commanders die they use great lamentation; and when they think the flesh of their bodies is putrified and fallen from their bones, then they take up the carcase again and hang it in the cacique's house that died, and deck his skull with feathers of all colours, and hang all his gold plates about the bones of his arms, thighs, and legs. Those nations which are called Arwacas, which dwell on the south of Orenoque, of which place and nation our Indian pilot was, are dispersed in many other places, and do use to

beat the bones of their lords into powder, and their wives and friends drink it all in their several sorts of drinks.

After we departed from the port of these Ciawani we passed up the river with the flood and anchored the ebb, and in this sort we went onward. The third day that we entered the river, our galley came on ground; and stuck so fast as we thought that even there our discovery had ended, and that we must have left fourscore and ten of our men to have inhabited, like rooks upon trees, with those nations. But the next morning, after we had cast out all her ballast, with tugging and hauling to and fro we got her afloat and went on. At four days' end we fell into as goodly a river as ever I beheld, which was called the great Amana, which ran more directly without windings and turnings than the other. But soon after the flood of the sea left us; and, being enforced either by main strength to row against a violent current, or to return as wise as we went out, we had then no shift but to persuade the companies that it was but two or three days' work, and therefore desired them to take pains, every gentleman and others taking their turns to row, and to spell one the other at the hour's end. Every day we passed by goodly branches of rivers, some falling from the west, others from the east, into Amana; but those I leave to the description in the chart of discovery, where every one shall be named with his rising and descent. When three days more were overgone, our companies began to despair, the weather being extreme hot, the river bordered with very high trees that kept away the air, and the current against us every day stronger than other. But we evermore commanded our pilots to promise an end the next day, and used it so long as we were driven to assure them from four reaches of the river to three, and so to two, and so to the next reach. But so long we laboured that many days were spent, and we driven to draw ourselves to harder allowance, our bread even at the last, and no drink at all; and our men and ourselves so wearied and scorched, and doubtful withal whether we should ever perform it or no, the heat increasing as we drew towards the line; for we were now in five degrees.

The further we went on, our victual decreasing and the air breeding great faintness, we grew weaker and weaker, when we had most need of strength and ability. For hourly the river ran more violently than other against us, and the barge, wherries, and ship's boat of Captain Gifford and Captain Caulfield had spent all their provisions; so as we were brought into despair and discomfort, had we not persuaded all the company that it was but only one day's work more to attain the land where we should be relieved of all we wanted, and if we returned, that we were sure to starve by the way, and that the world would also laugh us to scorn. On the banks of these rivers were divers sorts of fruits good to eat, flowers and trees of such variety as were sufficient to make ten volumes of Herbals; we relieved ourselves many times with the fruits of the country, and sometimes with fowl and fish. We saw birds of all colours, some carnation, some crimson, orange-tawny, purple, watchet,\* and of all other sorts, both simple and mixed, and it was unto us a great good-passing of the time to behold them, besides the relief we found by killing some store of them with our fowling-pieces; without which, having little or no bread, and less drink, but only the thick and troubled water of the river, we had been in a very hard case.

\* \* \*

On both sides of this river we passed the most beautiful country that ever mine eyes beheld; and whereas all that we had seen before was nothing but woods, prickles, bushes, and thorns, here we beheld plains of twenty miles in length, the grass short and green, and in divers parts groves of trees by themselves, as if they had been by all the art and labour in the world so made of purpose; and still as we rowed, the deer came down feeding by the water's side as if they had been used to a keeper's call. Upon this river there were great store of fowl, and of many sorts; we saw in it divers sorts of strange fishes, and of marvellous bigness;

\* Pale blue.

but for *lagartos*\* it exceeded, for there were thousands of those ugly serpents; and the people call it, for the abundance of them, the River of Lagartos, in their language. I had a negro, a very proper young fellow, who leaping out of the galley to swim in the mouth of this river, was in all our sights taken and devoured with one of those *lagartos*. In the meanwhile our companies in the galley thought we had been all lost, for we promised to return before night; and sent the *Lion's Whelp's* ship's boat with Captain Whiddon to follow us up the river. But the next day, after we had rowed up and down some fourscore miles, we returned, and went on our way up the great river; and when we were even at the last cast for want of victuals, Captain Gifford being before the galley and the rest of the boats, seeking out some place to land upon the banks to make fire, espied four *canoas* coming down the river; and with no small joy caused his men to try the uttermost of their strengths, and after a while two of the four gave over and ran themselves ashore, every man betaking himself to the fastness of the woods. The two other lesser got away, while he landed to lay hold on these; and so turned into some by-creek, we knew not whither. Those *canoas* that were taken were loaden with bread, and were bound for Margarita in the West Indies, which those Indians, called Arwacas, proposed to carry thither for exchange; but in the lesser there were three Spaniards, who having heard of the defeat of their Governor in Trinidad, and that we purposed to enter Guiana, came away in those *canoas*; one of them was a *Cavallero*, as the captain of the Arwacas after told us, another a soldier, and the third a refiner.

In the meantime, nothing on the earth could have been more welcome to us, next unto gold, than the great store of very excellent bread which we found in these *canoas*; for now our men cried "Let us go on, we care not how far." After that Captain Gifford had brought the two *canoas* to the galley, I took my barge and went to the bank's side with a dozen shot, where the *canoas*

\* Alligators and caymans.

first ran themselves ashore, and landed there, sending out Captain Gifford and Captain Thyn on one hand, and Captain Caulfield on the other, to follow those that were fled into the woods. And as I was creeping thorough the bushes, I saw an Indian basket hidden, which was the refiner's basket; for I found in it his quicksilver, saltpetre, and divers things for the trial of metals, and also the dust of such ore as he had refined; but in those *canoas* which escaped there was a good quantity of ore and gold. I then landed more men, and offered five hundred pound to what soldier soever could take one of those three Spaniards that we thought were landed. But our labours were in vain in that behalf, for they put themselves into one of the small *canoas*, and so, while the greater *canoas* were in taking, they escaped. But seeking after the Spaniards we found the Arwacas hidden in the woods, which were pilots for the Spaniards, and rowed their *canoas*. Of which I kept the chiefest for a pilot, and carried him with me to Guiana; by whom I understood where and in what countries the Spaniards had laboured for gold, though I made not the same known to all.

\* \* \*

This Arwacan pilot, with the rest, feared that we would have eaten them, or otherwise have put them to some cruel death: for the Spaniards, to the end that none of the people in the passage towards Guiana, or in Guiana itself, might come to speech with us, persuaded all the nations that we were men-eaters and cannibals. But when the poor men and women had seen us, and that we gave them meat, and to every one something or other which was rare and strange to them, they began to conceive the deceit and purpose of the Spaniards, who indeed, as they confessed, took from them both their wives and daughters daily. . . . But I protest before the Majesty of the living God, that I neither know nor believe, that any of our company, one or other, did offer insult to any of their women, and yet we saw many hundreds, and had many in our power, and of those very young and excellently favoured, which came among us without deceit, stark naked. Nothing got us

more love amongst them than this usage; for I suffered not any man to take from any of the nations so much as a *pina*\* or a *potato* root without giving them contentment, nor any man so much as to offer to touch any of their wives or daughters; which course, so contrary to the Spaniards, who tyrannize over them in all things, drew them to admire her Majesty, whose commandment I told them it was, and also wonderfully to honour our nation. But I confess it was a very impatient work to keep the meaner sort from spoil and stealing when we came to their houses; which because in all I could not prevent, I caused my Indian interpreter at every place when we departed, to know of the loss or wrong done, and if aught were stolen or taken by violence, either the same was restored, and the party punished in their sight, or else was paid for to their uttermost demand. They also much wondered at us, after they heard that we had slain the Spaniards at Trinidad, for they were before resolved that no nation of Christians durst abide their presence; and they wondered more when I had made them know of the great overthrow that her Majesty's army and fleet had given them of late years in their own countries.

\* \* \*

In the morning there came down, according to promise, the lord of that border, called Toparimaca, with some thirty or forty followers, and brought us divers sorts of fruits, and of his wine, bread, fish, and flesh, whom we also feasted as we could; at least we drank good Spanish wine, whereof we had a small quantity in bottles, which above all things they love. I conferred with this Toparimaca of the next way to Guiana, who conducted our galley and boats to his own port, and carried us from thence some mile and a-half to his town; where some of our captains caroused of his wine till they were reasonable pleasant, for it is very strong with pepper, and the juice of divers herbs and fruits digested and purged. They keep it in great earthen pots of ten or twelve gallons,

\* Pineapple.

very clean and sweet, and are themselves at their meetings and feasts the greatest carousers and drunkards of the world. When we came to his town we found two *caciques*, whereof one was a stranger that had been up the river in trade, and his boats, people, and wife encamped at the port where we anchored; and the other was of that country, a follower of Toparimaca. They lay each of them in a cotton *hamaca*, which we call Brazil beds, and two women attending them with six cups, and a little ladle to fill them out of an earthen pitcher of wine; and so they drank each of them three of those cups at a time one to the other, and in this sort they drink drunk at their feasts and meetings.

That *cacique* that was a stranger had his wife staying at the port where we anchored, and in all my life I have seldom seen a better favoured woman. She was of good stature, with black eyes, fat of body, of an excellent countenance, her hair almost as long as herself, tied up again in pretty knots; and it seemed she stood not in that awe of her husband as the rest, for she spake and discoursed, and drank among the gentlemen and captains, and was very pleasant, knowing her own comeliness, and taking great pride therein. I have seen a lady in England so like to her, as but for the difference of colour, I would have sworn might have been the same.

The seat of this town of Toparimaca was very pleasant, standing on a little hill, in an excellent prospect, with goodly gardens a mile compass round about it, and two very fair and large ponds of excellent fish adjoining. This town is called Arowocai; the people are of the nation called Nepoios, and are followers of Carapana. In that place I saw very aged people, that we might perceive all their sinews and veins without any flesh, and but even as a case covered only with skin. The lord of this place gave me an old man for pilot, who was of great experience and travel, and knew the river most perfectly both by day and night. And it shall be requisite for any man that passeth it to have such a pilot; for it is four, five, and six miles over in many places, and twenty miles in other places, with wonderful eddies and strong



currents, many great islands, and divers shoals, and many dangerous rocks; and besides upon any increase of wind so great a billow, as we were sometimes in great peril of drowning in the galley, for the small boat durst not come from the shore but when it was very fair.

The next day we hasted thence, and having an easterly wind to help us, we spared our arms from rowing; for after we entered Orenoque, the river lieth for the most part east and west, even from the sea unto Quito, in Peru. This river is navigable with barks little less than 1000 miles; and from the place where we entered it may be sailed up in small pinnaces to many of the best parts of Nuevo Reyno de Granada and of Popayan. And from no place may the cities of these parts of the Indies be so easily taken and invaded as from hence.

# Mexico City, 1635

THOMAS GAGE

*In view of the activities of the buccaneers, few Englishmen were permitted to live in Latin America until the latter part of the eighteenth century. Indeed, the continent as a whole was virtually sealed off from the rest of the world. For this reason, the account written by Thomas Gage is of particular interest since it is almost the only picture we have of Latin America as seen by an Englishman between 1600 and 1750. Gage was able to live in Guatemala and Mexico because he was a Dominican friar who had left his native Surrey as a young man to study first among the Jesuits and then among the Dominicans in France and Spain. From 1625 to 1637, he served as a missionary in Central America.*

*His experiences there seem in the long run to have been disillusioning, for in 1640 he renounced Roman Catholicism and embraced Protestantism. While this act was not in itself shameful, Gage soon embarked on a series of actions which have caused him to go down in history as one of the great scoundrels of the*

*seventeenth century. He not only acted the informer against a number of English Jesuits, thus contributing to their premature deaths, but wrote his famous Survey of the West Indies, which was at once a broadside attack on the corruption of the Roman Catholic Church and an encouragement to the Protestant government of England to invade the New World and seize the Spanish colonies. This exposé naturally pleased the Puritans, but to modern readers it is somewhat less than agreeable. Yet in defense of Gage, it must be remembered that religious tolerance was virtually nonexistent in seventeenth-century Europe, and outrageous attacks on rival religious sects were more the rule than the exception.*

*At any rate, Gage's account of Mexico City, though marked by his anti-Catholicism, is a relatively mild portion of his book, and is of interest to modern readers since it is the only description that exists in English of what Mexico looked like only a century after it was conquered by Cortez. Moreover, Gage's description of the streets and buildings that were constructed over the ruins of Tenochitlán is implicitly a denial of his own accusations concerning Spanish feebleness and Catholic decadence, and had Cromwell read between the lines, he might not have authorized the British attack on Hispaniola. Gage accompanied that ill-fated expedition as a guide, witnessed the great losses suffered by the English off Santo Domingo and finally died in Jamaica before the fleet returned to England in 1656.*

This city when Cortés first entered into it was (as some say) of sixty, but it is reported more probably to have been of fourscore thousand houses. The siege endured three months from the time the brigantines came from Tlaxcala, and therein were on Cortés'

side near 200,000 Indians, who daily increased and came in to help him, 900 Spaniards, fourscore horses only, seventeen or eighteen pieces of ordnance, sixteen or, as some say, eighteen brigantines, and at least 6,000 canoes. In this siege were slain fifty Spaniards only and six horses, and not above eight thousand of the Indians who were Cortés' friends. And on the Mexicans' side were slain at least a hundred and twenty thousand Indians, besides those that died of hunger and pestilence. At the defense of the city were all the nobility, by reason whereof many of them were slain. The multitude of people in the city was so great that they were constrained to eat little, to drink salt water, and to sleep among the dead bodies where was a horrible stench; and for these causes the disease of pestilence fell among them, and thereof died an infinite number. Their valor and steadfast determination was outstanding for although they were afflicted with such hunger that they were driven to eat boughs, rinds of trees, and to drink salt water, yet would they not yield themselves. And here also is to be noted that although the Mexicans did eat man's flesh, yet they did eat none but such as were their enemies, for had they eaten one another and their own children, there would not so many have died with hunger.

The Mexican women were highly commended, not only because they abode with their husbands and fathers, but also for the great pains they took with the sick and wounded persons; yea, and also they labored in making slings, cutting stones fit for the same, and throwing stones from the *azoteas*; for therein they did as much hurt as their men. The city was yielded to the spoil, and the Spaniards took the gold, plate, and feathers; the Indian friends had all the rest of cloth and other stuff. Thus was that famous city ruined, and burnt by the Spaniards, and the power of that nation brought under the Spanish subjection.

Cortés, having found the air of that city very temperate and pleasant for man's life, and the situation commodious, thought presently of rebuilding it, and of making it the chief seat of justice and court for all that country. He divided it among the conquerors,

having first taken out places for churches, market-places, town-houses, and other necessary plots to build houses profitable for the commonwealth. He separated the dwellings of the Spaniards from the Indians, so that now the water passeth and maketh division betwixt them. He promised to them that were naturals of the city of Mexico plots to build upon, inheritance, freedom, and other liberties, and the like unto all those that would come and inhabit there, which was a means to allure many thither. He set also at liberty the *ciuacoatl*, the General-Captain, and made him chief over the Indians in the city, unto whom he gave a whole quarter. He gave likewise another quarter to Don Pedro Montezuma, son of Montezuma the King. All this was done to win the favor of the people. He made other gentlemen *señores* of little islands, and quarters to build upon and to inhabit, and in this order the whole situation was reported, and the work began with great joy and diligence.

When the fame was blown abroad that Mexico should be built again, it was a wonder to see the people that resorted thither, hearing of liberty and freedom. The number was so great that in three miles' compass was nothing but people, men and women. They labored sore and did eat little, by reason whereof many sickened, and pestilence ensued, and an infinite number died. Their pains were great, for they bare on their backs, and drew after them stones, earth, timber, lime, brick, and all other things necessary in this sort. And little by little Mexico was built again with a hundred thousand houses, more strong and better than the old building was.

The Spaniards built their houses after the Spanish fashion. Cortés built his house upon the plot where Montezuma's house once stood, and it renteth now yearly for four thousand ducats. It is called the palace of the Marqués del Valle, the King of Spain having conferred upon Cortés and his heirs this title from the great valley of Oaxaca. This palace is so stately that, as I have observed before, seven thousand beams of cedar trees were spent in it. They built fair docks covered over with arches for the brigantines, and these docks remain for a perpetual memory until this day. They dammed

up the streets of water, where now fair houses stand, so that Mexico is not as it was wont to be, and especially since the year 1634 the water cometh not by far so near the city as it was wont to come. The lake sometimes casteth out a vapor of stench, but otherwise Mexico is a wholesome temperate dwelling, by reason of the mountains that stand round about it, and well provided through the fertility of the country and commodity of the lake. So that now is Mexico one of the greatest cities in the world in extension of the situation for Spanish and Indian houses.

Not many years after the Conquest it was the noblest city in all India, as well in arms as policy. There were formerly at the least two thousand citizens, that had each of them his horse in his stable with rich furniture for them, and arms in readiness. But now since all the Indians far and near are subdued, and most of them, especially about Mexico, consumed, and there is no fear of their rising up any more against the Spaniards, consequently all arms are forgotten, and the Spaniards live so secure from enemies that there is neither gate, wall, bulwark, platform, tower, armory, ammunition, or ordnance to secure and defend the city from a domestic or foreign enemy. From the latter they think San Juan de Ulua sufficient and strong enough to secure them. For contractation Mexico is one of the richest cities in the world. By the North Sea cometh every year from Spain a fleet of near twenty ships laden with the best commodities not only of Spain but of the most parts of Christendom; by the South Sea it enjoyeth traffic from all parts of Peru. Above all, it trades with the East Indies, and from thence receiveth the commodities as well from those parts which are inhabited by Portuguese, as from the countries of Japan and China, sending every year two great *caracas* with two smaller vessels to the Philippine Islands, and having every year a return of such-like ships.

There is also in Mexico a mint house where money is daily coined, and is brought thither in wedges upon mules from the mines called San Luis de Zacatecas, standing fourscore leagues from Mexico northward, and yet from Zacatecas forward have the Spaniards entered above a hundred leagues daily conquering In-

dians, where they discover store of mines; and there they have built a city called *Nova Mexico*, New Mexico. The Indians there are great warriors, and hold the Spaniards hard to it. It is thought the Spaniard will not be satisfied until he subdue all the country that way, which doubtless reacheth to our plantations of Virginia and the rest, being the same continued continent land. There is yet more in Mexico, a fair school, now made an university, which the Viceroy Don Antonio de Mendoza caused to be built.

At the rebuilding of this city there was a great difference betwixt an inhabitant of Mexico and a Conqueror, for a Conqueror was a name of honor, and had lands and rents given him and to his posterity by the King of Spain, whereas the inhabitant or mere dweller paid rent for his house. This hath filled all those parts of America with proud Dons and gentlemen to this day, for every one will call himself a descendant from a Conqueror, though he be as poor as Job. Ask him what is become of his estate and fortune, he will answer that fortune hath taken it away, but it shall never take away a Don from him. Nay, a poor cobbler, or carrier that runs about the country far and near getting his living with half-a-dozen mules, if he be called Mendoza, or Guzmán, will swear that he descended from those dukes' houses in Spain, and that his grandfather came from thence to conquer, and subdued whole countries to the Crown of Spain, though now fortune have frowned upon him, and covered his rags with a threadbare cloak.

When Mexico was rebuilt, and judges, aldermen, attorneys, town-clerks, notaries, scavengers, and sergeants with all other officers necessary for the commonwealth of a city were appointed, the fame of Cortés and majesty of the city was blown abroad into far provinces, by means whereof it was soon replenished with Indians again, and with Spaniards from Spain. They soon conquered above four hundred leagues of land, all of which is governed by the princely seat of Mexico. Since that first rebuilding, I may say it is now rebuilt the second time by Spaniards, who have consumed most of the Indians, so that now I will not dare to say there are a

hundred thousand houses which soon after the Conquest were built up, for most of them were of Indians.

The Indians that now live there, dwell in the suburbs of the city, and their situation is called Guadalupe. In the year 1625, when I went to those parts, this suburb was judged to contain five thousand inhabitants. Since then most of them have been consumed by the Spaniards' hard usage and the work of the lake, so that now there may not be above two thousand inhabitants of mere Indians, and a thousand of such as they call there *mestizoes*. These are of a mixed nature of Spaniards and Indians, for many poor Spaniards marry with Indian women, and others that marry them not but hate their husbands, find many tricks to convey away an innocent Uriah to enjoy his Bathsheba. The Spaniards daily cozen them of the small plot of ground where their houses stand, and of three or four houses of Indians they build up one good and fair house after the Spanish fashion with gardens and orchards. And so is almost all Mexico new built with very fair and spacious houses with gardens of recreation.

Their buildings are with stone and brick very strong, but not high, by reason of the many earthquakes, which would endanger their houses if they were above three storeys high. The streets are very broad; in the narrowest of them three coaches may go, and in the broader six may go in the breadth of them, which makes the city seem a great deal bigger than it is. In my time it was thought to be of between thirty and forty thousand Spaniards, who are so proud and rich that half the city was judged to keep coaches, for it was a most credible report that in Mexico in my time there were above fifteen thousand coaches. It is a by-word that at Mexico four things are fair; that is to say, the women, the apparel, the horses, and the streets. But to this I may add the beauty of some of the coaches of the gentry, which do exceed in cost the best of the Court of Madrid and other parts of Christendom, for they spare no silver, nor gold, nor precious stones, nor cloth of gold, nor the best silks from China to enrich them. And to the gallantry of their horses the pride of some doth add the cost of bridles and shoes of silver.



The streets of Christendom must not compare with those in breadth and cleanness, but especially in the riches of the shops which do adorn them. Above all, the goldsmiths' shops and works are to be admired. The Indians, and the people of China that have been made Christians and every year come thither, have perfected the Spaniards in that trade. The Viceroy that went thither the year 1625 caused a popinjay to be made as a present to the King of Spain of silver, gold, and precious stones with the perfect colors of the popinjay's feathers (a bird bigger than a pheasant), with such exquisite art and perfection that it was prized to be worth in riches and workmanship half a million of ducats. There is in the cloister of the Dominicans a lamp hanging in the church with three hundred branches wrought in silver to hold so many candles, besides a hundred little lamps for oil set in it, every one being made with several workmanship so exquisitely that it is valued to be worth four hundred thousand ducats. With such-like curious works are many streets made more rich and beautiful from the shops of goldsmiths.

To the by-word touching the beauty of the women I must add the liberty they enjoy for gaming, which is such that the day and night is too short for them to end a *primera* when once it is begun; nay, gaming is so common to them that they invite gentlemen to their houses for no other end. To myself it happened that passing along the streets in company with a friar that came with me that year from Spain, a gentlewoman of great birth, knowing us to be *chapetons* (so they call the first year those that come from Spain), from her window called unto us, and after two or three slight questions concerning Spain asked us if we would come in and play with her a game at *primera*.

Both men and women are excessive in their apparel, using more silks than stuffs and cloth. Precious stones and pearls further much this their vain ostentation. A hat-band and rose made of diamonds in a gentleman's hat is common, and a hat-band of pearls is ordinary in a tradesman. Nay, a blackamoor or tawny young maid and slave will make hard shift, but she will be in fashion with her neck-

chain and bracelets of pearls, and her ear-bobs of some considerable jewels. The attire of this baser sort of people of blackamoors and mulattoes (which are of a mixed nature, of Spaniards and blackamoors) is so light, and their carriage so enticing, that many Spaniards even of the better sort (who are too prone to venery) disdain their wives for them.

Their clothing is a petticoat of silk or cloth, with many silver or golden laces, with a very broad double ribbon of some light color with long silver or golden tags hanging down before, the whole length of their petticoat to the ground, and the like behind. Their waistcoats are made like bodices, with skirts, laced likewise with gold or silver, without sleeves, and a girdle about their body of great price stuck with pearls and knots of gold (if they be any ways well esteemed of). Their sleeves are broad and open at the end, of holland or fine China linen, wrought some with colored silks, some with silk and gold, some with silk and silver, hanging down almost unto the ground. The locks of their heads are covered with some wrought coif, and over it another of network of silk bound with a fair silk, or silver, or golden ribbon which crosseth the upper part of their forehead, and hath commonly worked out in letters some light and foolish love posy. Their bare, black, and tawny breasts are covered with bobs hanging from their chains of pearls.

When they go abroad, they use a white mantle of lawn or cambric rounded with a broad lace, which some put over their heads, the breadth reaching only to their middle behind, that their girdle and ribbons may be seen, and the two ends before reaching to the ground almost. Others cast their mantles only upon their shoulders, and swaggerers-like, cast the one end over the left shoulder that they may the better jog the right arm, and shew their broad sleeve as they walk along. Others instead of this mantle use some rich silk petticoat to hang upon their left shoulder, while with their right arm they support the lower part of it, more like roaring boys than honest civil maids. Their shoes are high and of many soles, the outside whereof of the profaner sort are plated with a list of silver,

which is fastened with small nails of broad silver heads. Most of these are or have been slaves, though love have set them loose, at liberty to enslave souls to sin and Satan. And there are so many of this kind, both men and women, grown to a height of pride and vanity, that many times the Spaniards have feared they would rise up and mutiny against them. The looseness of their lives and public scandals committed by them and the better sort of the Spaniards were such that I have heard those who have professed more religion and fear of God say often they verily thought God would destroy that city, and give up the country into the power of some other nation.

It seems that religion teacheth that all wickedness is allowable, so long as the churches and clergy flourish, nay, while the purse is open to lasciviousness, if it be likewise opened to enrich the temple walls and roofs, that is well. Sin and wickedness abound in Mexico, yet there are no more devout people in the world toward the Church and clergy. In their lifetime they strive to exceed one another in their gifts to the cloisters of nuns and friars. Some erect altars to their best devoted saints, worth many thousand thousand ducats; others present crowns of gold to the pictures of Mary, others, lamps; others, golden chains, others build cloisters at their own charge; others repair them; others at their death leave to them two or three thousand ducats for an annual stipend.

Among these great benefactors to the churches of that city I should wrong my history if I should forget one that lived in my time, called Alonso Cuellar, who was reported to have a closet to his house laid with bars of gold instead of bricks, though indeed it was not so, but only reported for his abundant riches and store of bars of gold which he had in one chest standing in a closet distant from another, where he had a chest full of wedges of silver.

This man alone built a nunnery for Franciscan nuns, which stood him in above thirty thousand ducats, and he left for the maintenance of the nuns two thousand ducats yearly, with obligation of some Masses to be said in the church every year for his soul after his decease. Yet this man's life was so scandalous that commonly

in the night with two servants he would go round the city, visiting such scandalous persons whose attire before hath been described, carrying his beads in his hands, and at every house letting fall a bead and tying a false knot, that when he came home in the morning towards break of the day he might number by his beads the uncivil stations he had walked and visited that night. But his works of darkness came to light, and what happened unto him whilst I was in Mexico was published far and near. One night, meeting at one of his stations with a gentleman that was jealous of him, swords on both sides were drawn. The concubine first was stabbed by the gentleman, who was better manned and attended; and Cuellar, who was but a merchant, was mortally wounded and left for dead, though afterwards he recovered.

Great alms and liberality towards religious houses in that city commonly are coupled with great and scandalous wickedness. They wallow in the bed of riches and wealth, and make their alms the coverlet to cover their loose and lascivious lives. From hence are the churches so fairly built and adorned. There are not above fifty churches and chapels, cloisters and nunneries, and parish churches in that city, but those that are there are the fairest that ever my eyes beheld. The roofs and beams are in many of them all daubed with gold. Many altars have sundry marble pillars, and others are decorated with brazil-wood stays standing one above another with tabernacles for several saints richly wrought with golden colors, so that twenty thousand ducats is a common price of many of them. These cause admiration in the common sort of people, and admiration brings on daily adoration in them to those glorious spectacles and images of saints.

Besides these beautiful buildings, the inward riches belonging to the altars are infinite in price and value. All the copes, canopies, hangings, altar cloths, candlesticks, jewels belonging to the saints, and crowns of gold and silver, and tabernacles of gold and crystal to carry about their sacrament in procession would mount to the worth of a reasonable mine of silver, and would be a rich prey for any nation that could make better use of wealth and riches. I will

not speak much of the lives of the friars and nuns of that city, but only that there they enjoy more liberty than in the parts of Europe (where yet they have too much) and that surely the scandals committed by them do cry up to Heaven for vengeance, judgment, and destruction.

In my time in the cloister of the Mercenarian friars which is entitled for the Redemption of Captives, there chanced to be an election of a Provincial to rule over them, to the which all the priors and heads of the cloisters about the country had resorted. Such were their various and factious differences that upon the sudden all the convent was in an uproar, their canonical election was turned to mutiny and strife, knives were drawn, and many wounded. The scandal and danger of murder was so great, that the Viceroy was fain to interpose his authority and to sit amongst them and guard the cloister until their Provincial was elected.

It is ordinary for the friars to visit the devoted nuns, and to spend whole days with them, hearing their music, feeding on their sweetmeats, and for this purpose they have many chambers which they call *locutorios*, to talk in, with wooden bars between the nuns and them, and in these chambers are tables for the friars to dine at, and while they dine the nuns recreate them with their voices. Gentlemen and citizens give their daughters to be brought up in these nunneries, where they are taught to make all sorts of conserves and preserves, all sorts of needlework, all sorts of music, which is so exquisite in that city that I dare be bold to say that the people are drawn to their churches more for the delight of the music than for any delight in the service of God. More, they teach these young children to act like players; and to entice the people to their churches, they make these children act short dialogues in their choirs, richly attiring them with men's and women's apparel, especially upon Midsummer Day, and the eight days before their Christmas. These are so gallantly performed that there have been many factious strifes and single combats—some were in my time—for defending which of these nunneries most excelled in music and in the training up of children. No delights are wanting in that city

abroad in the world, nor in their churches, which should be the house of God, and the soul's, not the senses' delight.

The chief place in the city is the market-place, which though it be not as spacious as in Montezuma's time, yet is at this day very fair and wide, built all with arches on the one side where people may walk dry in time of rain, and there are shops of merchants furnished with all sorts of stuffs and silks, and before them sit women selling all manner of fruits and herbs. Over against these shops and arches is the Viceroy's palace, which, with the walls of the house and of the gardens belonging to it, taketh up almost the whole length of the market. At the end of the Viceroy's palace is the chief prison, which is strong of stone work. Next to this is the beautiful street called *La Plateria*, or Goldsmiths' Street, where a man's eyes may behold in less than an hour many millions' worth of gold, silver, pearls, and jewels. The street of San Agustín is rich and comely, where live all that trade in silks.

One of the longest and broadest is the street called Tacuba, where almost all the shops are of ironmongers, and of such as deal in brass and steel. This adjoins those arches whereon the water is conveyed into the city, and is so called for that it is the way out of the city to a town called Tacuba, and this street is mentioned far and near, not so much for the length and breadth of it, as for a small commodity of needles which are made there, and for proof are the best of all those parts. For stately buildings the street called *del Aguila*, the Street of the Eagle, exceeds the rest. There live gentlemen, and courtiers, and judges belonging to the Chancery, and there is the palace of the Marqués del Valle from the line of Hernando Cortés. This street is so called from an old idol, an eagle of stone which from the Conquest lieth in a corner of that street, and is twice as big as London stone.

The gallants of this city shew themselves, some on horseback, and most in coaches, daily about four of the clock in the afternoon in a pleasant shady field called *la Alameda*, full of trees and walks, somewhat like unto our Moorfields, where do meet as constantly as the merchants upon our exchange about two thousand coaches, full

of gallants, ladies, and citizens, to see and to be seen, to court and to be courted. The gentlemen have their train of blackamoor slaves, some a dozen, some half a dozen, waiting on them, in brave and gallant liveries, heavy with gold and silver lace, with silk stockings on their black legs, and roses on their feet, and swords by their sides. The ladies also carry their train by their coach's side of such jet-like damsels as before have been mentioned for their light apparel, who with their bravery and white mantles over them seem to be, as the Spaniard saith, "*mosca en leche*," a fly in milk. But the train of the Viceroy, who often goeth to this place, is wonderful stately, which some say is as great as the train of his master the King of Spain.

At this meeting are carried about many sorts of sweetmeats and papers of comfits to be sold, and for relish a cup of cool water, which is cried about in curious glasses, to cool the blood of those love-hot gallants. But many times these meetings sweetened with conserves and comfits have sour sauce at the end, for jealousy will not suffer a lady to be courted, no, nor sometimes to be spoken to, but puts fury into the violent hand to draw a sword or dagger and to stab or murder whom he was jealous of. And when one sword is drawn, thousands are presently drawn, some to right the party wounded or murdered; others to defend the party murdering. The friends of the latter will not permit him to be apprehended, but will guard him with drawn swords until they have conveyed him to the sanctuary of some church, from whence the Viceroy's power is not able to take him for a legal trial. Many of these sudden skirmishes happened whilst I lived about Mexico.

# The Real Robinson Crusoe

WOODES ROGERS

*After the Elizabethan age, privateering as an arm of English foreign policy fell into gradual disuse, and in the early years of the eighteenth century most of England's overseas efforts were directed toward establishing a new empire of her own in North America and in the Orient. There was nothing to prevent a group of private citizens from engaging in such practices, however, and the government might even be induced to lend its official blessings. That at least is what happened in 1708 when Captain Woodes Rogers at the age of twenty-nine, together with a group of merchants from his native town of Bristol, decided to fit out a privateering expedition with the purpose of raiding Spanish shipping off the coasts of Latin America. The voyage soon proved to be so successful that it was extended round the world and lasted three years. With the famous Captain Dampier acting as pilot, Rogers' expedition was not only financially profitable, but made several important geographic discoveries.*



*Yet their most famous discovery was not of a hitherto unknown land but of a British officer, Alexander Selkirk, who for five years lived alone on the Juan Fernandez Islands which lie off the coast of Chile. Woodes Rogers' account of Selkirk's rescue, given here, together with Richard Steele's interview with him in 1713, provided Daniel Defoe with the material for his most famous book, Robinson Crusoe, which was first published in 1719. Accounts of sea voyages like those of Woodes Rogers were frequently used by eighteenth-century authors, Swift, for example, having taken certain incidents from Dampier's Voyages for his own use in Gulliver's Travels. But where Swift used these nautical accounts merely as a backdrop to his satirical intentions, Defoe found the factual nature of Selkirk's long stay on the Chilean islands exactly suited to his purposes, for above all he was anxious to give his novels verisimilitude.*

*After his rescue by Rogers, Selkirk was vouched for by Dampier, who had served with him on the earlier voyage when he had been put ashore, and as a result Rogers appointed him mate of one of the prize vessels the expedition had captured. Returning to England with his share of the profits, Selkirk then retired to Fifeshire in Scotland, where he lived as a recluse until his death in 1721. For his part, Rogers later served two terms of office as Governor of the Bahamas. He became famous as a scourge of West Indian pirates and died in office at the age of fifty-three in 1732.*

We stood on the back side along the south end of the Island, in order to lay in with the first Southerly Wind, which Capt. Dampier told us generally blows there all day long. In the morning, being past the Island, we tacked to lay it in close aboard the land; and

about ten a clock opened the south end of the Island, and ran close aboard the land that begins to make the north-east side. The flaws came heavy off shore, and we were forced to reef our top-sails when we opened the middle bay, where we expected to find our enemy, but saw all clear, and no ships in that nor the other bay next the N.W. End. These two bays are all that ships ride in which recruit on this Island, but the middle bay is by much the best. We guessed there had been ships there, but that they were gone on sight of us. We sent our yawl ashore about noon, with Capt. Dover, Mr. Frye, and six men, all armed; mean while we and the *Dutchess* kept turning to get in, and such heavy flaws came off the land, that we were forced to let fly our topsail-sheet, keeping all hands to stand by our sails, for fear of the wind's carrying them away: but when the flaws were gone, we had little or no wind. These flaws proceeded from the land, which is very high in the middle of the Island. Our boat did not return, so we sent our pinnace with the men armed, to see what was the occasion of the yawl's stay; for we were afraid that the Spaniards had a garrison there, and might have seized them. We put out a signal for our boat, and the *Dutchess* showed a French Ensign. Immediately our pinnace returned from the shore, and brought abundance of crawfish, with a man clothed in goat-skins, who looked wilder than the first owners of them. He had been on the Island four years and four months, being left there by Capt. Stradling in the *Cinque-Ports*; his name was Alexander Selkirk a Scotch man, who had been Master of the *Cinque-Ports*, a ship that came here last with Capt. Dampier, who told me that this was the best man in her; so I immediately agreed with him to be a Mate on board our ship. 'Twas he that made the fire last night when he saw our ships, which he judged to be English. During his stay here, he saw several ships pass by, but only two came in to anchor. As he went to view them, he found them to be Spaniards, and retired from them; upon which they shot at him. Had they been French, he would have submitted; but chose to risque his dying alone on the Island, rather than fall into the hands of the Spaniards in these parts, because he

apprehended they would murder him, or make a slave of him in the mines, for he feared they would spare no stranger that might be capable of discovering the South-Sea. The Spaniards had landed, before he knew what they were, and they came so near him that he had much ado to escape; for they not only shot at him but pursued him into the woods, where he climbed to the top of a tree, at the foot of which they made water, and killed several goats just by, but went off again without discovering him. He told us that he was born at Largo in the County of Fife in Scotland, and was bred a sailor from his youth. The reason of his being left here was a difference betwixt him and his Captain; which, together with the ship's being leaky, made him willing rather to stay here, than go along with him at first; and when he was at last willing, the Captain would not receive him. He had been in the Island before to wood and water, when two of the ship's company were left upon it for six months till the ship returned, being chased thence by two French South-Sea ships.

He had with him his clothes and bedding, with a firelock, some powder, bullets, and tobacco, a hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a Bible, some practical pieces, and his mathematical instruments and books. He diverted and provided for himself as well as he could; but for the first eight months had much ado to bear up against melancholy, and the terror of being left alone in such a desolate place. He built two huts with piemento trees, covered them with long grass, and lined them with the skins of goats, which he killed with his gun as he wanted, so long as his powder lasted, which was but a pound; and that being near spent, he got fire by rubbing two sticks of piemento wood together upon his knee. In the lesser hut, at some distance from the other, he dressed his victuals, and in the larger he slept, and employed himself in reading, singing Psalms, and praying; so that he said he was a better Christian while in this solitude than ever he was before, or than, he was afraid, he should ever be again. At first he never ate anything till hunger constrained him, partly for grief and partly for want of bread and salt; nor did he go to bed till he could watch no longer: the piemento wood,

which burnt very clear, served him both for firing and candle, and refreshed him with its fragrant smell.

He might have had fish enough, but could not eat them for want of salt, because they occasioned a looseness; except crawfish, which are there as large as our lobsters, and very good: These he sometimes boiled, and at other times broiled, as he did his goats' flesh, of which he made very good broth, for they are not so rank as ours: he kept an account of 500 that he killed while there, and caught as many more, which he marked on the ear and let go. When his powder failed, he took them by speed of foot; for his way of living and continual exercise of walking and running, cleared him of all gross humours, so that he ran with wonderful swiftness through the woods and up the rocks and hills, as we perceived when we employed him to catch goats for us. We had a bull-dog, which we sent with several of our nimblest runners, to help him in catching goats; but he distanced and tired both the dog and the men, caught the goats, and brought them to us on his back. He told us that his agility in pursuing a goat had once like to have cost him his life; he pursued it with so much eagerness that he caught hold of it on the brink of a precipice, of which he was not aware, the bushes having hid it from him; so that he fell with the goat down the said precipice a great height, and was so stunned and bruised with the fall, that he narrowly escaped with his life, and when he came to his senses, found the goat dead under him. He lay there about 24 hours, and was scarce able to crawl to his hut, which was about a mile distant, or to stir abroad again in ten days.

He came at last to relish his meat well enough without salt or bread, and in the season had plenty of good turnips, which had been sowed there by Capt. Dampier's men, and have now overspread some acres of ground. He had enough of good cabbage from the cabbage-trees, and seasoned his meat with the fruit of the piemento trees, which is the same as the Jamaica pepper, and smells deliciously. He found there also a black pepper called *Malagita*, which was very good to expel wind, and against griping of the guts.

He soon wore out all his shoes and clothes by running through

the woods; and at last being forced to shift without them, his feet became so hard, that he ran every where without annoyance: and it was some time before he could wear shoes after we found him; for not being used to any so long, his feet swelled when he came first to wear them again.

After he had conquered his melancholy, he diverted himself sometimes by cutting his name on the trees, and the time of his being left and continuance there. He was at first much pestered with cats and rats, that had bred in great numbers from some of each species which had got ashore from ships that put in there to wood and water. The rats gnawed his feet and clothes while asleep, which obliged him to cherish the cats with his goats' flesh; by which many of them became so tame, that they would lie about him in hundreds, and soon delivered him from the rats. He likewise tamed some kids, and to divert himself would now and then sing and dance with them and his cats: so that by the care of Providence and vigour of his youth, being now but about 30 years old, he came at last to conquer all the inconveniences of his solitude, and to be very easy. When his clothes wore out, he made himself a coat and cap of goat-skins, which he stitched together with little thongs of the same, that he cut with his knife. He had no other needle but a nail; and when his knife was wore to the back, he made others as well as he could of some iron hoops that were left ashore, which he beat thin and ground upon stones. Having some linen cloth by him, he sowed himself shirts with a nail, and stitched them with the worsted of his old stockings, which he pulled out on purpose. He had his last shirt on when we found him in the Island.

At his first coming on board us, he had so much forgot his language for want of use, that we could scarce understand him, for he seemed to speak his words by halves. We offered him a dram, but he would not touch it, having drank nothing but water since his being there, and 'twas some time before he could relish our victuals.

He could give us an account of no other product of the Island

than what we have mentioned, except small black plums, which are very good, but hard to come at, the trees which bear them growing on high mountains and rocks. Piemento trees are plenty here, and we saw some of 60 foot high, and about two yards thick; and cotton trees higher, and near four fathom round in the stock.

The climate is so good, that the trees and grass are verdant all the year. The winter lasts no longer than June and July, and is not then severe, there being only a small frost and a little hail, but sometimes great rains. The heat of the summer is equally moderate, and there's not much thunder or tempestuous weather of any sort. He saw no venomous or savage creature on the Island, nor any other sort of beast but goats, etc. as above-mentioned; the first of which had been put ashore here on purpose for a breed by Juan Fernando, a Spaniard, who settled there with some families for a time, till the continent of Chili began to submit to the Spaniards; which being more profitable, tempted them to quit this Island, which is capable of maintaining a good number of people, and of being made so strong that they could not be easily dislodged.

Ringrose in his account of Capt. Sharp's voyage and other buccaneers, mentions one who had escaped ashore here out of a ship which was cast away with all the rest of the company, and says he lived five years alone before he had the opportunity of another ship to carry him off. Capt. Dampier talks of a Moskito Indian that belonged to Capt. Watlin, who being a-hunting in the woods when the Captain left the Island, lived here three years alone, and shifted much in the same manner as Mr. Selkirk did, till Capt. Dampier came hither in 1684, and carried him off. The first that went ashore was one of his country-men, and they saluted one another first by prostrating themselves by turns on the ground, and then embracing. But whatever there is in these stories, this of Mr. Selkirk I know to be true; and his behaviour afterwards gives me reason to believe the account he gave me how he spent his time, and bore up under such an affliction, in which nothing but the Divine Providence could have supported any man.

# Santiago in the 1740's

## JOHN BYRON

*Known throughout the Royal Navy as "Foul-Weather Jack," John Byron was a picturesque character and thus an appropriate forebear for his world-famous grandson, the poet. Born in 1723, Byron joined the Navy as a very young man, and one of his first duties was to take part in the famous Lord Anson's voyage of discovery in 1740. In this expedition, Byron served as a midshipman on board the Wager, an old Indiaman which had been converted as supply ship for Anson's fleet. After successfully rounding the Horn, the Wager was separated from the rest of the fleet and was wrecked on a deserted island south of Chiloe, an island off the Chilean coast. For some weeks, Byron and the few other survivors remained on this island, enduring terrible hardships and near-starvation; but in due course they made their way to Chiloe, where they gave themselves up to the Spanish authorities who, in turn, sent them on to Santiago. There they were officially detained as prisoners, but as Byron's account indicates, they had a very easy time before they*

were finally released and returned to England, two years later.

In his subsequent career, Byron commanded an expedition of discovery around the world, served as Governor of Newfoundland and rose to the rank of Vice-Admiral. His last command was that of an English squadron in the West Indies, which was roundly defeated by the French. As a result, he spent the remainder of his life in retirement and died in 1786 at the age of sixty-three. His *Narrative of the Loss of the Wager* was subsequently used by his grandson as background material for Don Juan.

John Byron's description of Santiago (which he calls "St. Jago") is one of the most charming accounts in existence of a Latin American city. His own youthful enthusiasm and love of life are in keeping with the delightful city he describes, and his enthusiasm for his adventures there clearly met with a typically Chilean response. Although it contains few striking buildings, Santiago has so many natural attributes—its climate, its view of the snow-capped Andes to the east, its delicious wines and (as Byron makes more than plain) its enchanting women—that it can easily afford a somewhat ordinary domestic architecture. Byron went to Chile when a man should go there—when he is young and full of adventure—and his account of Chilean life is as valid today as it was in 1744.

When we got into St. Jago, the carrier delivered us to the captain of the guard, at the palace gate; and he soon after introduced us to the president, Don Joseph Manso, who received us very civilly, and then sent us to the house where Captain Cheap and Mr. Hamilton were. We found them extremely well lodged at the house of a Scotch physician, whose name was Don Patricio Gedde. This gentleman had been a long time in this city, and was greatly esteemed by the Spaniards, as well for his abilities in his profession, as his



humane disposition. He no sooner heard that there were four English prisoners arrived in that country, than he waited upon the president, and begged they might be lodged at his house. This was granted; and had we been his own brothers, we could not have met with a more friendly reception; and during two years that we were with him, his constant study was to make every thing as agreeable to us as possible. We were greatly distressed to think of the expence he was at upon our account; but it was in vain for us to argue with him about it. In short, to sum up his character in a few words, there never was a man of more extensive humanity. Two or three days after our arrival, the president sent Mr. Campbell and me an invitation to dine with him, where we were to meet Admiral Pizarro and his officers. This was a cruel stroke upon us, as we had not any clothes fit to appear in, and dared not refuse the invitation. The next day, a Spanish officer belonging to Admiral Pizarro's squadron, whose name was Don Manuel de Guiror, came and made us an offer of two thousand dollars. This generous Spaniard made this offer without any view of ever being repaid, but purely out of a compassionate motive of relieving us in our present distress. We returned him all the acknowledgments his uncommon generous behaviour merited, and accepted of six hundred dollars only, upon his receiving our draught for that sum upon the English consul at Lisbon. We now got ourselves decently clothed after the Spanish fashion; and as we were upon our parole, we went out where we pleased to divert ourselves.

This city is situated about 33 degrees and 30 minutes, south latitude, at the west foot of the immense chain of mountains called the Cordilleras. It stands on a most beautiful plain of about thirty leagues extent. It was founded by Don Pedro de Valdivia, the conqueror of Chili. The plan of it was marked out by him in squares, like Lima; and almost every house belonging to people of any fashion, has a large court before it, with great gates, and a garden behind. There is a little rivulet, neatly faced with stone, runs through every street; by which they can cool the streets, or water their gardens, when they please. The whole town is extremely well

paved. Their gardens are full of noble orange-trees and floripondies, with all sorts of flowers, which perfume the houses, and even the whole city. Much about the middle of it, is the great square, called the *Plaza Real*, or the Royal Square; there are eight avenues leading into it. The west side contains the cathedral and the bishop's palace; the north side is the president's palace, the royal court, the council house, and the prison; the south side is a row of piazzas, the whole length of which are shops, and over it a gallery to see the bull-feasts; the east side has some large houses belonging to people of distinction; and in the middle is a large fountain, with a brass basin. The houses have, in general, only a ground floor, upon account of the frequent earthquakes; but they make a handsome appearance. The churches are rich in gilding as well as in plate: that of the Jesuits is reckoned an exceeding good piece of architecture; but it is too high built for a country so subject to earthquakes, and where it has frequently happened that thousands of people have been swallowed up at once. There is a hill, or rather high rock, at the east end of the city, called St. Lucia, from the top of which you have a view of all the city, and the country about for many leagues, affording a very delightful landscape. Their *estancias*, or country houses, are very pleasant, having generally a fine grove of olive trees, with large vineyards to them. The Chili wine, in my opinion, is full as good as Madeira, and made in such quantities that it is sold extremely cheap. The soil of this country is so fertile, that the husbandmen have very little trouble; for they do but in a manner scratch up the ground, and without any kind of manure it yields an hundred fold. Without doubt the wheat of Chili is the finest in the world, and the fruits are all excellent in their kinds. Beef and mutton are so cheap, that you may have a good cow for three dollars, and a fat sheep for two shillings. Their horses are extraordinary good; and though some of them go at a great price, you may have a very good one for four dollars, or about eighteen shillings of our money. It must be a very poor Indian who has not his four or five horses; and there are no better horsemen in the world than the Chileans; and that is not surpris-

ing, for they never choose to go a hundred yards on foot. They have always their *laço* fixed to their saddle: the *laço* is a long thong of leather, at the end of which they make a sliding noose. It is of more general use to them than any weapon whatever; for with this they are sure of catching either horse or wild bull, upon full gallop, by any foot they please. Their horses are all trained to this, and the moment they find the thong straitened, as the other end is always made fast to the saddle, the horse immediately turns short, and throwing the beast thus caught, the huntsman wounds or secures him in what manner he may think proper. These people are so dexterous, that they will take from the ground a glove or handkerchief, while their horse is upon full stretch; and I have seen them jump upon the back of the wildest bull, and all the efforts of the beast could not throw them. This country produces all sorts of metals; it is famous for gold, silver, iron, tin, lead, and quicksilver, but some of these they do not understand working, especially quicksilver. With copper they supply all Peru, and send, likewise, a great deal to Europe. The climate of Chili is, I believe, the finest in the world. What they call their winter does not last three months; and even that is very moderate, as may be imagined by their manner of building, for they have no chimneys in their houses. All the rest of the year is delightful; for though from ten or eleven in the morning till five in the afternoon, it is very hot, yet the evenings and mornings are very cool and pleasant; and in the hottest time of the year, it is from six in the evening till two or three in the morning, that the people of this country meet to divert themselves with music and other entertainments, at which there is plenty of cooling liquors, as they are well supplied with ice from the neighbouring Cordilleras. At these assemblies, many intrigues are carried on; for they think of nothing else throughout the year. Their fandangoes are very agreeable; the women dance inimitably well, and very gracefully. They are all born with an ear for music, and most of them have delightful voices; and all play upon the guitar and harp. The latter, at first, appears a very awkward instrument for a woman; yet that prejudice is soon got over,

and they far excel any other nation upon it. They are extremely complaisant and polite; and when asked either to play, dance, or sing, they do it without a moment's hesitation, and that with an exceeding good grace. They have many figure-dances; but what they take most delight in, are more like our hornpipes than any thing else I can compare them to; and upon these occasions they shew surprising activity. The women are remarkably handsome, and very extravagant in their dress. Their hair, which is as thick as is possible to be conceived, they wear of a vast length, without any other ornament upon the head than a few flowers; they plait it behind in four plaits, and twist them round a bodkin, at each end of which is a diamond rose. Their shifts are all over lace, as is a little tight waistcoat they wear over them. Their petticoats are open before, and lap over, and have commonly three rows of very rich lace of gold or silver. In winter they have an upper waistcoat of cloth of gold or silver; and in summer, of the finest linen, covered all over with the finest Flanders lace. The sleeves of these are immensely wide. Over all this, when the air is cool, they have a mantle, which is only of bays, of the finest colours, round which there is abundance of lace. When they go abroad, they wear a veil, which is so contrived that one eye is only seen. Their feet are very small, and they value themselves as much upon it as the Chinese do. Their shoes are pinked and cut; their stockings silk, with gold and silver clocks; and they love to have the end of an embroidered garter hang a little below the petticoat. Their breasts and shoulders are very naked; and, indeed you may easily discern their whole shape by their manner of dress. They have fine sparkling eyes, ready wit, a great deal of good nature, and a strong disposition to gallantry.

By the description of one house you have an idea of all the rest. You first come into a large court, on one side of which is the stable: you then enter a hall; on one side of that is a large room, about twenty feet wide, and near forty feet long; the side next the window is the *estrado*, which runs the whole length of the room. The *estrado* is a platform, raised about five or six inches above the floor,

and is covered with carpets and velvet cushions for the women to sit on, which they do after the Moorish fashion, cross-legged. The chairs for the men are covered with printed leather. At the end of the *estrado*, there is an alcove, where the bed stands; and there is always a vast deal of the sheets hanging out, with a profusion of lace to them, and the same on the pillows. They have a false door to the alcove, which sometimes is very convenient. Besides, there are generally two other rooms, one within another; and the kitchen and other offices are detached from the house, either at one side or the end of the garden.

The ladies are fond of having their Mulatto female slaves dressed almost as well as themselves in every respect, excepting jewels, in which they indulge themselves to the utmost extravagance. Paraguay tea, which they call *Matte*, as I mentioned before, is always drunk twice a-day: this is brought upon a large silver salver, with four legs raised upon it, to receive a little cup made out of a small calabash, or gourd, and tipped with silver. They put the herb first into this, and add what sugar they please, and a little orange juice; and then pour hot water on them, and drink it immediately, through the conveyance of a long silver tube, at the end of which there is a round strainer, to prevent the herb getting through. And here it is reckoned a piece of politeness for the lady to suck the tube two or three times first, and then give it the stranger to drink without wiping it.

They eat every thing so highly seasoned with red pepper, that those who are not used to it, upon the first mouthful would imagine their throats on fire for an hour afterwards; and it is a common custom here, though you have the greatest plenty at your own table, to have two or three Mulatto girls come in at the time you dine, bringing, in a little silver plate, some of these high-seasoned ragouts, with a compliment from Donna such-a-one, who desires you will eat a little bit of what she has sent you; which must be done before her Mulatto's face, or it would be deemed a great affront. Had this been the fashion at Chiloe, we should never have

offended; but sometimes here we could have wished this ceremony omitted.

The president never asked any of us a second time to his table. He expected us once a fortnight to be at his levee, which we never failed; and he always received us very politely. He was a man of a very amiable character, and much respected by every body in Chili, and some time after we left that country, was appointed viceroy of Peru.

We had leave, whenever we asked it, to make an excursion into the country for ten or twelve days at a time; which we did sometimes to a very pleasant spot belonging to Don Joseph Dunose, a French gentleman, and a very sensible, well-bred man, who had married a very agreeable lady at St. Jago, with a very good fortune. We also sometimes had invitations from the Spaniards to their country-houses. We had a numerous acquaintance in the city, and in general received many civilities from the inhabitants. There are a great many people of fashion, and very good families from Old Spain settled here. A lady lived next door to us, whose name was Donna Francisca Giron; and as my name sounded something like it, she would have it that we were *Parientes*. She had a daughter, a very fine young woman, who both played and sung remarkably well: she was reckoned the finest voice in St. Jago. They saw a great deal of company, and we were welcome to her house whenever we pleased. We were a long time in this country, but we passed it very agreeably. The president alone goes with four horses to his coach; but the common vehicle here is a calash, or kind of vis-à-vis, drawn by one mule only. Bull-feasts are a common diversion here, and they far surpass anything of that kind I ever saw at Lisbon, or any where else. Indeed, it is amazing to see the activity and dexterity of those who attack the bulls. It is always done here by those only who follow it as a trade, for it is too dangerous to be practised as a diversion; as a proof of which, it is found that though some may hold out longer than others, there are few who constantly practice it, that die a natural death. The bulls are always the wildest that can be brought in from the mountains or forests,

and have nothing on their horns to prevent their piercing a man the first stroke, as they have at Lisbon. I have seen a man, when the bull came at him with the utmost fury, spring directly over the beast's head, and perform this feat several times, and at last jump on his back, and there sit a considerable time, the bull the whole time attempting every means to throw him. But though this practitioner was successful, several accidents happened while I was there. The ladies, at these feasts, are always dressed as fine as possible; and, I imagine, go rather to be admired than to receive any amusement from a sight that one should think would give them pain. Another amusement for the ladies here, are the nights of their great processions, when they go out veiled; and as in that dress they cannot be known, they amuse themselves in talking to people much in the manner that is done at our masquerades. One night in Lent, as I was standing close to the houses as the procession went by, and having nothing but a thin waistcoat on under my cloak, and happening to have my arm out, a lady came by, and gave me a pinch with so good a will, that I thought she had taken the piece out; and, indeed, I carried the marks for a long time after. I durst not take the least notice of this at the time; for had I made any disturbance, I should have been knocked on the head. This kind lady immediately after mixed with the crowd, and I never could find out who had done me that favour. I have seen fifty or sixty penitents following these processions; they wear a long white garment with a long train to it, and high caps of the same, which fall down before, and cover all their faces, having only two small holes for their eyes; so that they are never known. Their backs are bare, and they lash themselves with a cat-o'-nine-tails till the long train behind is covered all over with blood. Others follow them with great heavy crosses upon their backs; so that they groan under the weight as they walk barefooted, and often faint away. The streets swarm with friars of all the different orders. The president has always a guard at his palace regularly clothed. The rest of their forces consists of militia, who are numerous.

All European goods are very dear. English cloth, of fourteen or

fifteen shillings a yard, sells there for ten or eleven dollars; and every other article in proportion. We found many Spaniards here that had been taken by Commodore Anson, and had been for some time prisoners on board the *Centurion*. They all spoke in the highest terms of the kind treatment they had received; and it is natural to imagine, that it was chiefly owing to that laudable example of humanity, our reception here was so good. They had never had anything but privateers and buccaneers amongst them before, who handled their prisoners very roughly; so that the Spaniards in general, both of Peru and Chili, had the greatest dread of being taken by the English; but some of them told us, that they were so happy on board the *Centurion*, that they should not have been sorry if the Commodore had taken them with him to England. After we had been here some time, Mr. Campbell changed his religion, and of course left us. At the end of two years, the president sent for us, and informed us a French ship from Lima, bound to Spain, had put into Valparaiso, and that we should embark in her. After taking leave of our good friend Mr. Geddes, and all our acquaintance at St. Jago, we set out for Valparaiso, mules and a guide being provided for us.



# The Inquisition in Lima

W. B. STEVENSON

*Little is known of W. B. Stevenson except what is contained in his book, Historical and Descriptive Narrative of Twenty Years' Residence in South America, which he published in three volumes in 1829. He was presumably English and probably died in his own country. Upon his first arrival in Chile, he was imprisoned by the Spanish authorities as a prisoner of war, and he was subsequently sent to Lima, where he spent eight months in jail. Finally released, he found employment as private secretary to the Spanish Captain-General at Quito, Count Ruis de Castilla, and then, with the advent of independence, he joined the insurgents, finally becoming private secretary to Lord Cochrane, the English admiral employed by Chile to further the revolution against Spain.*

*The tone of Stevenson's narrative is similar to that of many other English travelers to Latin America during the last century: it is one of amused superiority. Many visitors during this period commented unfavorably on primitive social conditions,*

*and most of them attacked the Church. Stevenson is no exception to this rule: he is a staunch Protestant Englishman who is above such nonsense. Unattractive in some ways as this tone may be, it also suggests the Englishman's natural sympathy for the republican movements in South America and his desire to see the end of ecclesiastical power.*

*But the real value of Stevenson's work—and it was one recognized by Prescott, who depended upon Stevenson for a good deal of his information in The Conquest of Peru—is that it is one of the very few readable English descriptions of life in Latin America before the Liberation. Through Stevenson's eyes we see the power of Imperial Spain as it had operated for centuries in its American colonies. The following sketch of the Inquisition in Lima is included because this institution was the one aspect of colonial rule that was most hated by native Latin Americans, and there is no reason to suppose that Stevenson was exaggerating in his description of its operation and of its ultimate destruction.*

I shall now describe the inquisition as it was, "*bearing its blushing honours thick upon it*," or rather, what I saw of it when summoned to appear before that dread tribunal; and also what I saw of it after its abolition by the *Cortes*.

Having one day engaged in a dispute with Father Bustamante, a Dominican friar, respecting the image of the Madonna of the Rosary, he finished abruptly, by assuring me that I should hear of it again. On the same evening I went to a billiard-room, where the Count de Montes de Oro was playing. I observed him look at me, and then speak to some friends on the opposite side of the table. I immediately recollected the threat of Father Bustamante—I knew, too, that the count was *alguazil mayor* of the inquisition. I passed him and nodded, when he immediately followed me into

the street. I told him that I supposed he had some message for me; he asked my name, and then said that he had. I said I was aware of it, and ready to attend at any moment. Considering for a short time, he observed, "this is a matter of too serious a nature to be spoken of in the street," and he went with me to my rooms. After some hesitation, his lordship informed me that I must accompany him on the next morning to the holy tribunal of the Faith; I answered that I was ready at any moment; and I would have told him the whole affair, but, clapping his hands to his ears, he exclaimed "no! for the love of God, not a word; I am not an inquisitor; it does not become me to know the secrets of the holy house," adding the old adage, "*del Rey y la inquisicion, chiton*—of the King and the inquisition, hush. I can only hope and pray that you be as rancid a Christian as myself." He most solemnly advised me to remain in my room, and neither see nor speak to any one—to betake myself to prayer, and on no account whatever to let any one know that he had anticipated the summons, because, said he, "that is certainly contrary to the laws of the holy house." I relieved him from his fears on this point, and assured him, that I should return with him to the coffee-house, and that I would remain at home for him on the following morning at nine o'clock. At the appointed hour, an under *alguazil* came to my room, and told me that the *alguazil mayor* waited for me at the corner of the next street. On meeting him there, he ordered me not to speak to him, but to accompany him to the inquisition. I did so, and saw the messenger and another person following us at a distance. I appeared unconcerned until I had entered the porch after the count, and the two followers had passed. The count now spoke to me, and asked me if I were prepared; I told him I was: he then knocked at the inner door, which was opened by the porter. Not a word was uttered. We sat down on a bench for a few minutes, till the domiciliary returned with the answer, that I must wait. The old count now retired, and looked, as he thought, a long adieu; but said nothing. In a few minutes a beadle beckoned me to follow him. I passed the first and second folding doors, and

arrived at the tribunal: it was small, but lofty, a scanty light forcing its way through the grated windows near the roof. As I entered, five Franciscan friars left the hall by the same door—their hoods were hung over their faces—their arms folded—their hands hid in their sleeves—and their cords round their necks. They appeared by their gait to be young, and marched solemnly after their conductor, a grave old friar, who had his hood over his face, but his cord round his waist, indicating that he was not doing penance. I felt I know not how—I looked upon them with pity, but could not help smiling, as the idea rushed across my mind, that such a procession at midnight would have disturbed a whole town in England, and raised the posse comitatus to lay them. I turned my eyes to the dire triumvirate, seated on an elevated part of the hall, under a canopy of green velvet edged with pale blue, a crucifix of a natural size hanging behind them; a large table was placed before them, covered and trimmed to match the canopy, and bearing two green burning tapers, an inkstand, some books, and papers. Jovellanos described the inquisition by saying it was composed of *un Santo Cristo, dos candileros, y tres majderos*—one crucifix, two candlesticks, and three blockheads. I knew the inquisitors—but how changed from what at other times I had seen them! The puny, swarthy Abarca, in the centre, scarcely half filling his chair of state—the fat monster Zalduegui on his left, his corpulent paunch being oppressed by the arms of his chair, and blowing through his nostrils like an over-fed porpoise—the fiscal, Sobrino, on his right, knitting his black eyebrows, and striving to produce in his unmeaning face a semblance of wisdom. A secretary stood at each end of the table; one of them bade me to approach, which I did, by ascending three steps, which brought me on a level with the above-described trinity of harpies. A small wooden stool was placed for me, and they nodded to me to sit down; I nodded in return, and complied.

The fiscal now asked me, in a solemn tone, if I knew why I had been summoned to attend at this holy tribunal? I answered that I did, and was going to proceed, when he hissed for me to be

silent. He informed me, that I must swear to the truth of what I should relate. I told him that I would *not* swear; for, as I was a foreigner, he was not sure that I was a catholic; it was therefore unnecessary for me to take that oath which, perhaps, would not bind me to speak the truth. At this time a few mysterious nods passed between the fiscal and the chief inquisitor, and I was again asked, whether I would speak the truth: I answered, yes. The matter at last was broached; I was asked if I knew the reverend father Bustamante? I replied, "I know *friar* Bustamante, I have often met him in coffee houses; but I suppose the reverend father you mean is some grave personage, who would not enter such places." "Had you any conversation with father Bustamante, touching matters of religion?" "No, but touching matters of superstition, I had." "Such things are not to be spoken of in coffee houses," said Zalduegui. "No," I rejoined, "I told father Bustamante the same thing." "But you ought to have been silent," replied he. "Yes," said I, "and be barked at by a *friar*." Zalduegui coloured, and asked me what I meant by laying such a stress on the word *friar*. "Any thing," said I, "just as you choose to take it." After questions and answers of this kind, for more than an hour, Abarca rang a small bell; the beadle entered, and I was ordered to retire. In a short time I was again called in, and directed to wait on Sobrino the following morning at eight o'clock, at his house: I did so, and breakfasted with him.\* He advised me in future to avoid all religious disputes, and particularly with persons I did not know, adding, "I requested an interview, because on the seat of judgment I could not speak in this manner. You must know," said he, "that you are here subject to the tribunal of the Faith, you, as well as all men who live in the dominions of his Catholic Majesty; you must, therefore, shape your course accordingly." Saying this he retired, and left me alone to find my way out of the house, which I immediately did. In the evening I went to a coffee house, where I saw my friend, friar Bustamante; he blushed,

\* The lenity shown in this case, by the inquisition, might probably be owing to the expectation that the tribunal would shortly be abolished by the *Cortes*.

but with double civility nodded, and pointed to a seat at the table at which he was sitting. I shrugged my shoulders, and nodded significantly, perhaps sneeringly; he took the hint, and left the room. Soon afterwards I met the old Count de Montes de Oro, who looked, hesitated, and in a short time passed me, caught my hand, which he squeezed, but spoke not a word.

The act of the *Cortes* of Spain which abolished the inquisition, and which, during its discussion, produced many excellent though overheated speeches, was published in Lima just after the above occurrence. The Señora Doña Gregoria Gainsa, lady of Colonel Gainsa, informed me that she and some friends had obtained permission of the Viceroy Abascal to visit the ex-tribunal; and she invited me to accompany them on the following day, after dinner. I attended, and we went to visit the monster, as they now dared to call it. The doors of the hall being opened, many entered who were not invited, and seeing nothing in a posture of defence, the first victims to our fury were the table and chairs: these were soon demolished; after which some persons laid hold of the velvet curtains of the canopy, and dragged them so forcibly, that canopy and crucifix came down with a horrid crash. The crucifix was rescued from the ruins of inquisitorial state, and its head discovered to be moveable. A ladder was found to have been secreted behind the canopy, and thus the whole mystery of this miraculous image became explainable and explained: a man was concealed on the ladder, by the curtains of the canopy, and by introducing his hand through a hole, he moved the head, so as to make it nod consent, or shake dissent. In how many instances may appeal to this imposture have caused an innocent man to own himself guilty of crimes he never dreamt of! Overawed by fear, and condemned, as was believed, by a miracle, falsehood would supply the place of truth, and innocence, if timid, confess itself sinful. Every one was now exasperated with rage, and "there are yet victims in the cells," was universally murmured. "A search! a search!" was the cry, and the door leading to the interior was quickly broken through. The next we found was

called *del secreto*; the word secret stimulated curiosity, and the door was instantly burst open. It led to the archives. Here were heaped, upon shelves, papers, containing the written cases of those who had been accused or tried; and here I read the name of many a friend, who little imagined that his conduct had been scrutinized by the holy tribunal, or that his name had been recorded in so awful a place. Some who were present discovered their own names on the rack, and pocketed the papers. I put aside fifteen cases, and took them home with me; but they were not of great importance. Four for blasphemy bore a sentence, which was three months' seclusion in a convent, a general confession, and different penances—all secret. The others were accusations of friars, *solicitantes in confessione*, two of whom I knew, and though some danger attended the disclosure, I told them afterwards what I had seen. Prohibited books in abundance were in the room, and many found future owners. To our great surprise we here met with a quantity of printed cotton handkerchiefs. These alas! had incurred the displeasure of the inquisition, because a figure of religion, holding a chalice in one hand and a cross in the other was stamped in the centre: placed there perhaps by some unwary manufacturer, who thought such devout insignia would insure purchasers, but who forgot the heinousness of blowing the nose or spitting upon the cross. To prevent such a crime this religious tribunal had taken the wares by wholesale, omitting to pay their value to the owner, who might consider himself fortunate in not having his shop removed to the sacred house. Leaving this room we forced our way into another, which to our astonishment and indignation was that of torture! In the centre stood a strong table, about eight feet long and seven feet broad; at one end of which was an iron collar, opening in the middle horizontally, for the reception of the neck of the victim; on each side of the collar was also thick straps with buckles, for enclosing the arms near to the body; and on the sides of the table were leather straps with buckles for the wrists, connected with cords under the table, made fast to the axle of an horizontal wheel; at the other end were two more straps for the

ankles, with ropes similarly fixed to the wheel. Thus it was obvious, that a human being might be extended on the table, and, by turning the wheel, might be stretched in both directions at the same time, without any risk of hanging, for that effect was prevented by the two straps under his arms, close to the body; but almost every joint might be dislocated. After we had discovered the diabolical use of this piece of machinery, every one shuddered, and involuntarily looked towards the door, as if apprehensive that it would close upon him. At first curses were muttered, but they were soon changed into loud imprecations against the inventors and practisers of such torments; and blessings were showered on the *Cortes* for having abolished this tribunal of arch tyranny. We next examined a vertical pillory, placed against the wall; it had one large and two smaller holes; on opening it, by lifting up the one half, we perceived apertures in the wall, and the purpose of the machine was soon ascertained. An offender having his neck and wrists secured in the holes of the pillory, and his head and hands hidden in the wall, could be flogged by the lay brothers of St. Dominick without being known by them; and thus any accidental discovery was avoided. Scourges of different materials were hanging on the wall; some of knotted cord, not a few of which were hardened with blood; others were of wire chain, with points and rowels, like those of spurs; these too were clotted with blood. We also found tormentors, made of netted wire, the points of every mesh projecting about one-eighth of an inch inward, the outside being covered with leather, and having strings to tie them on. Some of these tormentors were of a sufficient size for the waist, others for the thighs, the legs and arms. The walls were likewise adorned with shirts of horse hair, which could not be considered as a very comfortable habit after a severe flagellation; with human bones, having a string at each end, to gag those who made too free a use of their tongues; and with nippers, made of cane, for the same purpose. These nippers consisted of two slips of cane, tied at the ends; by opening in the middle when they were put into the mouth, and fastened behind the head, in the



same manner as the bones, they pressed forcibly upon the tongue. In a drawer were a great many finger screws; they were small semicircular pieces of iron, in the form of crescents, having a screw at one end, so that they could be fixed on the fingers, and screwed to any degree, even till the nails were crushed and the bones broken. On viewing these implements of torture, who could find an excuse for the monsters who would use them to establish the faith which was taught, by precept and example, by the mild, the meek, the holy Jesus! May he who would not curse them in the bitterness of wrath fall into their merciless hands! The rack and the pillory were soon demolished; for such was the fury of more than a hundred persons who had gained admittance, that had they been constructed of iron they could not have resisted the violence and determination of their assailants. In one corner stood a wooden horse, painted white: it was conceived to be another instrument of torture, and instantly broken to pieces; but I was afterwards informed, that a victim of the inquisition, who had been burnt at the stake, was subsequently declared innocent of the charges preferred against him, and as an atonement for his death, his innocence was publicly announced, and his effigy, dressed in white, and mounted on this horse, was paraded about the streets of Lima. Some said that the individual suffered in Lima, others, that he suffered in Spain, and that by a decree of the inquisitor-general this farce was performed in every part of the Spanish dominions where a tribunal existed. We proceeded to the cells, but found them all open and empty: they were small, but not uncomfortable as places of confinement. Some had a small yard attached; others, more solitary, had none. The last person known to have been confined was a naval officer, an Andalusian, who was exiled in 1812 to Boca Chica.

Having examined every corner of this mysterious prison-house, we retired in the evening, taking with us books, papers, scourges, tormentors, &c., many of which were distributed at the door, particularly several pieces of the irreligious handkerchiefs. The following morning the archbishop went to the cathedral, and

declared all those persons excommunicated, *vel participantes*, who had taken and should retain in their possession any thing that had belonged to, or had been found in the ex-tribunal of the inquisition. In consequence of this declaration, many delivered up what they had taken; but with me the case was different—I kept what I had got, in defiance of *flamines infernorum* denounced by his grace against the *renitentes* and *retinentes*.

It is said, that when Castel-forte was Viceroy in Lima, he was summoned by the inquisition, and attended accordingly. Taking with him to the door his body-guard, a company of infantry, and two pieces of artillery, he entered, and laying his watch on the table, told the inquisitors, that if their business were not despatched in one hour, the house would be battered down about their ears, for such were the orders he had left with the commanding officer at the gate. This was quite sufficient; the inquisitors rose, and accompanied him to the door, too happy when they beheld the backs of his excellency and his escort.

During my residence in Lima, I saw two men publicly disgraced by the inquisition; the one for having celebrated mass without having been ordained, and the other for soothsaying and witchcraft. They were placed in the chapel of the tribunal at an early hour in the morning, each dressed in a *sambenito*, a short loose tunic, covered with ridiculous paintings of snakes, bats, toads, flames, &c. The pseudo priest had a mitre of feathers placed on his head, the other a crown of the same. They stood in the centre of the chapel, each holding a green taper in his hand. At nine o'clock one of the secretaries ascended the pulpit, and read the cause for which they were punished. The poor mass-sayer appeared very penitent, but the old fortune-teller, when some of his tricks were related, burst into a loud laugh, in which he was joined by most of the people present. Two mules were brought to the door, and the two culprits were tied on their backs, having their faces towards the tails. The procession then began to move: first several *alguazils*, with the Count de Montes de Oro at their head; next the mules, led by the common hangman; while the inquisitors, in

their state coaches, brought up the rear. Two friars of the order of St. Dominick carried on each side the coaches large branches of palm. In this order they marched to St. Dominick's church, and were received at the door by the provincial prelate and community: the culprits were placed in the centre of the church, and the same papers read from the pulpit, after which the men were sentenced to serve in the hospitals during the will of the inquisitors.

To those who visit Lima, it may perhaps be interesting to know, that the stake at which the unfortunate victims of inquisitorial tyranny were burnt was near the ground on which the *plaza de toros*, bull circus, now stands; and that at the foot of the bridge, at the door of the church, *de los desamparados*, of the abandoned, they were delivered to the ordinary ministers of justice for execution.

It is well known, that many exaggerated accounts have been given of the inquisition, tending more to create doubts, than to establish the truth of the inhuman proceedings of that tribunal. I have stated this fact elsewhere, not with the view of palliating the proceedings, but to put readers on their guard, neither to believe nor disbelieve all that is written. That enough may be said to make humanity shudder, and still more remain untold, is proved by what I saw in the Pandemonium of Lima. But the inquisitors knew too well, that those who had undergone the pains and torments which they inflicted would be apt to divulge them, so that it was their interest either to be sparing of torture, or to prevent a discovery by sacrificing the victim.

When the beloved Ferdinand abolished the *Cortes* and the constitution in 1812 he restored the inquisition, and often in Madrid personally presided at its sessions. This was not however sufficient to encourage its ministers to proceed with that rigour they had been wont to exercise; they had been once dethroned, and were not certain of their own stability. In Lima the monsters were tame, nay, harmless; but this proceeded from fear. No doubt Ferdinand, like his predecessor, Pedro, and the inquisitors, like their founder, St. Dominick, wished for the arrival of a time when

they could repeat, "nothing rejoices my soul so much as to hear the bones of heretics crackling at the stake." To the credit of the new governments in South America, the inquisition has been everywhere abolished, and all spiritual jurisdiction re-invested in the bishops.

# With San Martín in Peru

BASIL HALL

*One of the most famous of all travel writers, Captain Basil Hall was born in Edinburgh in 1788 and joined the Royal Navy at the age of fourteen. As a young man he took part in many famous voyages, visiting China, for example, in the company of Lord Amherst and interviewing Napoleon at St. Helena. Wherever he went, Hall kept journals, and these he published whenever he returned to England. Since his career took him to many unknown places, he was soon looked upon as an explorer of some substance and accordingly was elected to the Royal Society in 1816.*

*His Extracts from a Journal Written on the Coasts of Chili, Peru and Mexico, from which the following selections are taken, are of particular interest to the student of South American history because Hall's visit to the western shores of the continent coincided with the great war of independence from Spain, and he was able to observe many aspects of this famous struggle at first hand. By the time he reached Valparaiso, Chile had al-*

*ready gained its independence thanks to the combined military actions of the Chilean patriot, Bernardo O'Higgins and the Argentine liberator, General San Martín. Soon afterward, San Martín, together with the English admiral, Lord Cochrane, whose services had been engaged by the Chileans, proceeded to Peru, and in Lima, in 1821, Peruvian independence was proclaimed.*

*As an interested neutral, Captain Hall was afforded the almost unique opportunity of observing San Martín at close quarters, both in private interviews and at the ceremonies connected with the proclamation. His account of these events is useful for the firsthand picture it gives of a great man engaged in great events. Moreover, it demonstrates the natural sympathy of the English toward the newly independent countries of Latin America.*

*After some weeks in Lima and Callao, Captain Hall sailed farther northward to what is now Ecuador, and his account of his stay at the port city of Guayaquil is charming for its description of provincial life at this crucial moment in Latin American history, and is important for its insights into the meaning of independence for all of South America.*

*In later years, Captain Hall continued his travels, and in 1827 he visited the United States. His account of this trip excited a good deal of local indignation. Much of the latter part of his life was devoted to his writings, but in 1842 he unfortunately went insane and died two years later at Portsmouth.*

25th June 1821—I had an interview this day with General San Martín on board a little schooner, a yacht of his own, anchored in Callao Roads for the convenience of communicating with the deputies, who, during the armistice, had held their sittings on board a ship in the anchorage.

There was little, at first sight, in his appearance to engage the attention, but when he rose up and began to speak, his superiority was apparent. He received us in very homely style, on the deck of his vessel, dressed in a loose surtout coat, and a large fur cap, and seated at a table made of a few loose planks laid along the top of some empty casks. He is a tall, erect, well-proportioned handsome man, with a large aquiline nose, thick black hair, and immense bushy dark whiskers, extending from ear to ear under the chin; his complexion is deep olive, and his eye, which is large, prominent, and piercing, is jet black; his whole appearance being highly military. He is thoroughly well-bred, and unaffectedly simple in his manners, exceedingly cordial and engaging, and possessed evidently of great kindness of disposition; in short, I have never seen any person, the enchantment of whose address was more irresistible. In conversation he went at once to the strong points of the topic, disdaining, as it were, to trifle with its minor parts; he listened earnestly, and replied with distinctness and fairness, showing wonderful resources in argument, and a most happy fertility of illustration, the effect of which was, to make his audience feel they were understood in the sense they wished. Yet there was nothing showy or ingenious in his discourse, and he certainly seemed, at all times, perfectly in earnest, and deeply possessed with his subject. At times his animation rose to a high pitch, when the flash of his eye, and the whole turn of his expression, became so exceedingly energetic as to rivet the attention of his audience beyond the possibility of evading his arguments. This was most remarkable when the topic was politics, on which subject, I consider myself fortunate in having heard him express himself frequently. But his quiet manner was not less striking, and indicative of a mind of no ordinary stamp; and he could even be playful and familiar, were such the tone of the moment; and whatever effect the subsequent possession of great political power may have had on his mind, I feel confident that his natural disposition is kind and benevolent.

During the first visit I paid to San Martín, several persons came

privately from Lima to discuss the state of affairs, upon which occasion his views and feelings were distinctly stated, and I saw nothing in his conduct afterwards to cast a doubt upon the sincerity with which he then spoke. The contest in Peru, he said, was not of an ordinary description—not a war of conquest and glory, but entirely of opinion; it was a war of new and liberal principles against prejudice, bigotry, and tyranny. "People ask," said San Martin, "why I don't march to Lima at once; so I might, and instantly would, were it suitable to my views, which it is not. I want not military renown, I have no ambition to be the conqueror of Peru, I want solely to liberate the country from oppression. Of what use would Lima be to me if the inhabitants were hostile in political sentiment? How could the cause of independence be advanced by my holding Lima, or even the whole country, in military possession? Far different are my views. I wish to have all men thinking with me, and do not choose to advance a step beyond the gradual march of public opinion: the capital being now ripe for declaring its sentiments, I shall give them the opportunity of doing so in safety. It was in sure expectation of this moment that I have heretofore deferred advancing; and to those who know the full extent of the means which have been put in action, a sufficient explanation is afforded of all the delays that have taken place. I have been gaining, indeed, day by day, fresh allies in the hearts of the people. In the secondary point of military strength, I have been, from the same causes, equally successful in augmenting and improving the liberating army; while that of the Spaniards has been wasted by want and desertion. The country has now become sensible of its own interest, and it is right the inhabitants should have the means of expressing what they think. Public opinion is an engine newly introduced into this country; the Spaniards, incapable of directing it, have prohibited its use, but they shall now experience its strength and importance."

On another occasion, San Martin explained the peculiar necessity there was for acting in this cautious, and, as it were, tardy manner, in revolutionizing Peru. Its geographical situation had,



in his opinion; great influence in continuing that state of ignorance so favourable to the mistaken policy of the Spaniards, long after the other countries of South America had awakened from their apathy. Buenos Ayres, from its vicinity to the Cape of Good Hope, and the facility of intercourse between it and Europe, had many years before acquired the means of gaining information, which had not yet reached Peru. Chili originally derived her knowledge through Buenos Ayres, but more recently by direct communication from England and North America. Colombia, although the scene of terrible wars, had the advantage of being near the West Indies and North America; and Mexico was also in constant communication with those places, as well as Europe. Thus they had all more or less enjoyed opportunities of obtaining much useful knowledge, during times little favourable, it is true, to its culture, but which did not—indeed, could not, prevent its influence from being salutary. In Peru, however, unfortunately cut off by nature from direct communication with the more enlightened countries of the earth, it was only very recently that the first rays of knowledge had pierced through the clouds of error and superstition, and the people were still not only very ignorant of their own rights, but required time and encouragement to learn how to think justly on the subject. To have taken the capital by a *coup de main*, therefore, would have answered no purpose, and would probably have irritated the people, and induced them to resist the arms of the Patriots, from a misconception of their real intentions.

The gradual progress of intelligence in the other states of South America, said San Martín, had insensibly prepared the people's minds for the revolution. In Chili and elsewhere, the mine had been silently charged, and the train required only to be touched—in Peru, where the materials were yet to be prepared, any premature attempt at explosion must have been unsuccessful. The privilege which our neutral character gave us of examining both sides of the question in person, was turned to great account at this period; for immediately after conversing with San Martín, I landed and went to Lima, where I had an interview, within the

same hour, with the Viceroy, and returned in the evening to my ship, anchored not very far from Lord Cochrane's fleet.

On going to Lima next day, I found it in the most singular state of agitation. It was now generally known that the Royalists meant to abandon the city to its fate, and it was clear, that whatever happened, a violent revulsion must take place; but as no one knew, or could guess, what its extent might prove, every one deemed the crisis full of danger and difficulty. The timorous were distracted by the wildest fears; the bold and steady knew not how to apply their courage; and the irresolute were left in the most pitiable state; but the strangers, unwilling to offend either side, did wisely by putting a good face on the matter and taking their chance. The female part of the community were much embarrassed, but behaved better than the men; they displayed more fortitude, were less timorous, less querulous under suffering, in general saw things in a brighter point of view, and did not distress themselves, or those about them, by needless complaints and anticipations of evil. On every successive day things became worse, and towards the close of the week, the terrors of the people assuming the character of despair, it was utterly useless to reason with them, or to attempt impressing upon their minds the value of calmness and patience at such an alarming moment.

On the 5th July the Viceroy issued a proclamation, announcing his intention of abandoning the city, and pointing to Callao as an asylum for those who felt themselves insecure in the capital. This was the signal for immediate flight, and a rush was made towards the Castle by multitudes, who, when questioned as to their reasons for leaving the city, could give none but that of fear; and, indeed, the majority acted from mere panic, which spread amongst them in the most extraordinary manner.

\* \* \*

During nearly two days the apparent desertion was more complete than I could have supposed possible in so large and populous a place; and as the majority of the inhabitants, notwithstanding

the flight to Callao, were certainly still in the city, it was inconceivable how so many people could have remained locked up for such a period, without being once tempted to peep out, especially when the danger was by no means pressing or certain. We fancied that the slaves were more cheerful than usual, but this probably was a deception, arising from our contrasting their undisturbed gaiety with the doubt and gloom which had beset every other mind. It may be mentioned here, that one of San Martín's first proclamations declared the freedom of every person born after the 15th of July, the day on which the independence of Lima was first announced, and that every slave voluntarily enlisting into his army should become from that instant a free citizen; measures which at once gave a death-blow to the whole system of slavery.

When all was quiet in the capital, I went to Callao, and hearing that San Martín was in the roads, waited on him on board his yacht. I found him possessed of correct information as to all that was passing, but he seemed in no hurry to enter the city, and appeared, above all things, anxious to avoid any appearance of acting the part of a conqueror. "For the last ten years," said he, "I have been unremittingly employed against the Spaniards, or rather, in favour of this country, for I am not against any one who is not hostile to the cause of independence. All I wish is, that this country should be managed by itself, and by itself alone. As to the manner in which it is to be governed, that belongs not at all to me. I propose simply to give the people the means of declaring themselves independent, and of establishing a suitable form of government; after which I shall consider I have done enough, and leave them."

On the next day, a deputation of the principal persons from Lima were sent to invite San Martín formally to enter the capital, as the inhabitants had agreed, after the most mature deliberation, to the terms proposed. To this requisition he assented, but delayed his entry till the 12th, some days after.

It is proverbially difficult to discover the real temper and

character of great men, and I was therefore on the watch for such little traits in San Martin, as seemed to throw a light on his natural disposition, and I must say, that the result was most favourable. I took notice, in particular, of the kindly and cordial terms upon which he lived with the officers of his own family, and all those with whom his occupations obliged him to associate. One day, at his own table, after dinner, I saw him take out his *segarero*, or pouch, and while his thoughts were evidently far away, choose a segar more round and firm than the rest, and give it an unconscious look of satisfaction;—when a voice from the bottom of the table called out, "*Mi General*." He started from his reverie, and holding up his head, asked who had spoken. "It was I," said an officer of his establishment who had been watching him; "I merely wished to beg the favour of one segar of you."—"Ah ha!" said he, smiling good-naturedly, and at once tossed his chosen segar with an assumed look of reproach to the officer. To every body he was affable and courteous, without the least show or bustle, and I could never detect in him the slightest trace of affectation, or anything, in short, but the real sentiment of the moment. I had occasion to visit him early one morning on board his schooner, and we had not been long walking together, when the sailors began washing the decks. "What a plague it is," said San Martin, "that these fellows will insist upon washing their decks at this rate."—"I wish, my friend," said he to one of the men, "you would not wet us here, but go to the other side." The seaman, however, who had his duty to do, and was too well accustomed to the General's gentle manner, went on with his work, and splashed us soundly. "I am afraid," cried San Martin, "we must go below, although our cabin is but a miserable hole, for really there is no persuading these fellows to go out of their usual way." These anecdotes, and many others of the same stamp, are very trifling, it is true; but I am much mistaken if they do not give more insight into the real disposition, than a long series of official acts; for public virtue is unfortunately held to be so rare, that we are apt to mistrust a man in power for

the same actions which, in a humble station, would have secured our confidence and esteem.

\* \* \*

12th July 1821—This day is memorable in the annals of Peru, from the entry of General San Martin into the capital. Whatever intermediate changes may take place in the fortunes of that country, its freedom must eventually be established; and it can never be forgotten, that the first impulse was due entirely to the genius of San Martin, who planned and executed the enterprise which stimulated the Peruvians to think and act for themselves. Instead of coming in state, as he was well entitled to have done, he waited till the evening, and then rode in without guards, and accompanied by a single aid-de-camp. Indeed, it was contrary to his original intention that he came into the city on this day, for he was tired, and wished to go quietly to rest in a cottage about half a league off, and to enter the town before daybreak next morning. He had dismounted, accordingly, and had just nestled himself into a corner, blessing his stars that he was out of the reach of business, when in came two friars, who, by some means or other, had discovered his retreat. Each of them made him a speech, to which his habitual good nature induced him to listen. One compared him to Caesar, the other to Lucullus! "Good Heavens!" exclaimed the General, when the fathers left them, "what are we to do? this will never answer."—"Oh! Sir," answered the aid-de-camp, "there are two more of the same stamp close at hand."—"Indeed! then saddle the horses again, and let us be off."

Instead of going straight to the palace, San Martin called at the Marquis of Montemire's on his way, and the circumstance of his arrival becoming known in a moment, the house, the court, and the street, were soon filled. I happened to be at a house in the neighbourhood, and reached the audience-room before the crowd became impassable. I was desirous of seeing how the General would behave through a scene of no ordinary difficulty; and he

certainly acquitted himself very well. There was, as may be supposed, a large allowance of enthusiasm, and high-wrought expression, upon the occasion; and to a man innately modest, and naturally averse to show, or ostentation of any kind, it was not an easy matter to receive such praises without betraying impatience.

At the time I entered the room, a middle-aged fine-looking woman was presenting herself to the General: as he leaned forward to embrace her, she fell at his feet, clasped his knees, and looking up, exclaimed, that she had three sons at his service, who, she hoped, would now become useful members of society, instead of being slaves as heretofore. San Martin, with much discretion, did not attempt to raise the lady from the ground, but allowed her to make her appeal in the situation she had chosen, and which, of course, she considered the best suited to give force to her eloquence; but he stooped low to hear all she said, and when her first burst was over, gently raised her; upon which she threw her arms round his neck, and concluded her speech while hanging on his breast. His reply was made with suitable earnestness, and the poor woman's heart seemed ready to burst with gratitude for his attention and affability.

He was next assailed by five ladies, all of whom wished to clasp his knees at once; but as this could not be managed, two of them fastened themselves round his neck, and all five clamoured so loudly to gain his attention, and weighed so heavily upon him, that he had some difficulty in supporting himself. He soon satisfied each of them with a kind word or two, and then seeing a little girl of ten or twelve years of age belonging to this party, but who had been afraid to come forward before, he lifted up the astonished child, and kissing her cheek, set her down again in such ecstasy, that the poor thing scarcely knew where she was.

His manner was quite different to the next person who came forward; a tall, raw-boned, pale-faced friar, a young man, with deep-set dark-blue eyes, and a cloud of care and disappointment wandering across his features. San Martin assumed a look of serious earnestness while he listened to the speech of the monk,

who applauded him for the peaceful and Christian-like manner of his entrance into this great city, conduct which, he trusted, was only a forerunner of the gentle character of his future government. The General's answer was in a similar strain, only pitched a few notes higher, and it was curious to observe how the formal cold manner of the priest became animated under the influence of San Martín's eloquence; for at last, losing all recollection of his sedate character, the young man clapped his hands and shouted, "*Viva! viva! nuestra General!*"—"Nay, nay," said the other, "do not say so, but join with me in calling, *Viva la Independencia del Perú!*"

The *Cabildo*, or town-council, hastily drawn together, next entered, and as many of them were natives of the place, and liberal men, they had enough to do to conceal their emotion, and to maintain the proper degree of stateliness, belonging to so grave a body, when they came, for the first time, into the presence of their liberator.

Old men, and old women, and young women, crowded fast upon him; to every one he had something kind and appropriate to say, always going beyond the expectation of each person he addressed. During this scene I was near enough to watch him closely, but I could not detect, either in his manner or in his expressions, the least affectation; there was nothing assumed, or got up; nothing which seemed to refer to self; I could not even discover the least trace of a self-approving smile. But his manner, at the same time, was the reverse of cold, for he was sufficiently animated, although his satisfaction seemed to be caused solely by the pleasure reflected from others. While I was thus watching him, he happened to recognize me, and drawing me to him, embraced me in the Spanish fashion. I made way for a beautiful young woman, who, by great efforts, had got through the crowd. She threw herself into the General's arms, and lay there full half a minute, without being able to utter more than "*Oh mi General! mi General!*" She then tried to disengage herself, but San Martín, who had been struck with her enthusiasm and beauty, drew her gently and respectfully back, and holding his head a little on one

side, said, with a smile, that he must be permitted to show his grateful sense of such good will by one affectionate salute. This completely bewildered the blushing beauty, who, turning round, sought support in the arms of an officer standing near the General, who asked her if she were now content: "*Contenta!*" she cried, "*Oh Señor!*"

It is perhaps worthy of remark, that, during all this time, there were no tears shed, and that, even in the most theatrical parts, there was nothing carried so far as to look ridiculous. It is clear that the General would gladly have missed such a scene altogether, and had his own plan succeeded he would have avoided it; for he intended to have entered the city at four or five in the morning. His dislike of pomp and show was evinced in a similar manner when he turned to Buenos Ayres, after having conquered Chili from the Spaniards, in 1817. He there managed matters with more success than at Lima; for, although the inhabitants were prepared to give him a public reception, he contrived to enter that capital without being discovered.



# A Visit to Guayaquil

BASIL HALL

On the evening of the 22d December, we anchored off the entrance of the Bay of Guayaquil, but, owing to the light winds and the ebb tide, it was not till the evening of the next day, the 24th of December, that we reached the entrance of the river. The weather, in the day-time, was sultry and hot to an intolerable degree; and, at night, the land breeze, which resembled the air of an oven, was very damp, and smelled strongly of wet leaves and other decaying vegetables. We anchored near a small village on the great island of Puna, which lies opposite to the mouth of the river, and presently afterwards a pilot came off to us, who, to our surprise, undertook to carry the ship up the river, as far as the town, in the course of the night. It was very dark, for there was no moon; not a soul in the ship had ever been here before; but, as the pilot appeared to understand his business perfectly, I agreed to his proposal, upon his explaining, that, during the greater part of the night, both wind and tide would be favourable, but in the day-time, both were likely to be adverse.

The river was, in general, broad and deep, though, at some

places, there were abrupt turnings, and many shoals, which sometimes obliged us to keep so close to the banks, that it seemed, in the dark, as if our yard-arms must get entangled with the branches of the trees, which grew down to the very water's edge. The wind was gentle but steady, and just enough, in such perfectly smooth water, to keep the sails asleep, as it is termed, when, in light winds, the sails do not flap against the mast.

By means of this faint air, and the tide together, we shot rapidly up the river, threading our way, as it were, through the woods, which stood dark and still, like two vast black walls along the banks of the stream. Men were placed by the anchor; and all hands were at their stations, ready, at an instant's warning, to perform any evolution; not a word was spoken, except when the pilot addressed the helmsman, and received his reply; not the least sound was heard but the splash of the sounding lead, and the dripping of the dew from the rigging and sails on the decks. The flood tide, which we had caught just at the turn on entering the river, served to carry us quite up to the town, a distance of forty miles, and at four o'clock, after passing the whole night in this wild and solemn sort of navigation, we anchored amongst the shipping off the city. As the day broke, the houses gradually became visible, presenting to the eye forms and proportions, which varied at every moment, as fresh light came in to dissipate the previous illusions. At length this old city stood distinctly before us, in fine picturesque confusion.

I had a letter of introduction to a gentleman who received me in the easy style of the country; at once undertook to put us in the way of procuring fresh provisions and other supplies; carried me to the governor's to pay the usual visit of ceremony, and afterwards offered to introduce my officers and myself to some families of his acquaintance. We were somewhat surprised, on entering the first house, to observe the ladies in immense hammocks made of a net work of strong grass, dyed of various colours, suspended from the roof, which was twenty feet high. Some of them were sitting, others reclining in their hammocks; with their feet, or, at least, one

foot left hanging out, and so nearly touching the floor, that, when they pleased, they could reach it with the toe, and by a gentle push give motion to the hammock. This family consisted of no less than three generations: the grandmother lying at full length in a hammock suspended across one corner of the room, the mother seated in another, swinging from side to side; and three young ladies, her daughters, lounging in one hammock attached to hooks along the length of the room. The whole party were swinging away at such a furious rate, that at first we were confounded and made giddy by the variety of motions in different directions. We succeeded, however, in making good our passage to a sofa at the further side of the room, though not without apprehension of being knocked over by the way. The ladies, seeing us embarrassed, ceased their vibrations until the introductions had taken place, and then touching the floor with their feet, swung off again without any interruption to the conversation.

We had often heard before of the fair complexion of the Guayaquilenas, but had fancied it was merely comparative. To our surprise, therefore, we found these ladies quite as fair and clear in complexion as any Europeans: unlike the Spaniards also, their eyes were blue, and their hair of a light colour. The whole party maintained the character for pre-eminence in beauty, for which Guayaquil is celebrated in all parts of South America: even the venerable grandmother preserved her looks in a degree rarely met with between the tropics. This is the more remarkable, as Guayaquil lies within little more than two degrees south of the Equator; and being on a level with the sea, is during the whole year excessively hot. Some people ascribe the fairness of the women, and the wonderful permanence of their good looks, to the moisture of the air; the city having on one side a great marsh, and on the other a large river; while the country, for nearly a hundred miles, is a continued level swamp, thickly covered with trees. But how this can act to invert the usual order of things, I have never heard any one attempt to explain; certain it is, that all

the women we saw were fair, and perfectly resembled, in this respect, those of cold climates.

At the next house, the most conspicuous personage we encountered was a tall, gentlemanlike, rather pompous sort of person, dressed in a spotted linen wrapper, and green slippers, with his hair cropped and frizzled after a very strange fashion. His wife, a tall handsome woman, and his daughter, a grave pretty little freckled girl, as we thought of sixteen years of age, but actually only thirteen, were seated in a hammock, which, by the united efforts of their feet, was made to swing to a great height. In another very large hammock sat a beautiful little girl of five years of age, waiting impatiently for some one to swing it about. On a sofa, which was more than twenty feet long, sat two or three young ladies, daughters of the lady in the hammock, and several others, visitors, besides five or six gentlemen, several of whom were dressed, like the master of the house, in slippers and various coloured night-gowns of the lightest materials.

On first entering the room, we were astounded by the amazing clatter of tongues speaking in tones so loud and shrill, and accompanied by such animated stampings, and violent gesticulations, that we imagined there was a battle royal amongst the ladies. This, however, we were glad to find was a mistake, it being the fashion of the country to scream, or bawl rather than to speak in familiar conversation.

Not long after we were seated, and just as the war of tongues and attitudes was recommencing, after the pause occasioned by the ceremony of presenting us; another daughter, a young married lady, came tripping into the room, and with a pretty and mirthful expression of countenance, and much elegance of manner, went round the company, and begged to be allowed to let fall a few drops of lavender water on their handkerchiefs. To each person she addressed something appropriate in a neat graceful way, beginning with the strangers, to whom she gave a kind welcome, and hoped their stay would be long and agreeable. She then retired amidst the plaudits of the company, who were delighted

with the manner in which she had done the honours of the house: but she returned immediately, bringing with her a guitar, which she placed in the hands of a young lady, her friend, who had just come in, and then dropped off modestly and quietly to the farthest end of the great sofa.

Meanwhile the master of the house sat apart in deep conversation with a gentleman recently arrived from Lima, who was recounting to his friend the amount of various duties levied at that place by San Martin's government. He listened very composedly till the narrator mentioned what was the duty on cocoa. The effect was instantaneous; he rose half off his seat, and with a look of anger and disappointment, was going to utter a furious philippic against San Martin; when the other, observing the expression of his friend's countenance, which was wrinkled up like that of a game cock in wrath, and dreading an explosion, took upon himself to put his friend's looks into language, and then to answer them himself, and all with such volubility, that the unhappy master of the house, though bursting with impatience to speak, never got an opportunity of saying a single word. The scene itself was in the highest degree comic, but the inference to be drawn from it is also worth attending to. In former times, when monopoly and restrictions blighted every commercial and agricultural speculation, and when the wishes of individuals were never taken into account, and all exertion, or attempt at interference with the establishment of duties was utterly hopeless, this man, now so animated, had been given up to indolence, and nothing connected with the custom-house had ever been known to rouse him to the slightest degree of action. He was an extensive cocoa planter, and, ever since the opening of the trade, had taken the liveliest interest in all that related to import duties at Lima.

In former times, all such things being irrevocably fixed, no exertions of this, or any other individual, could remedy the evils which repressed all the energies of the country, by rendering every exertion the inhabitants could make useless and hopeless. And the charge, so often laid against the natives by the Spaniards, that they

were stupid and incapable of understanding such subjects, was a cruel mockery upon men who had been from all time denied the smallest opportunity of making any useful exertion. But now it is far otherwise; the people have acquired a knowledge of their own consequence and power, and, instead of submitting quietly, as heretofore, to be cheated at every turn, and letting all things pass unregarded, from utter hopelessness of amelioration, they take a deep and active interest in whatever affects their fortunes in the slightest degree. This spirit, which, in the hands of persons but partially acquainted with the subject, leads to many errors in practice at first, will, ere long, produce the best effects, by enriching that great field of commerce, which wants nothing but the fertilizing influence of freedom to render it in the highest degree productive.

\* \* \*

The population in the town is about twenty thousand, and in the surrounding country subject to it, about fifty thousand more; and although it is evident that so small a town, and so limited a population, were insufficient to constitute a separate state, yet, at the time I speak of, the country was so circumstanced that no other power had leisure to interfere, and Guayaquil declared itself independent. It is the principal port of Quito, at that time in possession of the Spaniards, who were prevented from sending troops to re-establish their authority; their whole attention, then, being occupied in trying to repel the patriots under Bolivar. He, on the other hand, had not troops to spare to bring Guayaquil under his authority. The only other power that could have interfered with Guayaquil was the Peruvian government under San Martin; but he had enough on his hands already, so that, in the general bustle, Guayaquil was allowed to carry its Independent flag, and call itself a separate state, unmolested. All the reflecting persons in the town, however, saw that it was utterly impossible to maintain such a position, and that, sooner or later, they must fall under one or other of the great powers, Colombia or Peru. The inhabitants

were nearly divided on this subject; and, contemptible as the discussion was, more violent party-spirit was never displayed. A constant war of words was maintained, for no swords were drawn: distinguishing badges were worn by the different parties; and each party bawled out in the streets, or from their windows, the names of their respective favourites, Bolivar or San Martin. There was something a little ludicrous, perhaps, in their notion of displaying an Independent flag, (I quite forget its colour or devices,) and calling themselves an independent nation, while, in the same breath, they were vociferating their determination to submit to the will of a military leader, and were quarrelling amongst themselves, merely as to which of the two chiefs they would be governed by. It was an election, however, and one in which all classes took an active and sincere part. This was a new thing for South Americans, and their spirits rose accordingly with the feeling of freedom, which the exercise of an elective right inspires more than any other: the whole scene, accordingly, was highly animated, and more like that of an English election, than anything I have before seen abroad.

They must needs have an army too; and as in revolutionary times, the military always take upon themselves to become a reflecting body, and as they possess some cogent and effective arguments, they generally usurp no small share of influence. Accordingly, on Christmas eve, at the time we were sailing up the river, the whole army of the state of Guayaquil, consisting of one regiment, marched out of the town, and having taken up a position half a league off, sent in a civil message at day-break to the governor, to say they were determined to serve under no other flag than that of Bolivar, and unless they were indulged in this matter, they would instantly set fire to the town. The governor, with the good sense and prudence of utter helplessness, sent his compliments to the troops, and begged they would do just as they pleased. Upon the receipt of this civil message, one-half of the regiment were so much pleased with having the matter left to their own free choice, and being rather anxious, perhaps, for their

breakfast, which was waiting for them, agreed to relinquish the character of rebels, and come quietly back to their allegiance.

The government thus strengthened, took more vigorous measures, and lost no time in acceding to the wishes of the remainder, who were embarked in the course of the morning of our arrival, and sent up the river to join Bolivar's troops, at this time surrounding Quito. This measure was adopted at the recommendation of General Sucre, one of Bolivar's officers, whose head-quarters were actually in Guayaquil, notwithstanding its boasted independence. The whole affair, indeed, was a burlesque upon revolutions; but it was fortunate that no blood was shed; for as both the soldiers who went out of the town, and the inhabitants and such of the military as remained, had arms in their hands, it is difficult to say how tragical this farce might have been in its catastrophe, had they not come to some terms. Although it ended so pacifically, there was considerable alarm throughout the town during the whole of Christmas day, and no flag of any kind was flying till about noon, when, upon the suppression of the rebellion, the Independent national flag was again displayed.

On the 26th, the alarm had completely subsided, and all was going on as before. As it was a fast-day, however, no business could be done, nor any supplies procured; and as all the people I wished to see were occupied at mass, I took the opportunity of making some astronomical and magnetical observations, on the left bank of the river, immediately opposite the town; a spot which, from its solitude, appeared well suited to our purpose. But, on rowing up a little creek, we came unexpectedly to a large wooden house, half concealed by the trees, in which we found a merry party of ladies who had fled on Christmas eve, during the alarm. They carried us into the forest to show us a plantation of the tree which yields what we call the cocoa or cacao-nut, from which chocolate is made. The cacao we found growing on a tree about twenty feet high. The nut, such as we see it, is contained within a rind of a melon shape, as big as one's two fists, with the nuts or kernels clustered in the inside. The fruit grows principally



from the stem, or when found on the branches, still preserves the same character, and grows from the main branch, not from a lateral twig.

Whilst we were losing our time with these merry gossips, a messenger arrived to inform the ladies, that a boat had been sent to carry them back, as the city was again restored to tranquillity. We escorted them to the creek, and saw them safely into their boat, having made more progress in our acquaintance in an hour than we could have done in a month in countries farther removed from the sun, and from the disorders of a revolution.

We were still in good time for our observations at noon, but the heat at that hour was intense, for there was not the least breath of wind; and as soon as the meridian observation was over, we retreated to a thick grove of plantain trees, to make some experiments with the dipping needle. Here, though completely sheltered from the sun, we had a fine view of the river, and the town beyond it. The stream, which at this place is about two miles broad, flowed majestically along, with a surface perfectly smooth and glassy, bearing along vast trunks of trees and boughs, and large patches of grass. The town of Guayaquil, viewed through the vapour exhaled from the river, and the glowing banks, was in a constant tremor—there was no sound heard, except now and then the chirp of a grasshopper—the birds, which soared sleepily aloft, seemed to have no note—everything, in short, spoke to the senses the language of a hot climate.

I dined with the author of the letter given above,\* and afterwards rode with him to see the lines thrown up for the purpose of keeping off the Spaniards, should they, as was apprehended, make a descent upon Guayaquil from Quito. Such irregular and hastily constructed means of defending an open town are held, I believe, in no great respect by military men: yet the moral effect of such undertakings may nevertheless, as in this instance, prove beneficial; by making the people, who erect them, believe themselves in earnest, and thus, by uniting them in a common work, give them

\* Editor's Note: Here omitted: it deals with commercial problems of the town.

confidence in one another's sincerity; a feeling which, if properly guided, may be rendered a great deal more formidable than the artificial defences themselves.

In the evening a party of ladies assembled at our friend's house, but as they arranged themselves in two lines facing one another, in a narrow verandah, it became impossible to pass either between or behind them. At length I discovered a little window, which looked out from the drawing-room into the verandah, near the middle of the station, taken up in so determined a manner by the ladies. By this time they were all speaking at once, in a loud shrill voice, but so distinctly, that I had no difficulty in distinguishing the words; but of the conversation, which was entirely made up of local topics, and allusions to characters and incidents of the day, I could make nothing for a considerable time; till, at length, the topic was changed, and they commenced a very spirited discussion on politics. This I could follow: and it was singularly interesting to mark, in the eagerness of these debates, the rapid effect which the alteration in the times had produced, even on the ladies, in stimulating them to become intimately acquainted with a class of subjects, which, two or three years before, not the most resolute man in the country dared to think of, much less to give an opinion upon.

Being resolved to see somewhat more of these good people than one evening afforded, I invited the whole party to breakfast on board next morning, an invitation which was accepted by acclamation; they had already set their hearts upon seeing my ship, and were, by far, the merriest and lightest hearted people, besides being the fairest and handsomest, we had met with in South America.

27th Dec.—At the expence of a little squeezing, we contrived to seat the whole party to a substantial breakfast, *à l'Anglaise*. As most of the officers of the ship spoke Spanish, we contrived to take good care of our party, who split themselves into groups, and roved about the ship as they pleased, a sort of freedom which people prefer to being dragged mechanically round to see everything.

Our fiddler, unfortunately, being unwell, we could not have a dance, which evidently disappointed no small number of our fair friends; but even without this powerful accessory to forming acquaintance, we were all soon wonderfully at ease with one another.

I lamented sincerely, that my duty obliged me so precipitately to leave a spot, holding out a promise of such agreeable society, and where everything else, domestic and political, was, at the same time, so peculiarly well circumstanced for the exhibition of national character; and calculated to show, in a more striking light that in quieter times, the real spirit and essence of a country that has never yet had justice done it, and of which in Europe we still know but little.

There has seldom, perhaps, existed in the world, a more interesting scene than is now passing in South America, or one in which human character, in all its modifications, has received so remarkable a stimulus to untried action; where the field is so unbounded, and the actors in it so numerous; where every variety of moral and physical circumstance is so fully subjected to actual trial; or where so great a number of states living under different climates, and possessed of different soils, are brought under review at the same moment, are placed severally and collectively in similar situations, and are forced to act and think for themselves, for the first time; where old feelings, habits, laws, and prejudices, are jumbled along with new institutions, new knowledge, and new customs, and new principles, all left free to produce what chance, and a thousand unthought of causes, may direct; amidst conflicting interests and passions of all kinds, let loose to drift along the face of society. To witness the effects of such a prodigious political and moral experiment as this, even in our hurried way, was in the highest degree gratifying and instructive; though the impossibility of examining the whole at leisure, of watching its progress, of arranging and connecting the different parts together, and of separating what was accidental and transient, from that which was general and permanent, was a source of the greatest mortification.

As we had now completed our supplies, and finished all our

business at Guayaquil, I decided upon sailing, and at the recommendation of the pilot, agreed to go on this evening. It would have been satisfactory to have returned in daylight, that we might have seen the country, which we had before passed in the night-time; but the tides had changed in the interval of our stay, and again perversely served only at night.

I took a farewell dinner on shore, and in the early part of the evening, just as I was stepping into my boat, was assailed by a large party of ladies, who were on their way to a ball, at which all the world, they said, was to be present. The temptation to stay one day longer was great, and I might, perhaps, have yielded, had I not foreseen that these good and merry people would have discovered means to render our departure more and more difficult every day. On going on board, I found the pilot had deferred moving the ship till eleven o'clock, by which time, he said, the ebb tide would be running strongly down.

When I came upon deck, accordingly, at that hour, the night was pitch dark, and the damp land breeze was sighing mournfully among the ropes. On turning towards the town, we saw a blaze of light from the ball-room windows; and, on looking attentively, could detect the dancers crossing between us and the lamps: now and then a solitary high note was heard along the water. Far off in the south-eastern quarter, a great fire in the forest cast a bright glare upon the sky, though the flames themselves were sunk by the distance below the horizon. This partial and faint illumination served only to make the sky in every other direction look more cold and dismal.

# Overnight in a Bolivian Village

EDMUND TEMPLE

*Although independence from Spain brought political freedom and a measure of social justice, it also brought economic problems to Latin America. Not the least of these was the problem of operating the famous mines which for centuries had supplied the royal treasury with gold and silver. Lacking capital and experienced personnel, many of these mines ceased operating during the first years following the expulsion of their Spanish owners. In due course, however, foreign investors began to take an interest in reopening these mines, and soon a number of European speculators began to form companies to operate them. One of these, the Potosí, La Paz and Peruvian Mining Association, was established in London in 1825 in hopes of again working the silver mines of Potosí. These Bolivian mines were probably the most famous of all those that had been operated in Latin America, and over the centuries they had supplied thousands of millions of dollars to Spain.*

*As secretary and agent for its local operations, the corpora-*

*tion appointed a young Anglo-Irishman by the name of Edmund Temple, who in September of 1825 set out for Buenos Aires on board a British mail packet. After crossing the pampas and climbing up and over the cordillera of the Andes, Temple finally arrived at Potosí and immediately set about making arrangements for the operation of the mines, in which he was much encouraged by the government in La Paz. But before many months went by, it soon became clear that the venture was going to fail. The European money market had collapsed, and the corporation was unable to provide the necessary capital for its operations. By this time, however, Temple had become fascinated by the country in which he had been living and had begun to write his journal. For the next year or so, he therefore remained in the upland country of Bolivia and Peru, traveling about and exploring the area. Finally he returned to England, and in 1830 he published an account of his experiences in a book called Travels in Various Parts of Peru.*

*The section from this book printed below is one of many amusing parts of Temple's work, for as a young man Temple was a lively and apparently engaging person, much of whose spare time seems to have been devoted to the discovery of attractive young ladies. His description of a night's stay in the Bolivian countryside, where he found refuge in the house of a country curate, provides but one instance of this predilection. Beyond its interest as the story of an evening's adventure, this section presents a picture of what life is like to this day in the predominantly Indian communities of Bolivia. There the European influence is very slight and these descendants of the Incas have preserved their ancient customs.*

There is something peculiarly gratifying in the confidence of welcome, with which in this country a traveller of any degree of

respectability may take up abode at the houses of the clergy, in the different towns or villages on his route.—“Where is the house of the Father Curate?” is the usual question asked by a stranger on entering a village; and on alighting at the door, if the Father is at home, and happens not to be asleep, (when none dare disturb him,) the only preliminary requisite, in taking possession of the quarters, is to make an obeisance and say—“Good-morrow to you, Señor Cura!” A smile of welcome, with a few accompanying words of kindness, and a shake of the hand from the *Cura*, establishes you, in nine cases out of ten, with as much ease and freedom as in your own house. The Father then turns to the *peones* and servants, who have all dismounted, anxiously waiting to catch his eye in its glances round, when he pronounces the usual benediction—“God bless you, my sons!” upon which they respectfully take off their hats and say, “God keep your reverence!” They then unload the baggage and place it in the apartment destined for these passing visits: and this operation the casual absence of the curate in no way prevents, for then the *ama* (house-keeper,) or perhaps “the niece,” makes the stranger equally welcome.

I do not say, that in all cases good cheer is to be met with, or that in any case the English traveller will find such comforts as in England are well known to be the usual attributes of the “snug parsonage.” Throughout the British dominions, “parsonage” and “comfort” go together as naturally and inseparably as “ham and chicken.” Here is no such enviable appendage to a benefice as the former, and what is considered “comfort” in decent life in England is yet unknown. As to chickens and fowls, when boiled to rags, they are torn to pieces without a single thought of ham or bacon, or even a suspicion that the absence of the latter is an outrageous violation of the rules of domestic economy as practised with us.

The traveller, however, frequently finds all the convenience he expects, taking it for granted that he is aware of the very few wants of the natives, and is satisfied to comply with their manners

and customs. The curate is always useful in recommending to his lodgers those persons in the village or neighbourhood who can best supply forage for the animals, or any little necessary for themselves; and if the charges happen to be a little unreasonable, a few kind words from the *Padre* will accommodate the difference to the satisfaction of all.

I found the village of Caracolla crowded with Indians and others, the inhabitants old and young, of both sexes, from the neighbouring and the distant villages, who had assembled in their gayest attire to celebrate the great holiday of the "Elevation of the Cross," which, according to the Roman calendar, this day proves to be. Mass was performed in all the dignity of village pomp; processions followed, in which were groups fantastically dressed in masquerade; some carrying banners, some playing wild music upon flageolets, horns, drums, and trumpets, with the vocal accompaniment of shouts and screams. Their appearance before the house of the curate can scarcely be more accurately described than by the following lines:—

The men with the kettle-drums entered the gate,  
Dub—rub-a-dub, dub—the trumpeters follow'd,  
Tantara, tantara—then all the boys holla'd.

SWIFT.

Infinite, indeed, was the mirth of all, which was kept up by dancing, singing, and drinking *chicha* to excess. This latter part of the ceremony is never omitted upon the feast and holidays of these people, which are very seldom known to terminate in those riotous outrages that so frequently occur at popular meetings, in countries where pretensions to civilization are carried to a greater pitch.

*Chicha* is the favourite beverage of the South American Indians, and also of many who consider it an insult to be called Indians. The manner in which it is made, as I have frequently witnessed at Potosi, is as follows:—

A quantity of Indian corn is pounded into a fine powder and



placed in a heap, round which as many old women (I always observed they were old women) as can form a convenient circle, sit down upon the ground, and, filling their mouths with the powder, chew it into a paste—perhaps “mumble” would be the appropriate term, for to “chew,” I presume, there must be teeth, but in this operation the performers are toothless. When the paste, then, is mumbled to a sufficient consistency, it is taken out of the mouth, and rolled between the palms of the hands into a ball, generally about the size of a grape-shot, but varying, of course, according to the capacity of the mouth from which the substance is taken. The balls are piled in a pyramid, until the flour of the *mair* is finished; they are then placed upon a fire to bake. After this, they are put into a given quantity of water, where they ferment; I am not aware that any other ingredient is used. The fermentation forms the beverage called “*chicha*,” which is the nectar of the Indians, and, although inebriating, it is by no means injurious to health. In hot weather, I must acknowledge, notwithstanding the process, which is a most unsightly scene to witness, a draught of *chicha* is extremely grateful; though I know not how to describe the taste, nearer than what may be imagined would be obtained by a mixture of small beer and indifferent cyder, yet is it considered as nutritious among the labouring classes as porter is in England.

The curate’s house, in dimensions and in the distribution of the apartments, would, in Connaught, be called a very good cabin; and although it possessed neither chair nor table, a mud bench against the wall of the apartment being the seat, and a square mud-built heap near it doing permanent duty as a table, yet were there large silver dishes, in which were served up an excellent *chupé*, (mutton broth) and some very good potatoes with their jackets on. The drinking cups of the same metal stood in the sill of a window, and when I asked for water to wash my hands before dinner, it was brought to me by the *ama* in a capacious utensil, also of silver; certain prejudices, however, induced me politely to decline availing myself of it for *that* purpose, which not a little surprised the *ama*,

who assured me that the curate never used any thing else, and that, in the domestic services of the house, it had long

——contrived a double debt to pay.

After partaking of a very good supper, I spread my horse sheets in the middle of the floor, and, wrapped in my poncho, with my saddle under my head, in spite of the uproarious mirth of the villagers without, I soon ceased to think of the manners, customs, fancies, antipathies, whims, and oddities, of the world, which vary every day we live and every mile we go.

As the night advanced, the merriment of the village festival subsided, and wearied parties gradually filled the house of the curate, to whom, as to me, the roof for a covering and the floor for a bed were freely bestowed; and a much greater number availed themselves of this hospitality than it was ever contemplated, in the construction of the house, should one day be entertained within its walls. The frequent stepping over me and on me, and the whisperings and bustling of the retiring parties, roused me from my comfortable sleep, and occasioned for a moment that sort of fretful ill-humour which usually occurs on being unexpectedly or unnecessarily disturbed. It was, however, *only* for a moment, for upon raising my head and looking round me, a feeling of a very opposite kind was excited by the curious scene in which I found myself the centre.

A large church taper, a perquisite I presume of his reverence's, was supported on the floor in the middle of the apartment—I thought of the pillar of light and the Israelites, but for the life of me I cannot tell why. By the glare of this taper, I counted seventeen persons, male and female, some of them most fantastically dressed, reposing and preparing for repose. The men laid themselves down just as they came in and chanced to find a vacant space upon the floor. The females all said an *Ave-maria*, told their beads, crossed themselves, and undressed; then, placing their thickly quilted petticoats for a bed, they also lay down *sans ceremonie* as they best could, covering themselves with their shawls:—

There they were, the girls and boys,  
As thick as hasty-pudding.

Two young *Cholas*, fifteen or sixteen years of age, were close at the foot of where I had extended myself for the night; but, had they been in the remotest corner of our sty-like dormitory, they must have attracted the particular attention of a stranger. They had, no doubt, been acting some principal characters in the processions of the day, for they represented precisely those figures, which we so often see in rather gaudy colours as emblems of America, and which, with the other quarters of the world, are favourite ornaments in cottages and villages among the humble amateurs of the fine arts. The *Cholas*, having performed their devotions, and partly divested themselves of their dresses, mutually assisted in arranging and plaiting their long shining tresses, literally glistening with jet, which partly hung down their finely-formed bronze-coloured shoulders, and partly concealed in front charms of which they themselves, simple village maids! seemed unconscious, but of which an eastern empress might have been justly proud. Their necks, meaning of course that part of the person which ladies blushing term "bosom," were of delightful amplitude; their arms *potelé*, as the French term it; and the breadth across the hips prodigious.

The *Chola* girls generally, from the age of fourteen to eighteen, have remarkably fine busts, good teeth, well-turned limbs, plump cheeks, &c. and sometimes countenances full of animation, and much pleasing feminine expression. Their raven locks are of most luxuriant growth, and generally descend half-way down the person—

Increasing beauties they invade;

but, although they bestow much pains on the hair, they do not in all cases succeed in keeping it perfectly clean: the neatness, however, with which they plait it into tresses, cannot be exceeded by the first-rate artists in the profession of ornamental hair-dressing. I have more than once offered two ounces of gold to Peruvian girls in humble life for their head of hair, and although that sum (be-

tween six and seven pounds) would have been wealth to them, it was not sufficient to tempt them, even for a lover's sake, to apply the scissors.

The charms and attractions to which I have alluded desert the native females, in this country, at an age in which they may frequently be seen in full bloom in England, where they continue in some cases to attract admiration even in a green old age. Here they flourish, fade, and die, within the space of a few short years, and a vestige of them is seldom to be seen in an elderly woman.

The extremely opposite effects produced upon the mind within the space of a few minutes, by being in contact with the bloom of youth and the decrepitude of age, no man had a fairer opportunity of experiencing than I had in the night scene at the curate's house.

After being disturbed, I had raised myself on my elbow and was reposing with my head on my hand, viewing at my ease, not the phantoms of a dream, but in charming reality—

———Nymphs with loosely flowing hair,  
With buskin'd legs and bosoms bare,  
Their waists with myrtle girdle bound,  
Their brows with Indian feathers crown'd,

seated at the foot of my bed-place, arranging those locks which lovers might have wished to tangle, and talking, unconcerned about all around them, of the amusements of the day, when suddenly a push at my back, accompanied with a loud sigh, such as is heaved in excessive weariness, induced me to turn round, and to my unutterable confusion, I found an old wizened, winter-apple-looking creature laying her bones beside me as closely as she could well do without becoming the actual partner of my bed. I had nothing to say on the score of "familiarity," for it may easily be conjectured that, in my situation, the very best argument I could have adduced in favour of rank or birth, or on the propriety of keeping at a respectful distance from superiors, could not have obtained for me an iota of distinction, or, what was more to be desired, one inch of ground.

The wife of Potiphar has been represented by painters as possessing every charm; not having had the same temptation as Joseph, I cannot lay claim to the same virtuous forbearance; but I may safely say that, had Joseph wrapped his garment round him as closely as I wrapped myself in my poncho, when shrinking to avoid contact with my neighbour, it must have taken something more than female strength to have wrenched it from his grasp; and although it is true that no attempt was purposely made to disturb me, nor was there, I am sure, any sinister design of assailing my fortitude, yet would I have given the world to have had the wings even of a bat to fly from so powerful an antidote to every sensation of the tender passion, and which became doubly revolting from its sudden contrast with the objects I had been previously contemplating to a pitch of poetical rapture.

Having recoiled from this Hecate as much as was in my power, but far from so much as I desired, I was just about to wish her at the abode of evil spirits, when one of the *Cholas* with finger and thumb extinguished the taper, and in the same instant all was darkness and silence.

17th. Soft shades of light from the blushing east had just announced the approach of day, when I awoke and immediately prepared to depart, but first wondered within myself how I could have slept in the midst of such a din as now assailed my ears in discordant tones of *thorough-bass*, proving with full effect the propriety and force of the phrase, "sonorous silence." Soon the feeble gray of morning enabled me to distinguish the objects around, when, dreading to discover the old civet-cat that had crouched behind me, I looked anxiously upon those with whom I was in immediate contact. But lo! a second cause of wonder occurred, on finding myself—between the two young *Cholas*! How I got there!—as well as I can guess,—I cannot tell! But it may have been, that in my sleep, haunted by the phantom of decrepitude, I receded timorously towards corporeal protection, and thus must have gradually descended into my more desirable position. Even in the profoundest sleep, many persons leave their comfortable beds

without any other object than to walk, and talk, and jump out of windows; but here, though prudery, that usual mask of the impurest minds, may condemn, yet those of a less gloomy turn of thought will allow, that I merely abandoned the chill sterility of winter for the genial luxuriance of summer—that I had fled from a bleak inhospitable desert, to repose myself in the delightful regions between the tropics.

When about to leave my close quarters, and in the act of stepping over the *Chola* between me and the door-way, the large awkward silver spurs, with which my heels were armed, caught in the petticoat which covered her, and, in the exertion to save myself from falling, I dragged off the garment. This instantly roused the slumbering *Chola*, whom I had no difficulty in assuring of the perfectly unintentional accident, and indeed her laughing black eye, as it sparkled in the twilight, indicated any thing but anger. When she had disengaged my spur, I replaced the petticoat with a becoming assiduity to the full as smoothly as it was before, then, having given, with all due effect, a farewell salute, within ten minutes afterwards I was pursuing my journey to La Paz.

# Snake Hunting in the Brazilian Wilderness

CHARLES WATERTON

*One of the great attractions Latin America has had for European and North American visitors is its astonishing variety of natural wonders. Its equatorial jungles, immense rivers and waterfalls, its gigantic chain of mountains and volcanoes, its wild animals and primitive tribes have given the continent a variety of natural life that is unequaled in any other region of the world. As a result, dozens of foreign naturalists have gone to South America to discover and examine its flora and fauna.*

*One of the first, and certainly one of the most colorful of these, was Charles Waterton, who was born into an ancient Yorkshire family in 1782. After a Roman Catholic upbringing and education, Waterton sailed, at the age of twenty-two, for British Guiana, where he took a position as superintendent of his uncle's estates. He retained this appointment for some years, but in 1813 the attraction of the jungle became so great that he gave up the appointment and instead began his "wanderings" in the interior of Guiana and Brazil. Altogether, he made four*

*separate trips into the jungle, observing crocodiles, birds, butterflies, snakes and animals of all kinds and assembling a zoological collection which he later brought back to England. To judge from his writings, Waterton must have been one of the most imperturbable of naturalists. The following account of his capture of a dangerous snake reveals Waterton's casual manner at its best. Here is the self-possessed Englishman going about his astonishing business as though he were engaged in some harmless and ordinary occupation.*

*After about ten years in the jungle, Waterton finally returned to Walton Hall, his family seat in Yorkshire, had his property enclosed and forbade hunting. As a result, his grounds were soon converted into a sanctuary for thousands of birds of all kinds. The publication of his Wanderings in 1825 brought him considerable fame, and ever since, the book has remained a classic of nature writing. But fame and applause never much interested Waterton; he was more concerned with the future than the past. For the next forty years of his life, he lived mostly in Yorkshire, with an occasional prolonged sojourn in Rome. His asceticism caused him to be considered an eccentric by his neighbors. He did sleep on the bare floor with only a wooden block for a pillow, and he always rose at three in the morning, attended Mass and read from Cervantes and St. Francis Xavier before he took breakfast. But Waterton always had a reason for his actions, and just as he had gone into the jungle to satisfy his yearnings for adventure and knowledge, so he became an ascetic because he had come to believe that the comforts of this world were illusory.*

There was a person making shingles, with twenty or thirty negroes, not far from Mibiri-hill. I had offered a reward to any of them who would find a good sized snake in the forest, and come



and let me know where it was. Often had these negroes looked for a large snake, and as often been disappointed.

One Sunday morning I met one of them in the forest, and asked him which way he was going: he said he was going towards Warratilla creek to hunt an Armadillo; and he had his little dog with him. On coming back, about noon, the dog began to bark at the root of a large tree, which had been upset by the whirlwind, and was lying there in a gradual state of decay. The negro said, he thought his dog was barking at an Acouri, which had probably taken refuge under the tree, and he went up with an intention to kill it; he there saw a snake, and hastened back to inform me of it.

The sun had just passed the meridian in a cloudless sky; there was scarcely a bird to be seen, for the winged inhabitants of the forest, as though overcome by heat, had retired to the thickest shade: all would have been like midnight silence were it not that the shrill voice of the Pi-pi-yo, every now and then, resounded from a distant tree. I was sitting with a little Horace in my hand, on what had once been the steps which formerly led up to the now mouldering and dismantled building. The negro and his little dog came down the hill in haste, and I was soon informed that a snake had been discovered; but it was a young one, called the Bush-master, a rare and poisonous snake.

I instantly rose up, and laying hold of the eight-foot lance, which was close by me, "Well then, Daddy," said I, "we'll go and have a look at the snake." I was barefoot, with an old hat, and check shirt, and trowsers on, and a pair of braces to keep them up. The negro had his cutlass, and as we ascended the hill, another negro, armed with a cutlass, joined us, judging, from our pace, that there was something to do. The little dog came along with us, and when we had got about half a mile in the forest, the negro stopped, and pointed to the fallen tree: all was still and silent: I told the negroes not to stir from the place where they were, and keep the little dog in, and that I would go in and reconnoitre.

I advanced up to the place slow and cautious. The snake was well concealed, but at last I made him out; it was a Coulacanara,

not poisonous, but large enough to have crushed any of us to death. On measuring him afterwards, he was something more than fourteen feet long. This species of snake is very rare, and much thicker, in proportion to his length, than any other snake in the forest. A Coulacanara of fourteen feet in length is as thick as a common Boa of twenty-four. After skinning this snake I could easily get my head into his mouth, as the singular formation of the jaws admits of wonderful extension.

A Dutch friend of mine, by name Brouwer, killed a Boa, twenty-two feet long, with a pair of stag's horns in his mouth: he had swallowed the stag, but could not get the horns down; so he had to wait in patience with that uncomfortable mouthful till his stomach digested the body, and then the horns would drop out. In this plight the Dutchman found him as he was going in his canoe up the river, and sent a ball through his head.

On ascertaining the size of the serpent which the negro had just found, I retired slowly the way I came, and promised four dollars to the negro who had shown it to me, and one to the other who had joined us. Aware that the day was on the decline, and that the approach of night would be detrimental to the dissection, a thought struck me that I could take him alive. I imagined if I could strike him with the lance behind the head, and pin him to the ground, I might succeed in capturing him. When I told this to the negroes, they begged and entreated me to let them go for a gun, and bring more force, as they were sure the snake would kill some of us.

I had been at the siege of Troy for nine years, and it would not do now to carry back to Greece, "*nil decimo nisi dedecus anno.*" I mean, I had been in search of a large serpent for years, and now having come up with one, it did not become me to turn soft. So, taking a cutlass from one of the negroes, and then ranging both the sable slaves behind me, I told them to follow me, and that I would cut them down if they offered to fly. I smiled as I said this, but they shook their heads in silence, and seemed to have but a bad heart of it.

When we got up to the place, the serpent had not stirred, but I

could see nothing of his head, and I judged by the folds of his body that it must be at the farthest side of his den. A species of woodbine had formed a complete mantle over the branches of the fallen tree, almost impervious to the rain, or the rays of the sun. Probably he had resorted to this sequestered place for a length of time, as it bore marks of an ancient settlement.

I now took my knife, determining to cut away the woodbine, and break the twigs in the gentlest manner possible, till I could get a view of his head. One negro stood guard close behind me with the lance; and near him the other with a cutlass. The cutlass which I had taken from the first negro, was on the ground close by me in case of need.

After working in dead silence for a quarter of an hour, with one knee all the time on the ground, I had cleared away enough to see his head. It appeared coming out betwixt the first and second coil of his body, and was flat on the ground. This was the very position I wished it to be in.

I rose in silence, and retreated very slowly, making a sign to the negroes to do the same. The dog was sitting at a distance in mute observance. I could now read in the face of the negroes, that they considered this as a very unpleasant affair; and they made another attempt to persuade me to let them go for a gun. I smiled in a good-natured manner, and made a feint to cut them down with the weapon I had in my hand. This was all the answer I made to their request, and they looked very uneasy.

It must be observed, we were now about twenty yards from the snake's den. I now ranged the negroes behind me, and told him who stood next to me, to lay hold of the lance the moment I struck the snake, and that the other must attend my movements. It now only remained to take their cutlasses from them, for I was sure, if I did not disarm them, they would be tempted to strike the snake in time of danger, and thus for ever spoil his skin. On taking their cutlasses from them, if I might judge from their physiognomy, they seemed to consider it as a most intolerable act of tyranny in me. Probably nothing kept them from bolting, but the consolation

that I was to be betwixt them and the snake. Indeed, my own heart, in spite of all I could do, beat quicker than usual; and I felt those sensations which one has on board a merchant vessel in war time, when the captain orders all hands on deck to prepare for action, while a strange vessel is coming down upon us under suspicious colours.

We went slowly on in silence, without moving our arms or heads, in order to prevent all alarm as much as possible, lest the snake should glide off, or attack us in self-defence. I carried the lance perpendicularly before me, with the point about a foot from the ground. The snake had not moved; and on getting up to him, I struck him with the lance on the near side, just behind the neck, and pinned him to the ground. That moment, the negro next to me seized the lance and held it firm in its place, while I dashed head foremost into the den to grapple with the snake, and to get hold of his tail before he could do any mischief.

On pinning him to the ground with the lance, he gave a tremendous loud hiss, and the little dog ran away, howling as he went. We had a sharp fray in the den, the rotten sticks flying on all sides, and each party struggling for superiority. I called out to the second negro to throw himself upon me, as I found I was not heavy enough. He did so, and the additional weight was of great service. I had now got firm hold of his tail; and after a violent struggle or two, he gave in, finding himself overpowered. This was the moment to secure him. So, while the first negro continued to hold the lance firm to the ground, and the other was helping me, I contrived to unloose my braces, and with them tied up the snake's mouth.

The snake, now finding himself in an unpleasant situation, tried to better himself, and set resolutely to work, but we overpowered him. We contrived to make him twist himself round the shaft of the lance, and then prepared to convey him out of the forest. I stood at his head, and held it firm under my arm, one negro supported the belly, and the other the tail. In this order we began to move slowly towards home, and reached it after resting ten times;

for the snake was too heavy for us to support him without stopping to recruit our strength. As we proceeded onwards with him, he fought hard for freedom, but it was all in vain. The day was now too far spent to think of dissecting him. Had I killed him, a partial putrefaction would have taken place before morning. I had brought with me up into the forest a strong bag, large enough to contain any animal that I should want to dissect. I considered this the best mode of keeping live wild animals when I was pressed for daylight; for the bag yielding in every direction to their efforts, they would have nothing solid or fixed to work on, and thus would be prevented from making a hole through it. I say fixed, for after the mouth of the bag was closed, the bag itself was not fastened or tied to any thing, but moved about wherever the animal inside caused it to roll. After securing afresh the mouth of the Coulacanara, so that he could not open it, he was forced into this bag, and left to his fate till morning.

I cannot say he allowed me to have a quiet night. My hammock was in the loft just above him, and the floor betwixt us, half gone to decay, so that in parts of it no boards intervened betwixt his lodging room and mine. He was very restless and fretful; and had Medusa been my wife, there could not have been more continued and disagreeable hissing in the bed-chamber that night. At day-break, I sent to borrow ten of the negroes who were cutting wood at a distance; I could have done with half that number, but judged it most prudent to have a good force, in case he should try to escape from the house when we opened the bag. However, nothing serious occurred.

We untied the mouth of the bag, kept him down by main force, and then I cut his throat. He bled like an ox. By six o'clock the same evening, he was completely dissected. On examining his teeth, I observed that they were all bent like tenter-hooks, pointing down his throat, and not so large or strong as I expected to have found them; but they are exactly suited to what they are intended by nature to perform. The snake does not masticate his food, and

thus the only service his teeth have to perform is to seize his prey, and hold it till he swallows it whole.

In general, the skins of snakes are sent to museums without the head: for when the Indians and negroes kill a snake, they seldom fail to cut off the head, and then they run no risk from its teeth. When the skin is stuffed in the museum, a wooden head is substituted, armed with teeth which are large enough to suit a tiger's jaw; and this tends to mislead the spectator, and give him erroneous ideas.

During this fray with the serpent, the old negro, Daddy Quashi, was in George-town procuring provisions, and just returned in time to help to take the skin off. He had spent the best part of his life in the forest with his old master, Mr. Edmonstone, and amused me much in recounting their many adventures amongst the wild beasts. The Daddy had a particular horror of snakes, and frankly declared that he could never have faced the one in question.

The week following, his courage was put to the test, and he made good his words. It was a curious conflict, and took place near the spot where I had captured the large snake. In the morning I had been following a new species of paroquet, and the day being rainy, I had taken an umbrella to keep the gun dry, and had left it under a tree; in the afternoon I took Daddy Quashi with me to look for it. Whilst he was searching about, curiosity took me towards the place of the late scene of action. There was a path where timber had formerly been dragged along. Here I observed a young Coulacanara, ten feet long, slowly moving onwards; I saw he was not thick enough to break my arm, in case he got twisted round it. There was not a moment to be lost. I laid hold of his tail with the left hand, one knee being on the ground; with the right I took off my hat, and held it as you would hold a shield for defence.

The snake instantly turned, and came on at me, with his head about a yard from the ground, as if to ask me, what business I had to take liberties with his tail. I let him come, hissing and open-mouthed, within two feet of my face, and then, with all the force I was master of, I drove my fist, shielded by my hat, full in his

jaws. He was stunned and confounded by the blow, and ere he could recover himself, I had seized his throat with both hands, in such a position that he could not bite me; I then allowed him to coil himself round my body, and marched off with him as my lawful prize. He pressed me hard, but not alarmingly so.

In the mean time, Daddy Quashi having found the umbrella, and having heard the noise which the fray occasioned, was coming cautiously up. As soon as he saw me, and in what company I was, he turned about and ran off home, I after him, and shouting to increase his fear. On scolding him for his cowardice, the old rogue begged that I would forgive him, for that the sight of the snake had positively turned him sick at stomach.

# The Indians of Tierra del Fuego

CHARLES DARWIN

*Doubtless Charles Darwin was the most famous naturalist ever to visit Latin America, but his Origin of Species is so monumental a work and one so important in the development of man's knowledge of himself that it has very much overshadowed the story of Darwin's personal career. When he published this book, Darwin was fifty years old, but he made use of material gathered during a lifetime of scientific investigation. That he turned early to science was not surprising, for his grandfather was a famous botanist and his father a physician in Shrewsbury. Thus when he became a student at Cambridge, he soon fell under the influence of Adam Sedgwick, the geologist, and John Stevens Henslow, the botanist. It was Henslow's friendship that secured for the young Darwin a position as official naturalist on the long surveying expedition embarked on by H.M.S. Beagle in 1831. This voyage was to take five years, and throughout the trip Darwin kept a journal of his observations of natural life encountered along the way.*



*The selection of this journal which is printed below concerns the Indian natives of Tierra del Fuego, an island lying south of the Strait of Magellan where Chile and the Argentine meet. Given the name by Magellan who, when he first passed through the Strait, noticed campfires along the coast, Tierra del Fuego has continually fascinated naturalists and explorers. Today it is largely devoted to sheep farming since its low, wind-swept hills and plains are useful for little else, although oil has recently been discovered in both the Chilean and Argentine sections.*

*The native population, consisting of various Indian tribes, is best described in Lucas Bridges' Uttermost Part of the Earth, and in the Silesian Museum in the Chilean city of Punta Arenas are to be found many of their art objects and utensils. To judge from these items, the Fuegian Indians seem to have been remarkably similar to the Indians of North America: they wore skins for clothes, lived in wigwams, traveled in skin canoes and fashioned weapons from stones.*

*In the course of its voyage, the Beagle discovered a new channel through the island which bears its name to this day, and it was there that Darwin went ashore to investigate. His observations there, and perhaps even more, his interest in the huge tortoises on the Galápagos Islands off Ecuador, contributed directly to his central thesis in the Origin of Species. After his return from the cruise of the Beagle Darwin remained in England, where he lived quietly in a small Kentish village called Down. He died there in 1882.*

[December, 1832]

15th. Very foggy; every thing conspires to make our passage long.

This evening the low land South of the Straits of Magellan was just visible from the deck.

*Sunday 16th.* We made the coast of Tierra del Fuego a little to the South of Cape St. Sebastian, and then altering our course ran along a few miles from the shore. The *Beagle* had never visited this part before; so that it was new to every body. Our ignorance whether any natives lived here, was soon cleared up by the usual signal of a smoke; and shortly by the aid of glasses we could see a group and some scattered Indians evidently watching the ship with interest. They must have lighted the fires immediately upon observing the vessel, but whether for the purpose of communicating the news or attracting our attention, we do not know. The breeze was fresh and we ran down about 50 miles of coast and anchored for the night. The country is not high, but formed of horizontal strata of some modern rock, which in most places forms abrupt cliffs, facing the sea. It is also intersected by many sloping vallies, these are covered with turf and scattered over with thickets and trees, so as to present a cheerful appearance. The sky was gloomy and the atmosphere not clear, otherwise the views would in some places have been pretty. At a great distance to the South was a chain of lofty mountains, the summits of which glittered with snow. We are at anchor to the South of St. Paul's head.

*17th.* The Ship rolled so much during the night from the exposed anchorage, that there was no comfort to be obtained. At daylight, which is about 3 o'clock, we got under weigh and with a fair breeze stood down the coast. At Port St. Policarpo, the features of the country are changed; high hills clothed in brownish wood take the place of the horizontal formations. A little after noon we doubled Cape St. Diego and entered the famous Straits Le Maire. We had a strong wind with the tide; but even thus favoured it was easy to perceive how great a sea would rise were the two powers opposed to each other. The motion from such a sea is very disagreeable; it is called "pot boiling," and as water boiling, breaks irregularly over the ship's sides. We kept close

to the Fuegian shore; the outline of the rugged inhospitable Staten land was visible amidst the clouds. In the afternoon we anchored in the bay of Good Success; here we intend staying some days. In doubling the Northern entrance, a party of Fuegians were watching us; they were perched on a wild peak overhanging the sea and surrounded by wood. As we passed by they all sprang up and waving their cloaks of skins sent forth a loud sonorous shout; this they continued for a long time. These people followed the ship up the harbor, and just before dark we again heard their cry and soon saw their fire at the entrance of the Wigwam which they built for the night. After dinner the Captain went on shore to look for a watering place; the little I then saw showed how different this country is from the corresponding zone in the Northern Hemisphere. To me it is delightful being at anchor in so wild a country as Tierra del Fuego; the very name of the harbor we are now in, recalls the idea of a voyage of discovery; more especially as it is memorable from being the first place Capt. Cook anchored in on this coast; and from the accidents which happened to Mr. Banks and Dr. Solander. The harbor of Good Success is a fine piece of water and surrounded on all sides by low mountains of slate. These are of the usual rounded or saddle-backed shape, such as occur in the less wild parts of N. Wales. They differ remarkably from the latter in being clothed by a very thick wood of evergreens almost to the summit. The last time Capt. FitzRoy was here was in winter; he says the landscape was of the same brownish tint and but little more snow on the hills. The Barometer had been very low and this evening it suddenly rose  $\frac{3}{10}$  of an inch, and now at night it is blowing a gale of wind and rain, and heavy squalls sweep down upon us from the mountains. Those who know the comfortable feeling of hearing the rain and wind beating against the windows whilst seated round a fire, will understand our feelings: it would have been a very bad night out at sea, and we as well as others may call this Good Success Bay.

*December 18th.* The Captain sent a boat with a large party of officers to communicate with the Fuegians. As soon as the boat came within hail, one of the four men who advanced to receive us began to shout most vehemently, and at the same time pointed out a good landing place. The women and children had all disappeared. When we landed the party looked rather alarmed, but continued talking and making gestures with great rapidity. It was without exception the most curious and interesting spectacle I ever beheld. I would not have believed how entire the difference between savage and civilized man is. It is greater than between a wild and domesticated animal, in as much as in man there is greater power of improvement. The chief spokesman was old and appeared to be head of the family; the three others were young powerful men and about 6 feet high. From their dress &c. they resembled the representations of Devils on the Stage, for instance in *Der Freischutz*. The old man had a white feather cap, from under which, black long hair hung round his face. The skin is dirty copper colour. Reaching from ear to ear and including the upper lip, there was a broad red coloured band of paint; and parallel and above this, there was a white one; so that the eyebrows and eyelids were even thus coloured. The only garment was a large guanaco skin with the hair outside. This was merely thrown over their shoulders, one arm and leg being bare; for any exercise they must be absolutely naked. Their very attitudes were abject, and the expression distrustful, surprised and startled. Having given them some red cloth, which they immediately placed round their necks, we became good friends. This was shown by the old man patting our breasts and making something like the same noise which people do when feeding chickens. I walked with the old man and this demonstration was repeated between us several times. At last he gave me three hard slaps on the breast and back at the same time, and making most curious noises. He then bared his bosom for me to return the compliment, which being done, he seemed highly pleased. Their language does not deserve to be called articulate.

Capt. Cook says it is like a man clearing his throat; to which may be added another very hoarse man trying to shout and a third encouraging a horse with that peculiar noise which is made in one side of the mouth. Imagine these sounds and a few gutturals mingled with them, and there will be as near an approximation to their language as any European may expect to obtain. Their chief anxiety was [to] obtain knives; this they showed by pretending to have blubber in their mouths and cutting instead of tearing it from the body: they called them in a continued plaintive tone *cuchilla*,—probably a corruption from a Spanish word.\* They are excellent mimics, if you cough or yawn or make any odd motion they immediately imitate you. Some of the officers began to squint and make monkey like faces; but one of the young men, whose face was painted black with white band over his eyes, was most successful in making still more hideous grimaces. When a song was struck up, I thought they would have fallen down with astonishment; and with equal delight they viewed our dancing and immediately began themselves to waltz with one of the officers. They knew what guns were and much dreaded them, and nothing would tempt them to take one in their hands. Jemmy Button† came in the boat with us; it was interesting to watch their conduct to him. They immediately perceived the difference and held much conversation between themselves on the subject. The old man then began a long harangue to Jemmy, who said it was inviting him to stay with them; but the language is rather different and Jemmy could not talk to them. If their dress and appearance is miserable, their manner of living is still more so. Their food chiefly consists in limpets and muscles; together with seals and a few birds; they must also catch occasionally a Guanaco.‡ They seem to have no property excepting bows and arrows and spears. Their present residence is under a few bushes by a ledge of rock: it is no

\* Editor's Note: The Spanish word for knife is *cuchilla*.

† Editor's Note: Button and Yorkminster were both picked up by the *Beagle* in the course of its cruise along the mainland.

‡ Editor's Note: A herd of wild llama.

ways sufficient to keep out rain or wind; and now in the middle of summer it daily rains and as yet each day there has been some sleet. The almost impenetrable wood reaches down to high water mark; so that the habitable land is literally reduced to the large stones on the beach; and here at low water, whether it may be night or day, these wretched looking beings pick up a livelihood. I believe if the world was searched, no lower grade of man could be found. The Southsea Islanders are civilized compared to them, and the Esquimaux, in subterranean huts, may enjoy some of the comforts of life. After dinner the Captain paid the Fuegians another visit. They received us with less distrust and brought with them their timid children. They noticed Yorkminster, (who accompanied us) in the same manner as Jemmy, and told him he ought to shave, and yet he has not 20 hairs on his face, whilst we all wear our untrimmed beards. They examined the color of his skin; and having done so, they looked at ours. An arm being bared, they expressed the liveliest surprise and admiration. Their whole conduct was such an odd mixture of astonishment and imitation, that nothing could be more laughable and interesting. The tallest man was pleased with being examined and compared with a tall sea-man; in doing this he tried his best to get on rather higher ground and to stand on tiptoes. He opened his mouth to show his teeth and turned his face *en profil*; for the rest of his days doubtless he will be the beau ideal of his tribe. Two or three of the officers, who are both fairer and shorter than the others (although possessed of large beards) were, we think, taken for ladies. I wish they would follow our supposed example and produce their "squaws." In the evening we parted very good friends; which I think was fortunate, for the dancing and "sky-larking" had occasionally bordered on a trial of strength.

*December 19th.* I determined to attempt to penetrate some way into the country. There is no level ground and all the hills are so thickly clothed with wood as to be quite impassable. The trees

are so close together and send off their branches so low down, that I found extreme difficulty in pushing my way even for gunshot distance. I followed therefore the course of a mountain torrent; at first from the cascades and dead trees, I hardly managed to crawl along; but shortly the open course became wider, the floods keeping clear the borders. For an hour I continued to follow the stream, and was well repaid by the grandeur of the scene. The gloomy depth of the ravine well accorded with the universal signs of violence. In every direction were irregular masses of rock and upturned trees, others decayed and others ready to fall. To have made the scene perfect, there ought to have been a group of Banditti. In place of it, a seaman (who accompanied me) and myself, being armed and roughly dressed, were in tolerable unison with the surrounding savage Magnificence. We continued ascending till we came to what I suppose must have been the course of a water-spout; and by its course reached a considerable elevation. The view was imposing but not very picturesque, the whole wood is composed of the antarctic Beech (the Winter's bark and the Birch are comparatively rare). This tree is an evergreen, but the tint of the foliage is brownish yellow: hence the whole landscape has a monotonous sombre appearance; neither is it often enlivened by the rays of the sun. At this highest point the wood is not quite so thick; but the trees, though not high, are of considerable thickness. Their curved and bent trunks are coated with lichens, as their roots are with moss; in fact the whole bottom is a swamp, where nothing grows except rushes and various sorts of moss. The number of decaying and fallen trees reminded me of the Tropical Forest. But in this still solitude, death instead of life, is the predominant spirit. The delight which I experienced, whilst thus looking around, was increased by the knowledge that this part of the forest had never before been traversed by man.

*December 20th.* I was very anxious to ascend some of the mountains in order to collect the Alpine plants and insects. The one

which I partly ascended yesterday was the nearest, and Capt. FitzRoy thinks it is certainly the one which Mr. Banks ascended, although it cost him the lives of two of his men and very nearly that of Dr. Solander. I determined to follow a branch of the watercourse, as by this means all danger of losing yourself even in the case of a snow storm is removed. The difficulty of climbing was very great: as the dead and living trunks were so close, that in many places it was necessary to push them down to make a path. I then gained a clearer place and continued following the rivulet. This at last dwindled away, but having climbed a tree I took the bearing of the summit of the hill with a compass and so steered a straight course. I had imagined the higher I got, the more easy the ascent would be; the case however was reversed. From the effects of the wind, the trees were not above 8 or 10 feet high, but with thick and very crooked stems; I was obliged often to crawl on my knees. At length I reached what I imagined to be green turf; but was again disappointed by finding a compact mass of little beech trees about 4 or 5 feet high. These were as thick as Box in the border of a flower garden. For many yards together my feet never touched the ground. I hailed with joy the rocks covered with Lichens and soon was at the very summit. The view was very fine, especially of Staten-land and the neighbouring hills; Good Success Bay with the little *Beagle* were close beneath me. In ascending the bare summit, I came close to two Guanaco, and in the course of my walk saw several more. These beautiful animals are truly alpine in their habits, and in their wildness well become the surrounding landscape. I cannot imagine anything more graceful than their action: they start on a canter and when passing through rough ground they dash at it like a thorough bred hunter. The noise they make is very peculiar and somewhat resembles the neighing of a colt. A ridge connected this hill with one several miles distant and much more lofty, even so that snow was lying on it; as the day was not far advanced I determined to walk there and collect on the road. Some time after I left this hill (Bank's Hill, Capt. FitzRoy), a party of 6 from the ship reached it, but by a more difficult path;



but in descending they found an easier. After two hours and a half walking I was on the top of the distant peak; it was the highest in the immediate neighbourhood and the waters on each side flowed into different seas. The view was superb, and well was I repaid for the fatigue. I could see the whole neck of land which forms the East of Strait Le Maire; from Cape St. Diego as far as the eye could reach up the N.W. coast; and what interested me most was the whole interior country between the two seas. The Southern was mountainous and thickly wooded; the Northern appeared to be a flat swamp and at the extreme N.W. part there was an expanse of water, but this will be hereafter examined. It looked dirty in the S.W. and I was afraid to stay long to enjoy this view over so wild and so unfrequented a country. When Sir J. Banks ascended one of these mountains it was the middle of January, which corresponds to our August and is certainly as hot as this month, and even with the occurrence of a snow-storm, the misfortunes they met with are inexplicable. The snow was lying on the E.S.E. side of the hills, and the wind was keen, but on the lee side the air was dry and pleasant. Between the stony ridges and the woods there is a band of peat bogs and over this the greater part of my track lay; but nearly all the difficulty was avoided by following a regular path which the Guanaco frequent; by following this I reached in much shorter time the forest and began the most laborious descent through its entangled thickets. I collected several alpine flowers, some of which were the most diminutive I ever saw; and altogether most thoroughly enjoyed the walk.

*December 21st.* The *Beagle* got under weigh at 4 A.M. and doubtless to the grief of the Fuegians. The same evening we were with them they departed in a body, but yesterday they returned with a reinforcement of natives who most likely came to beg for "*Cuchillas*." We doubled Cape Good Success, then the wind fell light and it became misty. So calm a sea and atmosphere would have surprised those who think that this is the region where winds and waters never cease fighting.

# The Encantadas, or Enchanted Isles

HERMAN MELVILLE

*One of the marks of Melville's genius, which is most successfully demonstrated in his novel, Moby Dick, is his ability to take an ordinary subject and to present it on several different levels of perception. His ability to sense symbolic overtones was doubtless fostered by his youthful experiences when, after a relatively impecunious childhood in New York, he went to sea for some ten years, serving on a Liverpool packet, several traders and whalers and finally a naval frigate. In the course of his wanderings, especially in the South Seas, where on more than one occasion he jumped ship, he saw many strange and exotic sights. At first he was delighted with the primitivism of Polynesia and looked upon Tahiti and the Marquesas as enchanted islands. But in time the enchantment vanished, and Melville realized that the seemingly delightful escape they represented demanded a bondage worse than that of modern commercial society.*

*Thus "The Encantadas" sketches may be taken as an ironic*

complement to his early novels of the South Seas, *Omoo* and *Typee*. First published in the spring of 1854, these sketches also reveal something of the same ability to stare deeply into the nature of man's lot which he had already demonstrated in his masterpiece, *Moby Dick*. Here, the strange enchantment of the Galápagos Islands, which Melville had first seen while cruising for whales off the coast of Ecuador, seems to be one of timeless impersonality, and the immense tortoises which had excited Darwin's scientific curiosity, appear to the ironic American novelist to be a symbol of man's relentless drive toward ends which can never be realized.

Melville published "The Encantadas" sketches in a volume called *The Piazza Tales*, which was, except for *The Confidence Man*, the last of his books to appear during his lifetime. The last thirty years of his life passed in marked contrast to his earlier adventures and the fame and popularity he had received as a novelist in the late 1840's and early '50's. For nineteen years he was employed as a minor customs official in New York, and when he died in 1891, he had fallen into complete obscurity.

As for the Galápagos, they too seem to exist in a kind of perpetual obscurity. For a time during the last war, they were the scene of an American naval base. But that is now gone, and few people ever visit these islands.

### Sketch First

#### THE ISLES AT LARGE

—That may not be, said then the ferryman,  
Least we unweeting hap to be fordonne;  
For those same islands seeming now and than,  
Are not firme land, nor any certein wonne,  
But stragling plots which to and fro do ronne

*In the wide waters; therefore are they bight  
The Wandering Islands; therefore do them shonne;  
For they have oft drawne many a wandring wight  
Into most deadly daunger and distressed plight;  
For whosoever once hath fastened  
His foot thereon may never it secure  
But wandreth evermore uncertain and unsure.*

\* \* \*

*Darke, dolefull, dreary, like a greedy grave,  
That still for carrion carcasses doth crave;  
On top whereof ay dwelt the ghastly owl,  
Shrieking his balefull note, which ever drave  
Far from that haunt all other cheerful fowl,  
And all about it wandring ghosts did wayle and howl.*

Take five-and-twenty heaps of cinders dumped here and there in an outside city lot; imagine some of them magnified into mountains, and the vacant lot the sea; and you will have a fit idea of the general aspect of the Encantadas, or Enchanted Isles. A group rather of extinct volcanoes than of isles; looking much as the world at large might, after a penal conflagration.

It is to be doubted whether any spot of earth can, in desolateness, furnish a parallel to this group. Abandoned cemeteries of long ago, old cities by piecemeal tumbling to their ruin, these are melancholy enough; but, like all else which has but once been associated with humanity they still awaken in us some thoughts of sympathy, however sad. Hence, even the Dead Sea, along with whatever other emotions it may at times inspire, does not fail to touch in the pilgrim some of his less unpleasurable feelings.

And as for solitariness; the great forests of the north, the expanses of unnavigated waters, the Greenland ice-fields, are the profoundest of solitudes to a human observer; still the magic of their changeable tides and seasons mitigates their terror; because, though unvisited by men, those forests are visited by the May; the remotest seas reflect familiar stars even as Lake Erie does; and in the

clear air of a fine Polar day, the irradiated, azure ice shows beautifully as malachite.

But the special curse, as one may call it, of the Encantadas, that which exalts them in desolation above Idumea and the Pole, is that to them change never comes; neither the change of seasons nor of sorrows. Cut by the Equator, they know not autumn and they know not spring; while already reduced to the lees of fire, ruin itself can work little more upon them. The showers refresh the deserts, but in these isles, rain never falls. Like split Syrian gourds, left withering in the sun, they are cracked by an everlasting drought beneath a torrid sky. "Have mercy upon me," the wailing spirit of the Encantadas seems to cry, "and send Lazarus that he may dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue, for I am tormented in this flame."

Another feature in these isles is their emphatic uninhabitableness. It is deemed a fit type of all-forsaken overthrow, that the jackal should den in the wastes of weedy Babylon; but the Encantadas refuse to harbour even the outcasts of the beasts. Man and wolf alike disown them. Little but reptile life is here found:—tortoises, lizards, immense spiders, snakes, and the strangest anomaly of outlandish Nature, the *aguano*. No voice, no low, no howl is heard; the chief sound of life here is a hiss.

On most of the isles where vegetation is found at all, it is more ungrateful than the blankness of Aracama. Tangled thickets of wiry bushes, without fruit and without a name, springing up among deep fissures of calcined rock, and treacherously masking them; or a parched growth of distorted cactus trees.

In many places the coast is rock-bound, or more properly, clinker-bound; tumbled masses of blackish or greenish stuff like the dross of an iron-furnace, forming dark clefts and caves here and there, into which a ceaseless sea pours a fury of foam; overhanging them with a swirl of grey, haggard mist, amidst which sail screaming flights of unearthly birds heightening the dismal din. However calm the sea without, there is no rest for these swells and those rocks, they lash and are lashed, even when the outer ocean is

most at peace with itself. On the oppressive, clouded days such as are peculiar to this part of the watery Equator, the dark vitrified masses, many of which raise themselves among white whirlpools and breakers in detached and perilous places off the shore, present a most Plutonian sight. In no world but a fallen one could such lands exist.

Those parts of the strand free from the marks of fire stretch away in wide level beaches of multitudinous dead shells, with here and there decayed bits of sugar-cane, bamboos, and cocoanuts, washed upon this other and darker world from the charming palm isles to the westward and southward; all the way from Paradise to Tartarus; while mixed with the relics of distant beauty you will sometimes see fragments of charred wood and mouldering ribs of wrecks. Neither will any one be surprised at meeting these last, after observing the conflicting currents which eddy throughout nearly all the wide channels of the entire group. The capriciousness of the tides of air sympathizes with those of the sea. Nowhere is the wind so light, baffling, and every way unreliable, and so given to perplexing calms, as at the Encantadas. Nigh a month has been spent by a ship going from one isle to another, though but thirty miles between; for owing to the force of the current, the boats employed to tow barely suffice to keep the craft from sweeping upon the cliffs, but do nothing toward accelerating her voyage. Sometimes it is impossible for a vessel from afar to fetch up with the group itself, unless large allowances for prospective lee-way have been made ere its coming in sight. And yet, at other times, there is a mysterious indraft, which irresistibly draws a passing vessel among the isles, though not bound to them.

True, at one period, as to some extent at the present day, large fleets of whalers cruised for *Spermaceti* upon what some seamen call the Enchanted Ground. But this, as in due place will be described, was off the great outer isle of Albemarle, away from the intricacies of the smaller isles, where there is plenty of sea-room; and hence, to that vicinity, the above remarks do not altogether apply; though even there the current runs at times with singular

force, shifting, too, with as singular a caprice. Indeed, there are seasons when currents quite unaccountable prevail for a great distance round about the total group, and are so strong and irregular as to change a vessel's course against the helm, though sailing at the rate of four or five miles the hour. The difference in the reckonings of navigators produced by these causes, along with the light and variable winds, long nourished a persuasion that there existed two distinct clusters of isles in the parallel of the Encantadas, about a hundred leagues apart. Such was the idea of their earlier visitors, the Buccaneers; and as late as 1750, the charts of that part of the Pacific accorded with the strange delusion. And this apparent fleet-iness and unreality of the locality of the isles was most probably one reason for the Spaniards calling them the *Encantadas*, or Enchanted Group.

But not uninfluenced by their character, as they now confessedly exist, the modern voyager will be inclined to fancy that the bestowal of this name might have in part originated in that air of spell-bound desertness which so significantly invests the isles. Nothing can better suggest the aspect of once living things malignly crumbled from ruddiness into ashes. Apples of Sodom, after touching, seem these isles.

However wavering their place may seem by reason of the currents, they themselves, at least to one upon the shore, appear invariably the same: fixed, cast, glued into the very body of cadaverous death.

Nor would the appellation, enchanted, seem misapplied in still another sense. For concerning the peculiar reptile inhabitant of these wilds—whose presence gives the group its second Spanish name, Gallipagos—concerning the tortoises found here, most mariners have long cherished a superstition, not more frightful than grotesque. They earnestly believe that all wrecked sea-officers, more especially commodores and captains, are at death (and in some cases, before death) transformed into tortoises; thenceforth dwelling upon these hot aridities, sole solitary Lords of Asphaltum.

Doubtless so quaintly dolorous a thought was originally inspired

by the woe-begone landscape itself, but more particularly, perhaps, by the tortoises. For apart from their strictly physical features, there is something strangely self-condemned in the appearance of these creatures. Lasting sorrow and penal hopelessness are in no animal form so suppliantly expressed as in theirs; while the thought of their wonderful longevity does not fail to enhance the impression.

Nor even at the risk of meriting the charge of absurdly believing in enchantments, can I restrain the admission that sometimes, even now, when leaving the crowded city to wander out July and August among the Adirondack Mountains, far from the influences of towns and proportionally nigh to the mysterious ones of Nature; when at such times I sit me down in the mossy head of some deep-wooded gorge, surrounded by prostrate trunks of blasted pines, and recall, as in a dream, my other and far-distant roving in the baked heart of the charmed isles; and remember the sudden glimpses of dusky shells, and long languid necks protruded from the leafless thickets; and again have beheld the vitreous inland rocks worn down and grooved into deep ruts by ages and ages of the slow draggings of tortoises in quest of pools of scanty water; I can hardly resist the feeling that in my time I have indeed slept upon evilly enchanted ground.

Nay, such is the vividness of my memory, or the magic of my fancy, that I know not whether I am not the occasional victim of optical delusion concerning the Gallipagos. For often in scenes of social merriment, and especially at revels held by candle light in old-fashioned mansions—when the shadows are thrown into the further recesses of an angular and spacious room, making them put on a look of haunted undergrowth of lonely woods—I have drawn the attention of my comrades by my fixed gaze and sudden change of air, as I have seemed to see, slowly emerging from those imagined solitudes, and heavily crawling along the floor, the ghost of a gigantic tortoise, with "Memento . . ." burning in live letters upon his back.



*Sketch Second*

*TWO SIDES TO A TORTOISE*

*Most ugly shapes and horrible aspects,  
Such as Dame Nature selfe mote feare to see,  
Or shame, that ever should so fowle defects  
From her most cunning hand escaped bee;  
All dreadfull pourtraicts of deformitee.*

\* \* \*

*Ne wonder if these do a man appall;  
For all that here at home we dreadfull hold  
Be but as bugs to fearen babes withall  
Compared to the creatures in these isles' entrall*

\* \* \*

*Fear naught, then said the palmer, well avized,  
For these same monsters are not there indeed,  
But are into these fearfull shapes disguised.*

\* \* \*

*And lifting up his vertuous staffe on high,  
Then all that dreadfull armie fast gan flye  
Into great Zethy's bosom, where they hidden lye.*

In view of the description given, may one be gay upon the Encantadas? Yes: that is, find one the gaiety, and he will be gay. And indeed, sackcloth and ashes as they are, the isles are not perhaps unmitigated gloom. For while no spectator can deny their claims to a most solemn and superstitious consideration, no more than my firmest resolutions can decline to behold the spectre-tortoise when emerging from its shadowy recess; yet even the tortoise, dark and melancholy as it is upon the back, still possesses a bright side; its calapee or breast-plate being sometimes of a faint yellowish or golden tinge. Moreover, every one knows that tortoises as well as turtles are of such a make, that if you but put them on their backs you thereby expose their bright sides without the possibility

of their recovering themselves, and turning into view the other. But after you have done this, and because you have done this, you should not swear that the tortoise has no dark side. Enjoy the bright, keep it turned up perpetually if you can, but be honest and don't deny the black. Neither should he who cannot turn the tortoise from its natural position so as to hide the darker and expose his livelier aspect, like a great October pumpkin in the sun, for that cause declare the creature to be one total inky blot. The tortoise is both black and bright. But let us to particulars.

Some months before my first stepping ashore upon the group, my ship was cruising in its close vicinity. One noon we found ourselves off the South Head of Albemarle, and not very far from the land. Partly by way of freak, and partly by way of spying out so strange a country, a boat's crew was sent ashore, with orders to see all they could, and besides, bring back whatever tortoises they could conveniently transport.

It was after sunset when the adventurers returned. I looked down over the ship's high side as if looking down over the curb of a well, and dimly saw the damp boat deep in the sea with some unwonted weight. Ropes were dropped over, and presently three huge antediluvian-looking tortoises, after much straining, were landed on deck. They seemed hardly of the seed of earth. We had been abroad upon the waters for five long months, a period amply sufficient to make all things of the land wear a fabulous hue to the dreamy mind. Had three Spanish custom-house officers boarded us then, it is not unlikely that I should have curiously stared at them, felt of them, and stroked them much as savages observe civilized guests. But instead of three custom-house officers, behold these really wondrous tortoises—none of your schoolboy mud-turtles—but black as widower's weeds, heavy as chests of plate, with vast shells medallioned and orbed like shields, and dented and blistered like shields that have breasted a battle—shaggy too, here and there, with dark green moss, and slimy with the spray of the sea. These mystic creatures, suddenly translated by night from unutterable solitudes to our peopled deck, affected

me in a manner not easy to unfold. They seemed newly crawled forth from beneath the foundations of the world. Yea, they seemed the identical tortoises whereon the Hindoo plants this total sphere. With a lantern I inspected them more closely. Such worshipful venerableness of aspect! Such furry greenness mantling the rude peelings and healing the fissures of their shattered shells. I no more saw three tortoises. They expanded—became transfigured. I seemed to see three Roman Coliseums in magnificent decay.

Ye oldest inhabitants of this or any other isle, said I, pray give me the freedom of your three-walled towns.

The great feeling inspired by these creatures was that of age:—dateless, indefinite endurance. And, in fact, that any other creature can live and breathe as long as the tortoise of the Encantadas, I will not readily believe. Not to hint of their known capacity of sustaining life, while going without food for an entire year, consider that impregnable armour of their living mail. What other bodily being possesses such a citadel wherein to resist the assaults of Time?

As, lantern in hand, I scraped among the moss and beheld the ancient scars of bruises, received in many a sullen fall among the marly mountains of the isle—scars strangely widened, swollen, half obliterate, and yet distorted like those sometimes found in the bark of very hoary trees—I seemed an antiquary of a geologist, studying the bird tracks and ciphers upon the exhumed slates trod by incredible creatures whose very ghosts are now defunct.

As I lay in my hammock that night, overhead I heard the slow, weary draggings of the three ponderous strangers along the encumbered deck. Their stupidity or their resolution was so great that they never went aside for any impediment. One ceased his movements altogether just before the midwatch. At sunrise I found him butted like a battering-ram against the immovable foot of the foremast, and still striving, tooth, and nail, to force the impossible passage. That these tortoises are the victims of a penal, or malignant, or perhaps a downright diabolical enchanter, seems in nothing more likely than in that strange infatuation of hopeless

toil which so often possesses them. I have known them in their journeyings to ram themselves heroically against rocks and long abide there, nudging, wriggling, wedging, in order to displace them, and so hold on their inflexible path. Their crowning curse is their drudging impulse to straightforwardness in a belittered world.

Meeting with no such hindrance as their companion did, the other tortoises merely fell foul of small stumbling-blocks; buckets, blocks, and coils of rigging; and at times in the act of crawling over them would slip with an astounding rattle to the deck. Listening to these draggings and concussions, I thought me of the haunt from which they came; an isle full of metallic ravines and gulches, sunk bottomlessly into the hearts of splintered mountains, and covered for many miles with inextricable thickets. I then pictured these three straightforward monsters, century after century, writhing through the shades, grim as blacksmiths; crawling so slowly and ponderously, that not only did toadstools and all fungous things grow beneath their feet, but a sooty moss sprouted upon their backs. With them I often lost myself in volcanic mazes; brushed away endless boughs of rotting thickets; till finally in a dream I found myself sitting cross-legged upon the foremost, a Brahmin similarly mounted upon either side, forming a tripod of foreheads which upheld the universal cope.

Such was the wild nightmare begot by my first impression of the Encantadas tortoise. But next evening, strange to say, I sat down with my shipmates and made a merry repast from tortoise steaks and tortoise stews; and supper over, out knife, and helped convert the three mighty concave shells into three fanciful soup-tureens, and polished the three flat yellowish calapees into three gorgeous salvers.

# Prisoner in Paraguay

G. F. MASTERMAN

*Even before they succeeded in liberating the continent, San Martín and Bolívar were fearful of the social and political chaos that might follow the end of Spanish rule. They knew that the new republics of Latin America had had no experience in democratic practices and that, unlike the North Americans, the people of Latin America had never been exposed to the doctrines of the eighteenth-century Enlightenment. On the contrary, Latin American society had for centuries been essentially feudal in structure. Bolívar and San Martín were therefore afraid that the removal of royal and ecclesiastical power would leave a void which the infant republicanism of the new countries would be unable to fill. Their fear soon proved to be justified, for within a few years of achieving independence, almost every Latin American country fell under the rule of dictators. Some of these men proved to be relatively benign and indeed useful to their countries, but the greater part have badly served their people.*

Certainly one of the most vicious of all Latin American dictators was Francisco Solano López, who rose to power in Paraguay just at the time when a young English Army doctor by the name of G. F. Masterman accepted employment as Chief Military Apothecary in Asunción. Like many other Englishmen who voyaged out to Latin America in the latter part of the nineteenth century, Masterman must have been aware of the prevalence of dictatorial regimes on the continent, but he probably assumed that as a foreigner he would be unaffected by them. At any rate, he could not have anticipated in 1861 that Paraguay was to be engaged in a terrible war against the combined power of Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay, or that he himself was to undergo imprisonment and torture before finally escaping, more dead than alive, on an American naval vessel seven years later.

That during this war Paraguay was able to hold her own against such seemingly hopeless odds earned her sympathy and attention abroad, and the Guaraní people, of which Paraguay largely consists, have gone down in history as one of the most heroic of all time. Moreover, many people in Europe and the United States considered Francisco López to be a great military hero, a kind of latter-day Bolívar who was devoted to preserving his country's independence against the greedy incursions of Brazil and the Argentine.

The facts, however, were quite different. But to understand them, one must first look into López's background. As a young man during the presidency of his father, he had traveled widely in Europe and had visited France at the time of the Second Empire. In these travels he discovered that Paraguay was virtually unknown in Europe and that although he was a personage of some standing in his own country, he was a nonentity in Europe. Upon returning to Paraguay and succeeding to the

presidency, López therefore became determined to make Paraguay a great power and himself a person of world renown. Encouraged in his ambitions by his mistress, the famous Madame Lynch, he soon embarked on a career which he presumed would make him known as the Napoleon of Latin America. His first step was to invade the Argentine and to seize a Brazilian passenger vessel in the Paraguay River. As a result, Paraguay soon found herself at war with these two countries and with their ally, Uruguay. That the ensuing struggle lasted so long was as much due to the unbelievable ineptness of the Brazilian and Argentine military command as to the heroism of the Paraguayan soldiers. Nevertheless, as the war went on, Paraguay gradually became decimated, so that by the end something like eighty per cent of the male population had been killed. Moreover, as the war extended itself, López became increasingly arbitrary and cruel. He stole money and plate from his own countrymen, he impressed women and boys into his armies, and he imprisoned, tortured and finally executed hundreds of his political opponents.

Washburn, the American Minister in Asunción, tried on various occasions to use his good offices to end the war, but López always repulsed his offers and finally Washburn was recalled to Washington. In the meantime, a good many foreign residents in Asunción, Masterman among them, had sought asylum in the American Legation. Upon Washburn's recall, however, a number of these, including Masterman, were arrested by the police. The following is Masterman's own account of his imprisonment and torture at the hands of López. Eventually, after writing a false confession, he managed to escape from Paraguay, later testified at an American congressional investigation of Washburn's tenure of office as Minister, and finally returned

to England, where in 1870 he published an account of his experiences.

*This book, Seven Eventful Years in Paraguay, is one of the most fascinating stories of personal adventure ever written, and it has attracted many readers, among them Joseph Conrad, who used it as background material for his novel, Nostromo. The extracts printed below concern Masterman's arrest, transportation to Villeta, and his imprisonment and torture there prior to his release in 1868 when he was allowed to leave the country on an American naval vessel.*

We left the house together, but Mr. Washburn walked so rapidly that the consuls and ourselves could scarcely keep up with him, and he was a few yards ahead when we reached the end of the colonnade. There the police, who had been closing around us, simultaneously drew their swords, rushed forwards, and roughly separated us from the consuls. I raised my hat, and said, loudly and cheerfully, "Good-bye, Mr. Washburn; don't forget us." He half turned his face, which was deathly pale, made a deprecativè gesture with his hand, and hurried away. We—that is, Mr. Bliss, the negro Baltazar, and myself—were surrounded by about thirty policemen (the rest taking charge of the Legation), who, with shouts and yells, ordered us to march down to the *Policia*. I had burdened myself with a travelling-bag filled with linen, a water-proof sheet, and a thin light mattress; but I might have spared myself the trouble, for they were all taken from me. When we reached the office we were halted in the road, and kept standing there about an hour; then the negro was taken within, after some time Mr. Bliss, and lastly myself. When my turn came I found the chief of police seated in the corridor, with a group of his savage myrmidons around him; he looked at me in silence for some minutes, and then by a gesture ordered me to be stripped. My clothes were most strictly and systematically examined, the



lining torn out, and every fold ripped up; my little packets of quinine and opium were of course discovered, pounced upon with a shout of triumph by the men, and put carefully on one side. My handkerchief, cravat, and money were taken from me, the rest returned. I was then told to sit down, that fetters might be rivetted on my ankles, and afterwards taken through a side court, and thrust into a cell. The door was secured, there was no window, and I was left in total darkness to my bitter reflections.

I rolled up my poncho for a pillow, lay down on the ground, for there was not even a stool in the dungeon, and tried to sleep; but in vain: so I passed the time by carefully reviewing the events of the past six months, so as to fix them clearly in my memory, and I did the same systematically every day afterwards; for I had a firm presentiment that, although I should have to suffer much and long, my life would be preserved, and that I should some day tell the story as I am now relating it.

About seven o'clock in the evening the door opened; a sergeant and two men entered with a lantern: one carried a hammer and a small anvil, the other a set of irons. I rose as they came in, but the sergeant motioned me to lie down again. The fetters I was wearing were removed, and the massive bar the man bore on his shoulder was rivetted in their place. Two rough iron loops, with eyes at their extremities, were first placed over my ankles; then the bar, which was about eighteen inches long, and two in diameter, was thrust through the eyes, and an iron wedge, with many a blow of the heavy hammer, rivetted firmly at one end, whilst a broad head secured it at the other. Thus fettered, it was with the greatest difficulty that I staggered to my feet, and then sat down again scarcely able to bear the weight. I had previously heard the clang of the hammer as they were rivetting similar irons on my companions.

A short time afterwards the sergeant reappeared, and motioned me in silence to follow him. I did so. He led me to the front of the *Policia*, where, by the light of some lanterns, I saw Mr. Bliss and Baltazar mounted sideways on mules, and another waiting for me.

I was lifted into the saddle, for the thirty or more pounds' weight of my fetters prevented me even raising a foot from the ground. The group of brutal policemen wished us, amid shouts of laughter, *buenos noches* and a pleasant journey, and we started, guarded by a sergeant and two men armed to the teeth. I recognized in the former an old patient of mine; and he must have been a good-natured fellow, for as soon as we were out of sight of the *Policia* he stopped us, dismounted, and tied the strap of the off-stirrups to the bar of our fetters, and showed us that we could thus support them with our hands; but my wrists were nearly dislocated by their weight before we reached the end of our journey. I thought at first from the direction that we were only going to the railway station; but I soon found to my dismay that Villeta was our destination, a distance of thirty-five miles.

The journey, apart from the pain I was suffering, was one of inexpressible sadness to me, as the road lay for many miles through the beautiful lanes, bordered with cedras and bitter orange trees, where I used to ride almost daily, and in which I had botanized and sketched a hundred times. There was no moon, but the stars were shining brightly in the cloudless sky; and every copse, every dell, where the ferns and tall arums grew, was visible in their yellow light. And the white *quintas*, shaded with trellised vines and climbing roses, where I had passed so many happy hours, and the familiar gardens and fields around them, called up scenes and reminiscences I would gladly have forgotten till better days. The houses were empty, many already falling to decay; their owners were dead, or prisoners like myself; the fences destroyed, and the gardens trampled by straying cattle. Destruction and desolation, war, pestilence, and famine had swept all trace of gladness from the land, leaving only bitter memories and vain regrets.

I begged the sergeant to let us travel as slowly as possible; for at every step the heavy bar swung backwards and forwards, and a jolt was agonizing. He did so; but once, in descending a steep slope, the mules broke into a trot; in trying to steady the bar I lost my balance, and fell to the ground. I was tied to the girths,

and, unable to extricate myself, was dragged for some distance head downwards, the mule kicking viciously the while. Fortunately, the only damage was a deep cut in the ankle and a few bruises. The sergeant kindly let me lie on the grass a little while, and then we went on again. The road soon became very bad; and in a deep miry ravine my companions were both thrown, but were only slightly hurt. At each *guardia* we stopped a few minutes, and I could get a draught of water to relieve the burning thirst I suffered; for the rough blistered iron soon cut through trousers, boots, and socks, and swung on the bare flesh whenever my tired arms forced me to let it fall. The pain fevered me; indeed, it was sometimes so intense that the dread of a broken leg alone kept me from fainting.

The path often took us near the river, and I saw distinctly the lights of the steamer which was carrying Mr. Washburn and his family down to the gunboat at Angostura. Sometimes we had difficulty in proceeding through the deep ruts and marshy ground; but we had light enough to find our way, for the night was, as I have said, a most beautiful one, still and warm, the air fragrant with the perfume of the orange blossoms and the flowering orchids which hung in festoons from the wayside trees, and brightened by the fire-flies sparkling and flashing amid their branches.

At length that long night passed away; the stars one by one sunk beneath the western ridge, the air grew colder, and the grey dawn broke as we neared the basaltic hill of Ypanè, but still many miles from our destination. A few men and girls bearing baskets on their heads passed us occasionally on their way to the encampment; some did not raise their eyes from the ground, others looked at us pityingly; but the spectacle of prisoners passing in chains was too common to excite either surprise or comment. I was greatly exhausted with pain and hunger, and, seeing a girl carrying a basket of bread, I begged the sergeant to give us a morsel to eat; he kindly bought a little cake of baked cassava meal, and, looking round cautiously to make sure that none were watching, divided

it amongst us; it was but a mouthful, but as I had taken nothing but a glass of milk the day before I was glad enough of it. He had been very considerate with us during the whole of the journey; but now, as people were about, and an officer might pass at any moment, he dared not show us any more kindness; he spoke roughly, and urged us on at a quicker pace. We went over hill after hill, or rather swelling uplands covered with coarse grass and low shrubs, and at length surmounted that overlooking the little village of Villeta; there we halted before a group of officers; my feet were untied, and I fell exhausted, and more dead than alive, on the ground.

An *alferez* harshly told me to stand up. I tried, but the weight of my irons threw me on my face, but at length, by a violent effort, I staggered to my feet. A few paces off was a square space, enclosed with hide ropes; I was told to go within it, and then, too fatigued to notice the poor wretches, my fellow-prisoners, I threw myself on the bare ground, and fell almost immediately into a deep sleep. Late in the afternoon I was awakened by a blow with a stick, and told to rise and march towards a little grove of orange trees about half a mile off. Aching in every limb, I obeyed, and, supporting my fetters with a strip of hide, moved with pain and difficulty in the direction indicated, as fast as my bruised and bleeding feet would carry me. A *carbo*, or corporal, followed, armed with a bayonet and a stick. "Go faster!" he shouted every moment. I tried, but in vain, to do so. He thrashed me savagely with his stick over my shoulders and arms, knocked me down, and beat me more cruelly for falling. At last, bruised and breathless, I reached a group of little huts, made of branches and reeds, and placed in two rows. I saw Mr. Bliss and Baltazar taken separately on one side; I went to the other, and entered the farthest hut. Within it was seated an old captain, named Falcón, and a priest, whom I afterwards found acted as secretary.

The former signed me to enter, and, after scrutinizing me for a few minutes, said, "Ah! we have got you at last. Now, confess that Washburn is the chief of the conspirators, and that you took

refuge in the Legation for the purpose of plotting against the Government." I replied that I had no confession to make, that I had never plotted against the Government, but had done all that lay in my power to serve the Paraguayans, that I was sure that Mr. Washburn was quite innocent of the crimes alleged against him; and I explained in a few words under what circumstances I had entered his service. He heard me with many marks of impatience to the end, and then said, "You will not confess?" "I have no confession to make." "Confess," he repeated, "or I will see if we cannot make you." Then turning to the priest he told him to take me out and put me in the rack (*potro*). He took me behind the hut, but close to it, so that Falcón within could hear all that passed. I prayed silently for strength to bear this great trial, and then looked round for the implements of torture; but found that these savages, like those in *The Last of the Mohicans*, ought to have expressed regret that their means of inflicting pain were so primitive. The priest again urged me to confess, but I replied, as before, that I was not a conspirator, and had no confession to make. He then said something to the corporal, in Guarani, who shouted out, "Bring the *uruguayana* here!" At his call two soldiers came forward, carrying a bundle of muskets, and ropes made of strips of hide. I was told to seat myself on the ground, with my knees raised; I did so, and was again asked, "Will you confess?" "No; I am innocent."

One of the men tied my arms tightly behind me, the other passed a musket under my knees, and then putting his foot between my shoulders forced my head down until my throat rested on the lower musket; a second was put over the back of my neck, and they were firmly lashed together. They left me so for some time, striking the butt-ends of the fire-locks occasionally with a mallet; the priest meanwhile, in a monotonous voice, as if he were repeating a formula he had often gone through, urged me to confess and "receive the mercy of the kind and generous Marshal Lopez." I made no reply, but suffered the intense pain they were inflicting in silence. At length they unbound me, and I was asked

once more, "Will you confess?" I replied in the negative. They bound me up as before, but with two muskets at the back of my neck. As they were tightening the cords I threw my head forward to avoid the pressure on my throat, and my lips were badly cut and bruised against the lower musket; the blood almost choked me, and I fainted from the excruciating pain.

When I recovered I was lying on the grass utterly exhausted, and felt that I could bear no more; that it would be far preferable to make a pretended confession, and be shot, than suffer such cruel torture. So as they were about to again apply the *uruguayana*, as it is called by them, I said, "I am guilty; I will confess:" and they immediately unbound me. The priest said, "Why were you such an obstinate fool? Your companion Bliss was only threatened with the torture, and confessed at once." This was the case, as he told me himself afterwards. I had heard poor Baltazar loudly praying for mercy several times, and now the sounds of heavy blows, each followed by a shriek from him, proved how much more they were prepared to inflict upon us: they were flogging him most cruelly, and afterwards crushed his fingers with a mallet. I pitied him very much; for he knew nothing whatever about the pretended plot, nor the charges against his master, and could not save himself, even by protesting that he was guilty.

I drank some water, and tried to eat a little meat they offered me, but could not. And then, returning within the hut, I told, as well as I could remember it, part of the same story which had been wrested from Carreras, Bèrges, Benigno Lopez, and the rest, whose depositions I had read with Mr. Washburn. There was no help for it, but God knows with what agony and shame I repeated that wretched tissue of fables and misrepresentations. But it must be remembered that for three months I had suffered great anxiety, daily expecting to be arrested; that I knew how mercilessly those who refused to confess were mangled before execution; that I had had a long and painful journey; and that I had been without food for two days. On the other hand, I could do but little wrong to the accused. Mr. Washburn was safe on board the *Wasp*; Rodriguez,

Gomez (late the *Mayor-de-Plaza*), Bedoya, Barrios, and Gonzales, had already been shot or had died; and as to the others, I could only repeat as such what I had read of their own depositions.

I had had also the express permission of Mr. Washburn to say anything against him I pleased. He says in his evidence before a Committee of Congress, in answer to Mr. Willard—

I said to Bliss and Masterman you may say anything about me that you think may help you. You may say that you saw me steal sheep, or commit burglary, if you think you can thereby prolong your lives. *Washington, U.S., March 30, 1869.*

My belief from the first was, that they wanted me simply as a deponent, and such was really the case; and if I had not given the false testimony they required it would have been forged, and I should have been shot to prevent its contradiction.\* However, I made a very lame story of it, although it was easy to so represent the words and actions of Mr. Washburn as to make his opinions appear overt acts of conspiracy. As for the rest, I declared, truthfully enough, that they had never talked with me on the subject. Falcón, and especially the priest, got out of all patience with me; twenty times they threatened to put me in the *potro* again, and twice were on the point of doing so, when I luckily remembered something Mr. Washburn had said against Lopez. I think the old captain was not a bad fellow, and he helped me whenever he could by leading questions, and elaborated my scanty evidence into quite an imposing deposition; but, of course, he stood himself on the edge of a precipice, and had he shown any open sympathy for me his life would not have been worth an hour's purchase. The priest, on the contrary, exhibited the most venomous spite against me, sneered at my "half revelations," and urged Falcón over and over again to "put that obstinate devil (myself) in the *uruguayana*, and make an end of him."

During my examination several officers came in, Major Aveiro,

\* In the "depositions" not a word had been said by any one against me, and this increased my difficulties, for I did not know what they expected me to accuse myself of.

Capt. Jàra, Col. Serrano, and others. Jàra was the son and heir of Don Luis Jàra, the late owner of the house Mr. Washburn occupied, and for which, relying on his privilege as a minister, he most unwisely refused to pay any rent; he was very anxious to know what had been said on the subject. I told him, and answered the questions of the others as vaguely as I could.

From the conversation and questions of these men I gathered several valuable hints as to the course I had best adopt, and I also ascertained, incidentally that Mr. Washburn was then on board the *Wasp* and that I could not therefore endanger his safety by anything I should say against him.

\* \* \*

*[Failing to reply satisfactorily to his inquisitors, Masterman was tied down with pegs in the open air, and there he was forced to remain for days without benefit of shelter.]*

That day and the succeeding were most wretched ones for us; the rain fell in torrents, and we had to sit or lie literally in a pool of water. But I soon found that even sitting unsheltered in a drenching rain was preferable to exposure to the burning sun, which I afterwards endured hour after hour, prone on the cracked and scorched ground. The thirst I suffered the deepest draught could not have assuaged, much less the two hornfuls of water a day, all they gave us. If I, with a thick blanket to shelter my head, felt the torrid sun so much, what must the many naked captives beside me have suffered?

Some of them were natives, some Brazilian negroes; they could bear it without much inconvenience; but the majority were foreigners, and it was pitiable to see the expression of mute agony their faces bore, and the frantic eagerness with which they drained the horn, when at length it came round, to the last drop of the muddy, tepid water. The prisoners of war and the felons were better off than the rest in this respect; they went twice a day to the pits into which the surface water drained, and served as wells; they could there drink their fill, and bring back as much as their vessels would



hold. Some had horns or tin pots, others gourds or pieces of hide formed into a bag. One happy man—for, with my parched throat, I looked upon his treasure with bitter envy—had a Wellington boot in place of a pitcher. He was a Brazilian major—a ragged, dusty scarecrow; but as he passed, bearing carefully, by a stick inserted through the straps, that dripping bootful of dirty water, he was looked upon with angry, blood-shot eyes, fierce in their expression of intense longing to change places with him. For how selfish, how brutally callous, we all became in our misery! how enviously we gazed at a man less heavily ironed than ourselves, and almost cursed the poor wretch who had crept into the shade of a bush on the edge of the clearing! One day, as the long straggling line returned from the pits, an Italian, his eyes glazed with fever, rose on his elbow as he heard the clink of the tins, and in feeble tones begged but for a drop of water, groping blindly for a steady-hand the while; the man he asked, himself tottering on the verge of the grave, repulsed him with a muttered imprecation, and the poor wretch fell back, half turned, and died. Thus day by day were our ranks thinned; by twos and threes they passed away and were at rest. Did I pity them? Ah, no! I would then have welcomed death with a sense of as glad relief as a tired child seeks its mother's arms.

About a week afterwards I was removed a few yards to the rear with Dr. Carreras, and we each crept beneath a little hut of reeds about three feet high. Mine had been built over a bed of wild pine-apple, which, with reckless carelessness, or perhaps intentionally, had been left *in situ*. How thankful I felt for the shade! and even for the occupation the uprooting of the *caraguatà* gave me; I set to work with a pointed stick to dig down to the tough roots, but my hour's labour was scarcely finished when the order came to march. We were turned out into the sun, and had to wait for some time, for we were at the head of the sad procession and the hundreds of prisoners; and the lines of the guard and men carrying the cooking pots and troughs were marshalled with

difficulty, blows and curses being showered mercilessly on the sick and loiterers.

From one of the hovels near me crept out on all-fours Don Benigno Lopez, the President's youngest brother; he was well dressed, but heavily ironed; and from another, a spectral old man I was long in recognizing as the ex-minister for foreign affairs, Don José Bèrges. He was leaning feebly on a hedge-stake, and was followed by his successor, Don Gumisindo Benitez, bareheaded and with naked fettered feet. Then two very old men, evidently in their second childhood; they were without a rag to cover them; one was in irons, and could only crawl tremblingly on his hands and knees; the other looked round with a timid smile on his silly face, pleased with the bustle around him, and evidently but faintly conscious of what was going on. Can any stronger proof be asked of the ferocious cruelty of Lopez? Great-grandfathers in irons! Men who had long since ceased to be responsible beings, who were no more to be feared than newly-born children, who were indeed in their life's revolution returning to helpless infancy; such poor, shuddering, creaking wrecks of mortality to pass the remnant of their days as prisoners! And what would their offence be? A wailing complaint for the loss of their few comforts, a passionate lament for the death of their sons or grandchildren; an idle word spoken in garrulous old age, and construed into treason, or perhaps simply the fact of their relationship to some poor wretch who had died in the rack or on the scaffold.

\* \* \*

*[Eventually Masterman made his false confession, but instead of being released, he remained incarcerated with other political prisoners and witnessed the treatment they received.]*

On the 23rd of September Don Benigno Lopez was put to the torture; he had been taken away early in the morning, and did not return till after noon, when he shuffled slowly into his hut, which nearly faced mine, and shortly afterwards an officer, with three men carrying the well-remembered bundle of muskets and cords,

came up. Don Benigno turned pale, and rose tremblingly as they came near him, thinking probably of his brother-in-law, Don Saturnino Bedoya, who died under its infliction some months before, and followed them, at a signal from the officer, behind a copse of trees near at hand. About an hour passed away, several officers, including Major Aveiro, went to see him, and at length he was led back, unable to stand, and with his face frightfully distorted by the agony he had suffered.

I lay awake all that night, wondering what could have been their motive, when he had already made such a full confession, and thinking that perhaps I should have to undergo that terrible ordeal again. To my horror, the next afternoon I was sent for by Father Romàn. I found him installed in a comfortable *rancho* behind the orange trees; he was writing as I entered, and as for some time he went on with it, taking no apparent notice of me, I had an opportunity of studying his appearance at leisure, and I am not likely to forget it. He was, as an army chaplain, dressed in lieutenant's uniform, and wore a sword; all that pointed out his clerical character being a small red cross on his left breast, and the little stubbly tonsure on his crown. He would have made an admirable study for Torquemada. A stout, handsome figure and of commanding height, but with a cruel, sensual face, and a merciless, thin-lipped mouth.

At length he pushed his papers from him, and stared at me as I stood holding up my fetters with one hand and my hat in the other. "Well, how do you feel?" said he. "I am ill and weak." "Bah! It is your conscience which troubles you. Confess your crimes, confess what that beast Washburn did. Look," said he, pointing to a group of soldiers outside; "I have the *uruguayana* ready for you, and you will be shot afterwards." I told him I had nothing new to confess, he could not extort anything more. "Well," said he, "I give you one more chance; tell me now all you have told, and then make an end of the story." I went over it, dwelling especially upon my quarrels with Mr. Washburn, and the consequent improbability that I could know much of his

secrets, and pleading that never imagining the plot would be discovered I had not noted, nor tried to remember, any particulars concerning it. "But you must have had many conversations with him on the subject." "Scarcely any; he did not trust me; and guilty men do not like to speak of their evil deeds." He saw that I was only fencing with him, and got out of all patience, and told me that Bliss, who, it seems, was confessing and denouncing vigorously, had already filled many sheets of closely written foolscap with his revelations, and that if I did not imitate him, the *potro* (the rack) should make me regret my obstinate reticence.

Whilst he was talking, another native, habited like himself, came in; a fine, tall, soldierly looking fellow, about thirty years of age, with an extremely good head and handsome features. I did not notice the little red cross, and had no idea at the time that he was a priest. He sat watching me without speaking till Román had concluded, and then said, "Why, Mastermán" (as the natives always accented my name), "your hair is quite grey although you are much younger than I; how is that?" "Señor," I replied, "I was eleven months in prison; it is not my age which makes me grey." "Eleven months! that is a trifle; I was a prisoner more than three years." "Indeed! I am sorry for you; what is your name?" Or, in the formal Spanish, "What is the grace of your worship?" He laughed, and said he would not tell me then; but later I found to my surprise that he was "the terrible Father Maiz" of Carreras. I had expected to see a very different man.

\* \* \*

On the 27th of September a guard, with fixed bayonets, led off Dr. Carreras and Don Gumisindo Benitez to the little copse where Don Benigno had been taken four days before; a couple of priests and some men with spades went with them. I prayed that they might soon be despatched, and their sorrows be ended, but I now know that a more terrible fate was in store for them; they were inhumanly tortured for a long time before their execution. I waited

with feverish anxiety for the end; but it was late ere a volley of musquetry and a thin cloud of smoke rising over the bushes told that all was over, and that "the wicked had ceased from troubling, and the weary were at rest."

Dr. Don Antonio de las Carreras was a man of capacity and attainments superior to the generality of his countrymen, of polished manners and extensive reading, a scholar and a gentleman. For a time he had wielded immense power—it was said cruelly; but the severity with which he put down the revolution in Saltos was, I believe, justifiable; in fact, the want of similar firmness has been the strongest incentive to revolt in his own and the neighbouring unhappy republics, and has made them the scenes of perpetual anarchy and bloodshed. He was foully murdered in the country where he had hoped to find a safe asylum, and by the very man who ought to have been his staunchest friend, in whose defence he had perilled his own life, and forfeited reputation, wealth, and position.

Don Gumisindo Benitez was but an average Paraguayan, one who could make a sounding speech and write as he was bidden. He lost his life by over zeal: trying to encompass Mr. Washburn in the net of lies he was weaving, he fell blindly into the very pit to which he would have dragged him. Seeking by letter, and afterwards by a personal appeal, to induce him to avow his guiltiness of a crime which had never been committed, telling him that he might thus extricate himself from his dangerous position by the certain destruction of the rest, he used the unfortunate phrase, "All is discovered! you must confess," when Lopez had *not* discovered all he professed it was necessary he should know. He therefore came to the conclusion that Benitez must be himself a conspirator, since he spoke of a perfect knowledge which the *fiscales* disclaimed. He was at once arrested and put to the torture, told the same story of falsehood and infamy about which he had written so glibly, and, after infinite suffering, died a shameful death.

One afternoon I saw them about to put a foreigner in the *uruguayana*. I only saw his face for a moment; he was deathly pale, and was holding out his hands as if praying for mercy. I have not been able to ascertain who it was, but I am certain it was not a Paraguayan.

Just in the rear of my hut the two sisters of Lopez, Doña Inocenica de Barrios and Doña Rafaela de Bedoya, were imprisoned, each in a covered bullock-cart, or *carreta*, about seven feet long, four wide, and five high. They remained, poor ladies, shut up in these movable prisons for more than five months; I often saw them wheeled past on their way to the *fiscales*: the front and the windows had been blocked up, and the door behind was secured with a padlock; but an opening had been made in front, about six inches high, through which I suppose their food, etc., would be handed into them. Many times I heard young children crying there, but I do not know if they were theirs. The sufferings they endured almost exceed belief. About December, 1867, their husbands incurred the displeasure of Lopez, it is said, because the speeches they made on the occasion of the presentation of the sword of honour were not sufficiently "patriotic," and they were detained, and their families ordered down to San Fernando. Early in the succeeding year they were put under arrest. Don Saturnino Bedoya was at first charged with having robbed the Treasury (he was *Tesorero-General*), and afterwards with complicity in the pretended plot; he protested his innocence, but was put to the torture, which was applied so severely that they dislocated his spine, and he died in intense agony. General Barrios, in order to escape so terrible a fate, tried to commit suicide by cutting his throat, but the wound, although deep, was not sufficiently so to prove fatal; it was dressed, and the day afterwards he was shot. His wife and her sister were taken from their prison, and they were compelled to witness his execution. They, very naturally, poor women, in their grief and despair, expressed their detestation of the barbarous and unnatural cruelty of their ferocious brother; this was reported to him, and he ordered them to be flogged in a manner outraging

decency and all feelings of humanity, which was at once carried out. Not content with this, he sent them back to their prisons, and forced them by threats of worse treatment to depose falsely against their murdered husbands; and in December, 1868, he compelled his mother to leave her house at La Trinidad, where she had remained virtually a prisoner for nearly two years, and go to Luqu , the temporary capital, and there, before the altar of the church, swear that she recognized Francisco Solano alone as her child, and cursed the rest as rebels and traitors. She piteously pleaded her advanced age (she is over seventy) and disease of the heart as excuses for not complying; but the officer charged to see that her son's orders were carried out told her she must obey or die, and she went. I think the whole sad history of human crime cannot show one record exceeding this in heartless cruelty. A widowed mother, who had seen her youngest son and her two sons-in-law executed as criminals; of her remaining sons, one a prisoner, and the other loathed and cursed by thousands as a very fiend incarnate; her daughters outraged and caged like wild beasts; and she, in her helpless old age, compelled on pain of death to mumble imprecations on the dead and living of those dearest to her, and at the command, too, of her eldest born, the child she had once so tenderly nourished. Better that she had died then, but better, a thousand times, that he had never been born.

# A Cuban Sugar Plantation

RICHARD HENRY DANA

*One of the last Latin American countries to gain independence from Spain, Cuba has always been of special concern to North Americans, and after the Spanish-American war of 1898 and the establishment of the Cuban Republic, the United States maintained the right of intervention for thirty-two years. In earlier decades as well, Cuba was frequently in the public mind: in the 1850's, for example, it became the subject of violent attacks by Northern abolitionists because it tolerated slavery and because many of the large sugar plantations were either owned by or managed by Yankees. This double standard enraged a number of abolitionist writers, among them Julia Ward Howe, who was later to be the author of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." In 1857, Mrs. Howe visited Cuba and used it as a text for the abolition of slavery and, incidentally, as a means of attacking Spanish misrule and Latin immorality. Against this background of intensely partisan writing, Richard Henry Dana's account of his voyage to Cuba in 1859 is remark-*



*ably measured and calm. Whereas Mrs. Howe had arrived with firmly rooted preconceptions and the inborn fanaticism she revealed in her Visit to Cuba, Dana came merely as an interested and objective observer.*

*That his tone was quite different from Mrs. Howe's is not surprising, for his background and experience were much broader than hers. As the grandson of a former Chief Justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court and as the son of a poet, Dana, who was born in Cambridge in 1815, was to combine in his own career qualities of both of these forebears. Forced to abandon his undergraduate studies at Harvard in 1834, Dana embarked on a voyage around Cape Horn to California as a common sailor, and his account of this trip, Two Years Before the Mast, immediately became a classic of maritime writing. His account of rounding the Horn is of particular interest to those concerned with South America.*

*But Dana was not to be a writer or adventurer only, for after he returned from California, he re-entered Harvard, took his degree and for a year or so taught elocution to the undergraduates. Then in 1840 he was admitted to the Massachusetts bar, where he made use of his nautical experiences by specializing in Admiralty cases. Later he became interested in politics, and along with Charles Francis Adams was one of the founders of the Free Soil Party. After the Civil War, he was appointed United States Attorney in Massachusetts and for two years lectured at the Harvard Law School. He died in Rome in 1882.*

*Dana's trip to Cuba, from which the following selection is extracted, was of course a holiday excursion, and therefore his account of his experiences need not be taken with grave seriousness. On the other hand, it reveals Dana's skill in combining his worldly experience with his legal sense of fair play. The result is a carefully documented exposition of his experiences, written*

*with an unpretentiousness that makes it still lively and interesting a hundred years later. Moreover, what he has to say about life on a sugar plantation provides useful background material for an understanding of the tumultuous changes that have overtaken Cuba in recent years.*

As we leave Matanzas, we rise on ascending grade, and the bay and city lie open before us. The bay is deep on the western shore, under the ridge of the Cumbre, and there the vessels lie at anchor; while the rest of the bay is shallow, and its water, in this state of the sky and light, is of a pale green color. The lighters, with sail and oar, are plying between the quays and the vessels below. All is pretty and quiet and warm, but the scene has none of those regal points, that so impress themselves on the imagination and memory in the surroundings of Havana.

I am now to get my first view of the interior of Cuba. I could not have a more favorable day. The air is clear, and not excessively hot. The soft clouds float midway in the serene sky, the sun shines fair and bright, and the luxuriance of a perpetual summer covers the face of nature. These strange palm-trees everywhere! I cannot yet feel at home among them. Many of the other trees are like our own, and though, tropical in fact, look to the eye as if they might grow as well in New England as here. But the royal palm looks so intensely and exclusively tropical! It cannot grow beyond this narrow belt of the earth's surface. Its long, thin body, so straight and so smooth, swathed from the foot—in a tight bandage of tawny gray, leaving only its deep-green neck, and over that its crest and plumage of deep-green leaves! It gives no shade, and bears no fruit that is valued by men. And it has no beauty to atone for those wants. Yet it has more than beauty,—a strange fascination over the eye and the fancy, that will never allow it to be overlooked or forgotten. The palm-tree seems a kind of *lusus naturæ* to the northern eye—an exotic wherever you meet it. It seems to be con-

scious of its want of usefulness for food or shade, yet has a dignity of its own, a pride of unmixed blood and royal descent,—the *hidalgo* of the soil.

What are those groves and clusters of small growth, looking like Indian corn in a state of transmigration into trees, the stalk turning into a trunk, a thin soft coating half changed to bark, and the ears of corn turning into melons? Those are the bananas and plantains, as their bunches of green and yellow fruits plainly enough indicate, when you come nearer. But, that sad, weeping tree, its long yellow-green leaves drooping to the ground! What can that be? It has a green fruit like a melon. There it is again, in groves! I interrupt my neighbor's tenth cigarrito, to ask him the name of the tree. It is the cocoa! And that soft green melon becomes the hard shell we break with a hammer. Other trees there are, in abundance, of various forms and foliage, but they might have grown in New England or New York, so far as the eye can teach us; but the palm, the cocoa, the banana and plantain are the characteristic trees you could not possibly meet with in any other zone.

Thickets,—jungles I might call them—abound. It seems as if a bird could hardly get through them; yet they are rich with wild flowers of all forms and colors, the white, the purple, the pink, and the blue. The trees are full of birds of all plumage. There is one like our brilliant oriole. I cannot hear their notes, for the clatter of the train. Stone fences, neatly laid up, run across the lands;—not of our cold bluish-gray granite, the color, as a friend once said, of a miser's eye, but of soft, warm brown and russet, and well overgrown with creepers, and fringed with flowers. There are avenues, and here are clumps of the prim orange-tree, with its dense and deep-green polished foliage gleaming with golden fruit. Now we come to acres upon acres of the sugar-cane, looking at a distance like fields of overgrown broom-corn. It grows to the height of eight or ten feet, and very thick. An army could be hidden in it. This soil must be deeply and intensely fertile.

There, at the end of an avenue of palms, in a nest of shade-trees, is a group of white buildings, with a sea of cane-fields about it, with

one high furnace-chimney, pouring out its volume of black smoke. This is a sugar plantation,—my first sight of an *ingenio*; and the chimney is for the steam works of the sugar-house. It is the height of the sugar season, and the untiring engine toils and smokes day and night. Ox carts, loaded with cane, are moving slowly to the sugar-house from the fields; and about the house, and in the fields, in various attitudes and motions of labor, are the negroes, men and women and children, some cutting the cane, some loading the carts, and some tending the mill and the furnace. It is a busy scene of distant industry, in the afternoon sun of a languid Cuban day.

Now these groups of white one-story buildings become more frequent, sometimes very near each other, all having the same character,—the group of white buildings, the mill, with its tall furnace-chimney, and the look of a distillery, and all differing from each other only in the number and extent of the buildings, or in the ornament and comfort of shade-trees and avenues about them. Some are approached by broad alleys of the palm, or mango, or orange, and have gardens around them, and stand under clusters of shade-trees; while others glitter in the hot sun, on the flat sea of cane-fields, with only a little oasis of shade-trees and fruit-trees immediately about the houses.

I now begin to feel that I am in Cuba; in the tropical, rich, sugar-growing, slave-tilled Cuba. Heretofore, I have seen only the cities and their environs, in which there are more things that are common to the rest of the world. The country life tells the story of any people that have a country life. The New England farm-house shows the heart of New England. The mansion-house and cottage show the heart of Old England. The plantation life that I am seeing and about to see, tells the story of Cuba, the Cuba that has been and that is.

As we stop at one station, which seems to be in the middle of a cane-field, the negroes and Coolies go to the cane, slash off a piece with their knives, cut off the rind and chew the stick of soft, saccharine pulp, the juice running out of their mouths as they eat. They seem to enjoy it so highly, that I am tempted to try the taste of it, myself. But I shall have time for all this at La Ariadne.

These stations consist merely of one or two buildings, where the produce of the neighborhood is collected for transportation, and at which there are very few passengers. The railroad is intended for the carriage of sugar and other produce, and gets its support almost entirely in that way; for it runs through a sparse, rural population, where there are no towns; yet so large and valuable is the sugar crop that I believe the road is well supported. At each station, are its hangers-on of free negroes, a few slaves on duty as carriers, a few low whites, and now and then some one who looks as if he might be an overseer or mayoral of a plantation.

Limonar, appears in large letters on the small building where we next stop, and I get out and inquire of a squad of idlers for the plantation of Señor C——. They point to a group of white buildings, about a quarter of a mile distant, standing prettily under high shade-trees, and approached by an avenue of orange-trees. Getting a tall negro to shoulder my bag, for a real, I walk to the house. It is an afternoon of exquisite beauty. How can any one have a weather sensation, in such an air as this? There is no current of the slightest chill anywhere, neither is it oppressively hot. The air is serene and pure and light. The sky gives its mild assurance of settled fair weather. All about me is rich verdure, over a gently undulating surface of deeply fertile country, with here and there a high hill in the horizon, and, on one side, a ridge that may be called mountains. There is no sound but that of the birds, and in the next tree they may be counted by hundreds. Wild flowers, of all colors and scents, cover the ground and the thickets. This is the famous red earth, too. The avenue looks as if it had been laid down with pulverized brick, and all the dust on any object you see is red. Now we turn into the straight avenue of orange-trees,—prim, deep-green trees, glittering with golden fruit. Here is the one-story, high-roofed house, with long, high piazzas. There is a high wall, carefully whitewashed, enclosing a square with one gate, looking like a garrisoned spot. That must be the negroes' quarters; for there is a group of little negroes at the gate, looking earnestly at the approaching stranger. Beyond is the sugar-house, and the smoking chimney, and the ox carts, and the field hands.

Through the wide, open door of the mansion, I see two gentlemen at dinner, an older and a younger,—the head of gray, and the head of black, and two negro women, one serving, and the other swinging her brush to disperse the flies. Two big, deep-mouthed hounds come out and bark; and the younger gentleman looks at us, comes out, and calls off the dogs. My negro stops at the path and touches his hat, waiting permission to go to the piazza with the luggage; for negroes do not go to the house door without previous leave, in strictly ordered plantations. I deliver my letter, and in a moment am received with such cordial welcome that I am made to feel as if I had conferred a favor by coming out to see them.

\* \* \*

At some seasons, a visit may be a favor, on remote plantations, but I know this is the height of the sugar season, when every hour is precious to the master. After a brief toilet, I sit down with them; for they have just begun dinner. In five minutes, I am led to feel as if I were a friend of many years. Both gentlemen speak English like a native tongue. To the younger it is so, for he was born in South Carolina, and his mother is a lady of that State. The family are not here. They do not live on the plantation, but in Matanzas. The plantation is managed by the son, who resides upon it; the father coming but occasionally for a few days, as now, in the busy season.

\* \* \*

In the afternoon we went to the sugar-house, and I was initiated into the mysteries of the work. There are four agents: steam, fire, cane-juice, and negroes. The results are sugar and molasses. At this *ingenio*, they make only the Muscovado, or brown sugar. The processes are easily described, but it is difficult to give an idea of the scene. It is one of condensed and determined labor.

To begin at the beginning. —The cane is cut from the fields, by companies of men and women, working together, who use an instrument called a machete, which is something between a sword

and a cleaver. Two blows with this slash off the long leaves, and a third blow cuts off the stalk, near to the ground. At this work, the laborers move like reapers, in even lines, at stated distances. Before them is a field of dense, high-waving cane, and behind them, strewn wrecks of stalks and leaves. Near, and in charge of the party stands a driver, or more grandiloquently, a *contra-mayoral*, with the short, limber plantation whip, the badge of his office, under his arm.

Ox-carts pass over the field, and are loaded with the cane, which they carry to the mill. The oxen are worked in the Spanish fashion, the yoke being strapped upon the head, close to the horns, instead of being hung round the neck, as with us, and are guided by goads, and by a rope attached to a ring through the nostrils. At the mill, the cane is tipped from the carts into large piles, by the side of the platform. From these piles, it is placed carefully, by hand, lengthwise, in a long trough. This trough is made of slats, and moved by the power of the endless chain, connected with the engine. In this trough, it is carried between heavy, horizontal, cylindrical rollers, where it is crushed, its juice falling into receivers below, and the crushed cane passing off and falling into a pile on the other side.

This crushed cane, (*bagazo*) falling from between the rollers, is gathered into baskets, by men and women, who carry it on their heads into the fields and spread it for drying. There it is watched and tended as carefully as new-mown grass in haymaking, and raked into cocks or winrows, on an alarm of rain. When dry, it is placed under sheds for protection against wet. From the sheds and from the fields, it is loaded into carts and drawn to the furnace doors, into which it is thrown by negroes, who crowd it in by the armful, and rake it about with long poles. Here it feeds the perpetual fires by which the steam is made, the machinery moved, and the cane-juice boiled. The care of the *bagazo* is an important part of the system; for if that becomes wet and fails, the fires must stop, or resort be had to wood, which is scarce and expensive.

Thus, on one side of the rollers is the ceaseless current of fresh, full, juicy cane-stalks, just cut from the open field; and on the

other side, is the crushed, mangled, juiceless mass, drifting out at the draught, and fit only to be cast into the oven and burned. This is the way of the world, as it is the course of art. The cane is made to destroy itself. The ruined and corrupted furnish the fuel and fan the flame that lures on and draws in and crushes the fresh and wholesome; and the operation seems about as mechanical and unceasing in the one case as in the other.

From the rollers, the juice falls below into a large receiver, from which it flows into great, open vats, called defecators. These defecators are heated by the exhaust steam of the engine, led through them in pipes. All the steam condensed forms water, which is returned warm into the boiler of the engine. In the defecators, as their name denotes, the scum of the juice is purged off, so far as heat alone will do it. From the last defecator, the juice is passed through a trough into the first caldron. Of the caldrons, there is a series, or, as they call it, a train, through all which the juice must go. Each caldron is a large, deep, copper vat, heated very hot, in which the juice seethes and boils. At each, stands a strong negro, with long, heavy skimmer in hand, stirring the juice and skimming off the surface. This scum is collected and given to the hogs, or thrown upon the muck heap, and is said to be very fructifying. The juice is ladled from one caldron to the next, as fast as the office of each is finished. From the last caldron, where its complete crystallization is effected, it is transferred to coolers, which are large, shallow pans. When fully cooled, it looks like brown sugar and molasses mixed. It is then shovelled from the coolers into hogsheads. These hogsheads have holes bored in their bottom; and, to facilitate the drainage, strips of cane are placed in the hogshead, with their ends in these holes, and the hogshead is filled. The hogsheads are set on open frames, under which are copper receivers, on an inclined plane, to catch and carry off the drippings from the hogsheads. These drippings are the molasses, which is collected and put into tight casks.

I believe I have given the entire process. When it is remembered that all this, in every stage, is going on at once, within the limits of the mill, it may well be supposed to present a busy scene. The



smell of juice and of sugar-vapor, in all its stages, is intense. The negroes fatten on it. The clank of the engine, the steady grind of the machines, and the high, wild cry of the negroes at the caldrons to the stokers at the furnace doors, as they chant out their directions or wants—now for more fire, and now to scatter the fire—which must be heard above the din, “A-a-b’la! A-a-b’la!” “E-e-cha candelal!” “Pu-er-tal!”, and the barbaric African chant and chorus of the gang at work filling the cane-troughs;—all these make the first visit at the sugar-house a strange experience. But after one or two visits, the monotony is as tiresome as the first view is exciting. There is, literally, no change in the work. There are the same noises of the machines, the same cries from negroes at the same spots, the same intensely sweet smell, the same state of the work in all its stages, at whatever hour you visit it, whether in the morning, or evening, at midnight, or at the dawn of the day. If you wake up at night, you hear the “A-a-b’la! A-a-b’la!” “E-e-cha! E-e-cha!” of the caldron-men crying to the stokers, and the high, monotonous chant of the gangs filling the wagons or the trough, a short, improvisated stave, and then the chorus;—not a tune, like the song of sailors at the tackles and falls, but a barbaric, tuneless intonation.

When I went into the sugar-house, I saw a man with an unmistakably New England face in charge of the engine, with that look of intelligence and independence so different from the intelligence and independence of all other persons.

“Is not that a New England man?”

“Yes,” said Mr. C——, “he is from Lowell; and the engine was built in Lowell.”

When I found him at leisure, I made myself known to him, and he sat down on the brick work of the furnace, and had a good unburdening of talk; for he had not seen anyone from the United States for three months. He talked, like a true Yankee, of law and politics,—the Lowell Bar and Mr. Butler, Mr. Abbott and Mr. Wentworth; of the Boston Bar and Mr. Choate; of Massachusetts politics and Governor Banks; and of national politics and the Thirty Millions Bill, and whether it would pass, and what if it did.

This engineer is one of a numerous class, whom the sugar culture brings annually to Cuba. They leave home in the autumn, engage themselves for the sugar season, put the machinery in order, work it for the four or five months of its operation, clean and put it in order for lying by, and return to the United States in the spring. They must be machinists, as well as engineers; for all the repairs and contrivances, so necessary in a remote place, fall upon them. Their skill is of great value, and while on the plantation their work is incessant, and they have no society or recreations whatever. The occupation, however, is healthful, their position independent, and their pay large. This engineer had been several years in Cuba, and I found him well informed, and, I think, impartial and independent. He tells me, which I had also heard in Havana, that this plantation is a favorable specimen, both for skill and humanity, and is managed on principles of science and justice, and yields a large return. On many plantations,—on most, I suspect, from all I can learn—the negroes, during the sugar season, are allowed but four hours for sleep in the twenty-four, with one for dinner, and a half hour for breakfast, the night being divided into three watches, of four hours each, the laborers taking their turns. On this plantation, the laborers are in two watches, and divide the night equally between them, which gives them six hours for sleep. In the day, they have half an hour for breakfast and one hour for dinner. Here, too, the very young and the very old are excused from the sugar-house, and the nursing mothers have lighter duties and frequent intervals of rest. The women worked at cutting the cane, feeding the mill, carrying the *bagazo* in baskets, spreading and drying it, and filling the wagons; but not in the sugar-house itself, or at the furnace doors. I saw that no boys or girls were in the mill—none but full grown persons. The very small children do absolutely nothing all day, and the older children tend the cattle and run of errands. And the engineer tells me that in the long run this liberal system of treatment, as to hours and duties, yields a better return than a more stringent rule.

The regular and permanent officers of a plantation are the *mayoral* and *mayordomo*.

The *mayoral* is, under the master or his administrator, the chief mate or first lieutenant of the ship. He has the general oversight of the negroes, at their work or in their houses, and has the duty of exacting labor and enforcing discipline. Much depends on his character, as to the comfort of master and slaves. If he is faithful and just, there may be ease and comfort; but if he is not, the slaves are never sure of justice, and the master is sure of nothing. The *mayoral* comes, of necessity, from the middle class of whites, and is usually a native Cuban, and it is not often that a satisfactory one can be found or kept. The day before I arrived, in the height of the season, Mr. C—— had been obliged to dismiss his *mayoral*, on account of his conduct to the women, which was producing the worst results with them and with the men; and not long before, one was dismissed for conniving with the negroes in a wholesale system of theft, of which he got the lion's share.

The *mayordomo* is the purser, and has the immediate charge of the stores, produce, materials for labor, and provisions for consumption, and keeps the accounts. On well regulated plantations, he is charged with all the articles of use or consumption, and with the products as soon as they are in condition to be numbered, weighed, or counted, and renders his accounts of what is consumed or destroyed, and of the produce sent away.

There is also a *boyero*, who is the herdsman, and has charge of all the cattle. He is sometimes a negro.

Under the *mayoral*, are a number of *contra-mayorales*, who are the boatswain's mates of the ship, and correspond to the "drivers" of our southern plantations. One of them goes with every gang when set to work, whether in the field or elsewhere, and whether men or women, and watches and directs them, and enforces labor from them. The drivers carry under the arm, at all times, the short, limber plantation whip, the badge of their office and their means of compulsion. They are almost always negroes; and it is generally thought that negroes are not more humane in this office than the

low whites. On this plantation, it is three years since any slave has been whipped; and that punishment is never inflicted here on a woman. Near the negro quarters is a penitentiary, which is of stone, with three cells for solitary confinement, each dark, but well ventilated. Confinement in these, on bread and water, is the extreme punishment that has been found necessary for the last three years. The negro fears solitude and darkness, and covets his food, fire, and companionship.

With all the corps of hired white labor, the master must still be the real power, and on his character the comfort and success of the plantation depend. If he has skill as a chemist, a geologist, or a machinist, it is not lost but, except as to the engineer, who may usually be relied upon, the master must be capable of overseeing the whole economy of the plantation, or all will go wrong. His chief duty is to oversee the overseers; to watch his officers, the *mayoral*, the *mayordomo*, the *boyero*, and the sugar masters. These are mere hirelings, and of a low sort, such as a slave system reduces them to; and if they are lazy, the work slackens; and if they are ill-natured, somebody suffers. The mere personal presence of the master operates as a stimulus to the work. This afternoon young Mr. C—— and I took horses and rode out to the cane-field, where the people were cutting. They had been at work a half hour. He stopped his horse where they were when we came to them, and the next half hour, without a word from him, they had made double the distance of the first. It seems to me that the work of a plantation is what a clock would be that always required a man's hand pressing on the main spring. With the slave, the ultimate sanction is force. The motives of pride, shame, interest, ambition, and affection may be appealed to, and the minor punishments of degradation in duties, deprivation of food and sleep, and solitary confinement, may be resorted to; but the whip which the driver always carries, reminds the slave that if all else fails, the infliction of painful bodily punishment lies behind, and will be brought to bear, rather than that the question be left unsettled. Whether this extreme be reached, and how often it be reached, depends on the

personal qualities of the master. If he is lacking in self-control, he will fall into violence. If he has not the faculty of ruling by moral and intellectual power,—be he ever so humane, if he is not firm and intelligent, the bad among the slaves will get the upper hand, and he will be in danger of trying to recover his position by force. Such is the reasoning *à priori*.

At six o'clock, the large bell tolls the knell of parting day and the call to the *Oración*, which any who are religious enough can say, wherever they may be, at work or at rest. In the times of more religious strictness, the bell for the *Oración*, just at dusk, was the signal for prayer in every house and field, and even in the street, and for the benediction from parent to child and master to servant. Now, in the cities, it tolls unnoticed, and on the plantations, it is treated only as the signal for leaving off work. The distribution of provisions is made at the storehouse, by the *mayordomo*, my host superintending it in person. The people take according to the number in their families; and so well acquainted are all with the apportionment, that in only one or two instances were inquiries necessary. The kitchen fires are lighted in the quarters, and the evening meal is prepared. I went into the quarters before they were closed. A high wall surrounds an open square, in which are the houses of the negroes. This has one gate, which is locked at dark; and to leave the quarters after that time, is a serious offence. The huts were plain, but reasonably neat, and comfortable in their construction and arrangement. In some were fires, round which, even in this hot weather, the negroes like to gather. A group of little negroes came round the strange gentleman, and the smallest knelt down with uncovered heads, in a reverent manner, saying, "*Buenos dias Señor.*" I did not understand the purpose of this action, and as there was no one to explain the usage to me, I did them the injustice to suppose that they expected money, and distributed some small coins among them. But I learned afterwards that they were expecting the benediction,—the hand on the head, and the "*Dios te haga bueno.*" It was touching to see their simple, trusting faces turned up to the stranger,—countenances not yet wrought by

misfortune, or injury, or crime, into the strong expressions of mature life. None of these children, even the smallest, was naked, as one usually sees them in Havana. In one of the huts, a proud mother showed me her Herculean twin boys, sprawling in sleep on the bed. Before dark, the gate of the quarters is bolted, and the night is begun. But the fires of the sugar-house are burning, and half of the working people are on duty there for their six hours.

I sat for several hours with my host and his son, in the veranda, engaged in conversation, agreeable and instructive to me, on those topics likely to present themselves to a person placed as I was,—the state of Cuba, its probable future, its past, its relations to Europe and the United States, slavery, the Coolie problem, the free-negro-labor problem, and the agriculture, horticulture, trees and fruits of the island. The elder gentleman retired early, as he was to take the early train for Matanzas.

My sleeping-room is large and comfortable, with brick floor and glass windows, pure white bed linen and mosquito net, and ewer and basin scrupulously clean, bringing back, by contrast, visions of Le Grand's, and Antonio, and Domingo, and the sounds and smells of those upper chambers. The only moral I am entitled to draw from this is, that a well-ordered private house with slave labor, may be more neat and creditable than an ill-ordered public house with free labor. As the stillness of the room comes over me, I realize that I am far away in the hill country of Cuba, the guest of a planter, under this strange system, by which one man is enthroned in the labor of another race, brought from across the sea. The song of the negroes breaks out afresh from the fields, where they are loading up the wagons,—that barbaric undulation of sound:—

'Na-nu, A-ya,—Na-né, A-ya.'

and the recurrence of here and there a few words of Spanish, among which "*Mañana*" seemed to be a favorite. Once, in the middle of the night, I waked, to hear the strains again, as they worked in the open field, under the stars.

# The Plains of Patagonia

W. H. HUDSON

*Without doubt, W. H. Hudson is the most famous of all Anglo-American observers of Latin America, and together with his good friend, Cunninghame Graham, he really made the continent a worthy subject of serious literary treatment in English. Hudson did not write exclusively about South America, but he is best remembered for The Purple Land, Far Away and Long Ago and, most of all, Green Mansions, all of which are set there. The selection here chosen, however, is from Idle Days in Patagonia, for perhaps better than any other short piece, it illustrates the marvelous way in which Hudson combined his various faculties in dealing with one of the areas of the world he most loved. First of all Hudson was a naturalist, and his experiences with bird and animal life taught him the value of minute observation and gave him that serenity of outlook which underlay everything he wrote. Moreover, he was a naturally gifted stylist. Conrad acknowledged his gifts with these words:*

*"Hudson writes as the grass grows. The good God made it be there. And that is all there is to it."*

*Born in the outskirts of Buenos Aires at a town called Quilnes, Hudson was the son of American-born parents. He remained in the Argentine, living the life of a gaucho until 1870, but then at the age of twenty-nine, he decided to move to England. There he was fated to endure years of neglect before establishing his literary reputation, and Cunninghame Graham, who knew him well during this period, later said of him that he was a bird in London, caged by ill health and poverty. By the turn of the century, however, Hudson had begun to make his way, becoming relatively successful as a writer and a good friend of many of the leading literary figures of the period, among them Henry James, Ford Madox Ford, John Galsworthy and Joseph Conrad. In his last years he lived in Devon, and he died there in 1922.*

*The plains which Hudson describes are seemingly very dull: little more than endless stretches of flat land wholly unsuitable for human habitation. They are more dreary even than the steppes of Central Asia or the empty vistas of Texas. Yet it is this very quality of seeming emptiness that gives a certain splendor to the few living creatures that appear there. Under the immense sky which stretches like a dome over the olive-colored terrain, birds are seen as they really are: robins and sparrows may dart about a suburban garden, but they are rarely noticed; and although parrots and toucans fill the jungle, they are difficult to see because of the heavy vegetation; but when a flock of geese or a band of flamingoes soars up from the flat pampas, the birds appear in all their majesty. Still, above all it was the very blankness and emptiness of the place that most appealed to Hudson, and he soon realized that observation was no longer a conscious mental undertaking, but a sub-conscious and mystical process of self-realization.*



Near the end of Darwin's famous narrative of the voyage of the *Beagle* there is a passage which, for me, has a very special interest and significance. It is as follows, and the italicization is mine: —"In calling up images of the past, I find the plains of Patagonia frequently cross before my eyes; yet these plains are pronounced by all to be most wretched and useless. They are characterized only by negative possessions; without habitations, without water, without trees, without mountains, they support only a few dwarf plants. *Why, then—and the case is not peculiar to myself—have these arid wastes taken so firm possession of my mind?* Why have not the still more level, the greener and more fertile pampas, which are serviceable to mankind, produced an equal impression? I can scarcely analyze these feelings, but it must be partly owing to the free scope given to the imagination. The plains of Patagonia are boundless, for they are scarcely practicable, and hence unknown; they bear the stamp of having thus lasted for ages, and there appears no limit to their duration through future time. If, as the ancients supposed, the flat earth was surrounded by an impassable breadth of water, or by deserts heated to an intolerable excess, who would not look at these last boundaries to man's knowledge with deep but ill-defined sensations?"

That he did not in this passage hit on the right explanation of the sensations he experienced in Patagonia, and of the strength of the impressions it made on his mind, I am quite convinced; for the thing is just as true of to-day as of the time, in 1836, when he wrote that the case was not peculiar to himself. Yet since that date—which now, thanks to Darwin, seems so remote to the naturalist—those desolate regions have ceased to be impracticable, and, although still uninhabited and uninhabitable, except to a few nomads, they are no longer unknown. During the last twenty years the country has been crossed in various directions, from the Atlantic to the Andes, and from the Rio Negro to the Straits of Magellan, and has been found all barren. The mysterious illusive city, peopled by whites, which was long believed to exist in the unknown interior, in a valley called Trapalanda, is to moderns a myth, a

mirage of the mind, as little to the traveler's imagination as the glittering capital of great Manoa, which Alonzo Pizarro and his false friend Orellana failed to discover. The traveler of to-day really expects to see nothing more exciting than a solitary huanaco\* keeping watch on a hill-top, and a few gray-plumaged rheas flying from him, and, possibly, a band of long-haired roving savages, with their faces painted black and red. Yet, in spite of accurate knowledge, the old charm still exists in all its freshness; and after all the discomforts and sufferings endured in a desert cursed with eternal barrenness, the returned traveler finds in after years that it still keeps its hold on him, that it shines brighter in memory, and is dearer to him than any other region he may have visited.

We know that the more deeply our feelings are moved by any scene the more vivid and lasting will its image be in memory—a fact which accounts for the comparatively unfading character of the images that date back to the period of childhood, when we are most emotional. Judging from my own case, I believe that we have here the secret of the persistence of Patagonian images, and their frequent recurrence in the minds of many who have visited that gray, monotonous, and, in one sense, eminently uninteresting region. It is not the effect of the unknown, it is not imagination; it is that nature in these desolate scenes, for a reason to be guessed at by-and-by, moves us more deeply than in others. In describing his rambles in one of the most desolate spots in Patagonia, Darwin remarks: "Yet, in passing over these scenes, without one bright object near, an ill-defined but strong sense of pleasure is vividly excited." When I recall a Patagonian scene, it comes before me so complete in all its vast extent, with all its details so clearly outlined, that, if I were actually gazing on it, I could scarcely see it more distinctly; yet other scenes, even those that were beautiful and sublime, with forest, and ocean, and mountain, and over all the deep blue sky and brilliant sunshine of the tropics, appear no longer distinct and entire in memory, and only become more broken and

\* Editor's Note: Guanaco, or wild llama.

clouded if any attempt is made to regard them attentively. Here and there I see a wooded mountain, a grove of palms, a flowery tree, green waves dashing on a rocky shore—nothing but isolated patches of bright color, the parts of the picture that have not faded on a great blurred canvas, or series of canvases. These last are images of scenes which were looked on with wonder and admiration—feelings which the Patagonian wastes could not inspire—but the gray, monotonous solitude woke other and deeper feelings, and in that mental state the scene was indelibly impressed on the mind.

I spent the greater part of one winter at a point on the Rio Negro, seventy or eighty miles from the sea, where the valley on my side of the water was about five miles wide. The valley alone was habitable, where there was water for man and beast, and a thin soil producing grass and grain; it is perfectly level, and ends abruptly at the foot of the bank or terrace-like formation of the higher barren plateau. It was my custom to go out every morning on horseback with my gun, and, followed by one dog, to ride away from the valley; and no sooner would I climb the terrace and plunge into the gray universal thicket, than I would find myself as completely alone and cut off from all sight and sound of human occupancy as if five hundred instead of only five miles separated me from the hidden green valley and river. So wild and solitary and remote seemed that gray waste, stretching away into infinitude, a waste untrodden by man, and where the wild animals are so few that they have made no discoverable path in the wilderness of thorns. There I might have dropped down and died, and my flesh been devoured by birds, and my bones bleached white in sun and wind, and no person would have found them, and it would have been forgotten that one had ridden forth in the morning and had not returned. Or if, like the few wild animals there—puma, huanaco, and hare-like dolichotis, or Darwin's rhea and the crested tinamou among the birds—I had been able to exist without water, I might have made myself a hermitage of brushwood or dug-out in the side of a cliff, and dwelt there until I had grown gray as the

stones and trees around me, and no human foot would have stumbled on my hiding-place.

Not once, nor twice, nor thrice, but day after day I returned to this solitude, going to it in the morning as if to attend a festival, and leaving it only when hunger and thirst and the westering sun compelled me. And yet I had no object in going—no motive which could be put into words; for although I carried a gun, there was nothing to shoot—the shooting was all left behind in the valley. Sometimes a *dolichotis*, starting up at my approach, flashed for one moment on my sight, to vanish the next moment in the continuous thicket; or a covey of tinamous sprang rocket-like into the air, and fled away with long wailing notes and loud whirl of wings; or on some distant hill-side a bright patch of yellow, of a deer that was watching me, appeared and remained motionless for two or three minutes. But the animals were few, and sometimes I would pass an entire day without seeing one mammal, and perhaps not more than a dozen birds of any size. The weather at that time was cheerless, generally with a gray film of cloud spread over the sky, and a bleak wind, often cold enough to make my bridle hand feel quite numb. Moreover, it was not possible to enjoy a canter; the bushes grew so close together that it was as much as one could do to pass through at a walk without brushing against them; and at this slow pace, which would have seemed intolerable in other circumstances, I would ride about for hours at a stretch. In the scene itself there was nothing to delight the eye. Everywhere through the light, gray mold, gray as ashes and formed by the ashes of myriads of generations of dead trees, where the wind had blown on it, or the rain had washed it away, the underlying yellow sand appeared, and the old ocean-polished pebbles, dull red, and gray, and green, and yellow. On arriving at a hill, I would slowly ride to its summit, and stand there to survey the prospect. On every side it stretched away in great undulations; but the undulations were wild and irregular; the hills were rounded and cone-shaped, they were solitary and in groups and ranges; some sloped gently, others were ridge-like and stretched away in league-long terraces, with

other terraces beyond; and all alike were clothed in the gray everlasting thorny vegetation. How gray it all was! hardly less so near at hand than on the haze-wrapped horizon, where the hills were dim and the outline blurred by distance. Sometimes I would see the large eagle-like, white-breasted buzzard, *Buteo erythronotus*, perched on the summit of a bush half a mile away; and so long as it would continue stationed motionless before me my eyes would remain involuntarily fixed on it, just as one keeps his eyes on a bright light shining in the gloom; for the whiteness of the hawk seemed to exercise a fascinating power on the vision, so surpassingly bright was it by contrast in the midst of that universal unrelieved grayness. Descending from my look-out, I would take up my aimless wanderings again, and visit other elevations to gaze on the same landscape from another point; and so on for hours, and at noon I would dismount and sit or lie on my folded poncho for an hour or longer. One day in these rambles, I discovered a small grove composed of twenty to thirty trees, about eighteen feet high, and taller than the surrounding trees. They were growing at a convenient distance apart, and had evidently been resorted to by a herd of deer or other wild animals for a very long time, for the boles were polished to a glassy smoothness with much rubbing, and the ground beneath was trodden to a floor of clean, loose yellow sand. This grove was on a hill differing in shape from other hills in its neighborhood, so that it was easy for me to find it on other occasions; and after a time I made a point of finding and using it as a resting-place every day at noon. I did not ask myself why I made choice of that one spot, sometimes going miles out of my way to sit there, instead of sitting down under any one of the millions of trees and bushes covering the country, on any other hillside. I thought nothing at all about it, but acted unconsciously; only afterwards, when revolving the subject, it seemed to me that after having rested there once, each time I wished to rest again the wish came associated with the image of that particular clump of trees, with polished stems and clean bed of sand beneath; and in a

short time I formed a habit of returning, animal-like, to repose at that same spot.

It was perhaps a mistake to say that I would sit down and rest, since I was never tired: and yet without being tired, that noonday pause, during which I sat for an hour without moving, was strangely grateful. All day the silence seemed grateful, it was very perfect, very profound. There were no insects, and the only bird sound—a feeble chirp of alarm emitted by a small skulking wren-like species—was not heard oftener than two or three times an hour. The only sounds as I rode were the muffled hoof-strokes of my horse, scratching of twigs against my boot or saddle-flap, and the low panting of the dog. And it seemed to be a relief to escape even from these sounds when I dismounted and sat down: for in a few moments the dog would stretch his head out on his paws and go to sleep, and then there would be no sound, not even the rustle of a leaf. For unless the wind blows strong there is no fluttering motion and no whisper in the small stiff undeciduous leaves; and the bushes stand unmoving as if carved out of stone. One day while *listening* to the silence, it occurred to my mind to wonder what the effect would be if I were to shout aloud. This seemed at the time a horrible suggestion of fancy, a "lawless and uncertain thought" which almost made me shudder, and I was anxious to dismiss it quickly from my mind. But during those solitary days it was a rare thing for any thought to cross my mind; animal forms did not cross my vision or bird-voices assail my hearing more rarely. In that novel state of mind I was in, thought had become impossible. Elsewhere I had always been able to think most freely on horseback; and on the pampas, even in the most lonely places, my mind was always most active when I traveled at a swinging gallop. This was doubtless habit; but now, with a horse under me, I had become incapable of reflection: my mind had suddenly transformed itself from a thinking machine into a machine for some other unknown purpose. To think was like setting in motion a noisy engine in my brain; and there was something there which bade me be still, and I was forced to obey. My state was one of

*suspense and watchfulness*: yet I had no expectation of meeting with an adventure, and felt as free from apprehension as I feel now when sitting in a room in London. The change in me was just as great and wonderful as if I had changed my identity for that of another man or animal; but at the time I was powerless to wonder at or speculate about it; the state seemed familiar rather than strange, and although accompanied by a strong feeling of elation, I did not know it—did not know that something had come between me and my intellect—until I lost it and returned to my former self—to thinking, and the old insipid existence.

Such changes in us, however brief in duration they may be, and in most cases they are very brief, but which so long as they last seem to affect us down to the very roots of our being, and come as a great surprise—a revelation of an unfamiliar and unsuspected nature hidden under the nature we are conscious of—can only be attributed to an instantaneous reversion to the primitive and wholly savage mental conditions. Probably not many men exist who would be unable to recall similar cases in their own experience; but it frequently happens that the revived instinct is so purely animal in character and repugnant to our refined or humanitarian feelings, that it is sedulously concealed and its promptings resisted. In the military and seafaring vocations, and in lives of travel and adventure, these sudden and surprising reversions are most frequently experienced. The excitement affecting men going into battle, which even affects those who are constitutionally timid and will cause them to exhibit a reckless daring and contempt of danger astonishing to themselves, is a familiar instance. This instinctive courage has been compared to intoxication, but it does not, like alcohol, obscure a man's faculties: on the contrary, he is far more keenly active to everything going on around him than the person who keeps perfectly cool. The man who is coolly courageous in fight has his faculties in their ordinary condition: the faculties of the man who goes into battle inflamed with instinctive, joyous excite-

ment are sharpened to a preternatural keenness.\* When the constitutionally timid man has had an experience of this kind he looks back on the day that brought it to him as the happiest he has known, one that stands out brightly and shines with a strange glory among his days.

When we are suddenly confronted with any terrible danger, the change of nature we undergo is equally great. In some cases fear paralyzes us, and, like animals, we stand still, powerless to move a step in flight, or to lift a hand in defense of our lives; and sometimes we are seized with panic, and, again, act more like the inferior animals than rational beings. On the other hand, frequently in cases of sudden extreme peril, which cannot be escaped by flight, and must be instantly faced, even the most timid men at once, as if by miracle, become possessed of the necessary courage, sharp, quick apprehension, and swift decision. This is a miracle very common in nature; man and the inferior animals alike, when confronted with almost certain death "gather resolution from despair." We are accustomed to call this the "courage of despair"; but there can really be no trace of so debilitating a feeling in the person fighting, or prepared to fight, for dear life. At such times the mind is clearer than it has ever been; the nerves are steel; there is nothing felt but a wonderful strength and fury and daring. Looking back at certain perilous moments in my own life, I remember them with a kind of joy; not that there was any joyful excitement then, but because they brought me a new experience—a new nature, as it were—and lifted me for a time above myself. And yet, comparing myself with other men, I find that on ordinary occasions my courage is rather below than above the average. And probably this instinctive courage, which flashes out so brightly on occasions, is inherited by a very large majority of the male children born into

\* In an article on "Courage," by Lord Wolseley, in the *Fortnightly Review* for August, 1889, there occurs the following passage, descriptive of the state of mind experienced by men in fight:—"All maddening pleasures seem to be compressed into that very short space of time, and yet every sensation experienced in those fleeting moments is so indelibly impressed on the brain that not even the most trifling incident is ever forgotten in after life."



the world; only in civilized life the exact conjuncture of circumstances needed to call it into activity rarely occurs.

In hunting, again, instinctive impulses come very much to the surface. Leech caricatured Gallic ignorance of fox-hunting in England when he made his French gentleman gallop over the hounds and dash away to capture the fox himself; but the sketch may be also taken as a comic illustration of a feeling that exists in every one of us. If any sportsman among my readers has ever been confronted with some wild animal—a wild dog, a pig, or cat, let us say—when he had no firearm or other weapon to kill it in the usual civilized way, and has nevertheless attacked it, driven by a sudden uncontrollable impulse, with a hunting knife, or anything that came to hand, and has succeeded in slaying it, I would ask such a one whether this victory did not give him a greater satisfaction than all his other achievements in the field? After it, all legitimate sport would seem illegitimate, and whole hecatombs of hares and pheasants, and even large animals, fallen before his gun, would only stir in him a feeling of disgust and self-contempt. He would probably hold his tongue about a combat of that brutal kind, but all the same he would gladly remember how in some strange, unaccountable way he suddenly became possessed of the daring, quickness, and certitude necessary to hold his wily, desperate foe in check, to escape its fangs and claws, and finally to overcome it. Above all, he would remember the keen feeling of savage joy experienced in the contest. This would make all ordinary sport seem insipid; to kill a rat in some natural way would seem better to him than to murder elephants scientifically from a safe distance. The feeling occasionally bursts out in the *Story of My Heart*: "To shoot with a gun is nothing. . . . Give me an iron mace that I may crush the savage beast and hammer him down. A spear to thrust him through with, so that I may feel the long blade enter, and the push of the shaft." And more in the same strain, shocking to some, perhaps, but showing that gentle Richard Jefferies had in him some of the elements of a fine barbarian.

But it is in childhood and boyhood, when instincts are nearest

to the surface, and ready when occasion serves to spring into activity. Inherited second nature is weakest then; and habit has not progressed far in weaving its fine network of restraining influences over the primitive nature. The network is continually being strengthened in the individual's life, and, in the end he is cased, like the caterpillar, in an impervious cocoon; only, as we have seen, there are in life miraculous moments when the cocoon suddenly dissolves, or becomes transparent, and he is permitted to see himself in his original nakedness. The delight which children experience on entering woods and other wild places is very keen; and this feeling, although it diminishes as we advance in life, remains with us to the last. Equally great is their delight at finding wild fruits, honey, and other natural food; and even when not hungry they will devour it with strange zest. They will gladly feast on sour, acrid fruits, which at table, and picked in the garden, would only excite disgust. This instinctive seeking for food, and the delight experienced in finding it, occasionally comes up in very unexpected and surprising ways. "As I came through the wood," says Thoreau, "I caught a glimpse of a woodchuck stealing across my path, and felt a strange thrill of savage delight, and was strongly tempted to seize and devour him raw; not that I was hungry then, except for the wildness which he represented."

In almost all cases—those in which danger is encountered and rage experienced being exceptions—the return to an instinctive or primitive state of mind is accompanied by this feeling of elation, which, in the very young, rises to an intense gladness, and sometimes makes them mad with joy, like animals newly escaped from captivity. And, for a similar reason, the civilized life is one of continual repression, although it may not seem so until a glimpse of nature's wildness, a taste of adventure, an accident, suddenly makes it seem unspeakably irksome; and in that state we feel that our loss in departing from nature exceeds our gain.

It was elation of this kind, the feeling experienced on going back to a mental condition we have outgrown, which I had in the Patagonian solitude; for I had undoubtedly *gone back*; and that

state of intense watchfulness, or alertness rather, with suspension of the higher intellectual faculties, represented the mental state of the pure savage. He thinks little, reasons little, having a surer guide in his instinct; he is in perfect harmony with nature, and is nearly on a level, mentally, with the wild animals he preys on, and which in their turn sometimes prey on him. If the plains of Patagonia affect a person in this way, even in a much less degree than in my case, it is not strange that they impress themselves so vividly on the mind, and remain fresh in memory, and return frequently; while other scenery, however grand or beautiful, fades gradually away, and is at last forgotten. To a slight, in most cases probably a very slight, extent, all natural sights and sounds affect us in the same way; but the effect is often transitory, and is gone with the first shock of pleasure, to be followed in some cases by a profound and mysterious melancholy. The greenness of earth; forest and river and hill; the blue haze and distant horizon; shadows of clouds sweeping over the sun-flushed landscape—to see it all is like returning to a home, which is more truly our home than any habitation we know. The cry of the wild bird pierces us to the heart; we have never heard that cry before, and it is more familiar to us than our mother's voice. "I heard," says Thoreau, "a robin in the distance, the first I had heard for many a thousand years, methought, whose note I shall not forget for many a thousand more,—the same sweet and powerful song as of yore. O the evening robin!" Hafiz sings:—

O breeze of the morning blow me a memory of the ancient time;  
If after a thousand years thy odors should float o'er my dust,  
My bones, full of gladness uprising, would dance in the sepulcher!

And we ourselves are the living sepulchers of a dead past—that past which was ours for so many thousands of years before this life of the present began; its old bones are slumbering in us—dead, and yet not dead nor deaf to Nature's voices; the noisy burn, the roar of the waterfall, and thunder of long waves on the shore, and the sound of rain and whispering winds in the multitudinous

leaves, bring us a memory of the ancient time; and the bones rejoice and dance in their sepulcher.

Professor W. K. Parker, in his work *On Mammalian Descent*, speaking of the hairy covering almost universal in this class of animals, says: "This has become, as every one knows, a custom among the race of men, and shows, at present, no sign of becoming obsolete. Moreover, that first correlation, namely, milk-glands and a hairy covering, appears to have entered the very soul of creatures of this class, and to have become *psychical* as well as *physical*, for in that type, which is only inferior to the angels, the fondness for this kind of outer covering is a strong and ineradicable passion." I am not sure that this view accords with some facts in our experience, and with some instinctive feelings which we all have. Like Waterton I have found that the feet take very kindly to the earth, however hot or cold or rough it may be, and that shoes, after being left off for a short time, seem as uncomfortable as a mask. The face is always uncovered; why does the supposed correlation not apply to this part? The face is pleasantly warm when the too delicate body shivers with cold under its covering; and pleasantly cool when the sun shines hot on us. When the wind strikes us on a hot day, or during violent exercise, the sensation to the face is extremely agreeable, but far from agreeable to the body where the covering does not allow the moisture to evaporate rapidly. The umbrella has not entered the soul—not yet; but it is miserable to get wet in the rain, yet pleasant to feel the rain on the face. "I am all face," the naked American savage said, to explain why he felt no discomfort from the bleak wind which made his civilized fellow-traveler shiver in his furs. Again, what a relief, what a pleasure, to throw off the clothes when occasion permits. Leigh Hunt wrote an amusing paper on the pleasures of going to bed, when the legs, long separated by unnatural clothing, delightedly rub against and renew their acquaintance with one another. Every one knows the feeling. If it were convenient, and custom not so tyrannical, many of us would be glad to follow Benjamin Franklin's example, and rise not to dress, but to settle comfortably down to our morning's work, with

nothing on. When, for the first time, in some region where nothing but a fig-leaf has "entered the soul," we see men and women going about naked and unashamed, we experience a slight shock; but it has more pleasure than pain in it, although we are reluctant to admit the pleasure, probably because we mistake the nature of the feeling. If, after seeing them for a few days in their native simplicity, our new friends appear before us clothed, we are shocked again, and this time disagreeably so; it is like seeing those who were free and joyous yesterday now appear with fettered feet and sullen downcast faces.

To leave this question; what has truly entered our soul and become psychical is our environment—that wild nature in which and to which we were born at an inconceivably remote period, and which made us what we are. It is true that we are eminently adaptive, that we have created, and exist in some sort of harmony with new conditions, widely different from those to which we were originally adapted; but the old harmony was infinitely more perfect than the new, and if there be such a thing as historical memory in us, it is not strange that the sweetest moment in any life, pleasant or dreary, should be when Nature draws near to it, and, taking up her neglected instrument, plays a fragment of some ancient melody, long unheard on the earth.

It might be asked: If nature has at times this peculiar effect on us, restoring instantaneously the old vanished harmony between organism and environment, why should it be experienced in a greater degree in the Patagonian desert than in other solitary places,—a desert which is waterless, where animal voices are seldom heard, and vegetation is gray instead of green? I can only suggest a reason for the effect being so much greater in my own case. In sub-tropical woods and thickets, and in wild forests in temperate regions, the cheerful verdure and bright colors of flower and insects, if we have acquired a habit of looking closely at these things, and the melody and noises of bird-life engages the senses; there is movement and brightness; new forms, animal and vegetable, are continually appearing, curiosity and expectation are ex-

cited, and the mind is so much occupied with novel objects that the effect of wild nature in its entirety is minimized. In Patagonia the monotony of the plains, or expanse of low hills, the universal unrelieved grayness of everything, and the absence of animal forms and objects new to the eye, leave the mind open and free to receive an impression of visible nature as a whole. One gazes on the prospect as on the sea, for it stretches away sea-like, without change, into infinitude; but without the sparkle of water, the changes of hue which shadows and sunlight and nearness and distance give, and motion of waves and white flash of foam. It has a look of antiquity, of desolation, of eternal peace, of a desert that has been a desert from of old and will continue a desert for ever; and we know that its only human inhabitants are a few wandering savages, who live by hunting as their progenitors have done for thousands of years. Again, in fertile savannahs and pampas there may appear no signs of human occupancy, but the traveler knows that eventually the advancing tide of humanity will come with its flocks and herds, and the ancient silence and desolation will be no more; and this thought is like human companionship, and mitigates the effect of nature's wildness on the spirit. In Patagonia no such thought or dream of the approaching changes to be wrought by human agency can affect the mind. There is no water there, the arid soil is sand and gravel—pebbles rounded by the action of ancient seas, before Europe was; and nothing grows except the barren things that nature loves—thorns, and a few woody herbs, and scattered tufts of wiry bitter grass.

Doubtless we are not all affected in solitude by wild nature in the same degree; even in the Patagonian wastes many would probably experience no such mental change as I have described. Others have their instincts nearer to the surface, and are moved deeply by nature in any solitary place; and I imagine that Thoreau was such a one. At all events, although he was without the Darwinian lights which we have, and these feelings were always to him "strange," "mysterious," "unaccountable," he does not conceal them. This is the "something uncanny in Thoreau" which seems inexplicable

and startling to such as have never been startled by nature, nor deeply moved; but which, to others, imparts a peculiarly delightful aromatic flavor to his writings. It is his wish towards a more primitive mode of life, his strange abandonment when he scours the wood like a half-starved hound, and no morsel could be too savage for him; the desire to take a ranker hold on life and live more as the animals do; the sympathy with nature so keen that it takes his breath away; the feeling that all the elements were congenial to him, which made the wildest scenes unaccountably familiar, so that he came and went with a strange liberty in nature. Once only he had doubts, and thought that human companionship might be essential to happiness; but he was at the same time conscious of a slight insanity in the mood; and he soon again became sensible of the sweet beneficent society of nature, of an infinite and unaccountable friendliness all at once like an atmosphere sustaining him.

In the limits of a chapter it is impossible to do more than touch the surface of so large a subject as that of the instincts and remains of instincts existing in us. Dr. Wallace doubts that there are any human instincts, even in the perfect savage; which seems strange in so keen an observer, and one who has lived so much with nature and uncivilized men; but it must be borne in mind that his peculiar theories with regard to man's origin—the acquisition of large brains, naked body, and the upright form not through but in spite of natural selection—would predispose him to take such a view. My own experience and observation have led me to a contrary conclusion, and my belief is that we might learn something by looking more beneath the hardened crust of custom into the still burning core. For instance, that experience I had in Patagonia—the novel state of mind I have described—seemed to furnish an answer to a question frequently asked with regard to men living in a state of nature. When we consider that our intellect, unlike that of the inferior animals, is progressive, how wonderful it seems that communities and tribes of men should exist—"are contented to exist," we often say, just as if they had any choice in the

matter—for ages and for thousands of years in a state of pure barbarism, living from hand to mouth, exposed to extremes of temperature, and to frequently-recurring famine even in the midst of the greatest fertility, when a little foresight—"the smallest amount of intelligence possessed by the lowest of mankind," we say—would be sufficient to make their condition immeasurably better. If, in the wild natural life, their normal state is like that into which I temporarily fell, then it no longer appears strange to me that they take no thought for the morrow, and remain stationary, and are only a little removed from other mammals, their superiority in this respect being only sufficient to counterbalance their physical disadvantages. That instinctive state of the human mind, when the higher faculties appear to be non-existent, a state of intense alertness and preparedness, which compels the man to watch and listen and go silently and stealthily, must be like that of the lower animals: the brain is then like a highly-polished mirror, in which all visible nature—every hill, tree, leaf—is reflected with miraculous clearness; and we can imagine that if the animal could think and reason, thought would be superfluous and a hindrance, since it would dim that bright perception on which his safety depends.

That is a part, the lesser part, of the lesson I learnt in the Patagonian solitude: the second larger part must be cut very short; for on all sides it leads to other questions, some of which would probably be thought "more curious than edifying." That hidden fiery core is nearer to us than we ordinarily imagine, and its heat still permeates the crust to keep us warm. This is, no doubt, a matter of annoyance and even grief to those who grow impatient at Nature's unconscionable slowness; who wish to be altogether independent of such an underlying brute energy; to live on a cool crust and rapidly grow angelic. But, as things are, it is, perhaps, better to be still, for a while, a little lower than the angels: we are hardly in a position just yet to dispense with the unangelic qualities, even in this exceedingly complex state, in which we appear to be so effectually "hedged in from harm." I recall here an incident witnessed by



a friend of mine of an Indian he and his fellow-soldiers were pursuing who might easily have escaped unharmed; but when his one companion was thrown to the ground through his horse falling, the first Indian turned deliberately, sprang to the earth, and, standing motionless by the other's side, received the white men's bullets. Not for love—it would be absurd to suppose such a thing—but inspired by that fierce instinctive spirit of defiance which in some cases will actually cause a man to go out of his way to seek death. Why are we, children of light—the light which makes us timid—so strongly stirred by a deed like this, so useless and irrational, and feel an admiration so great that compared with it that which is called forth by the noblest virtue, or the highest achievement of the intellect, seems like a pale dim feeling? It is because in our inmost natures, our deepest feelings, we are still one with the savage. We admire a Gordon less for his godlike qualities—his spirituality, and crystal purity of heart, and justice, and love of his kind—than for that more ancient nobility, the qualities he had in common with the wild man of childish intellect, an old Viking, a fighting Colonel Burnaby, a Captain Webb who madly flings his life away, a vulgar Welsh prizefighter who enters a den full of growling lions, and drives them before him like frightened sheep. It is due to this instinctive savage spirit in us, in spite of our artificial life and all we have done to rid ourselves of an inconvenient heritage, that we are capable of so-called heroic deeds; of cheerfully exposing ourselves to the greatest privations and hardships, suffering them stoically, and facing death without blenching, sacrificing our lives, as we say, in the cause of humanity, or geography, or some other branch of science.

It is related that a late aged prime minister of England on one occasion stood for several hours at his sovereign's side at a reception, in an oppressive atmosphere, and suffering excruciating pains from a gouty foot; yet making no sign and concealing his anguish under a smiling countenance. We have been told that this showed his good blood: that because he came of a good stock, and had the training and traditional feelings of a gentleman, he was able to

suffer in that calm way. This pretty delusion quickly vanishes in a surgical hospital, or on a field covered with wounded men after a fight. But the savage always endures pain more stoically than the civilized man. He is

Self-balanced against contingencies,  
As the trees and animals are.

However great the sufferings of the gouty premier may have been, they were less than those which any Indian youth in Guiana and Venezuela voluntarily subjects himself to before he ventures to call himself a man, or to ask for a wife. Small in comparison, yet he did not endure them smilingly because the traditional pride and other feelings of a gentleman made it possible for him to do so, but because that more ancient and nobler pride, the stern instinct of endurance of the savage, came to his aid and sustained him.

These things do not, or at all events should not, surprise us. They can only surprise those who are without the virile instinct, or who have never become conscious of it on account of the circumstances of their lives. The only wonder is that the stern indomitable spirit in us should ever in any circumstances fail a man, that even on the scaffold or with the world against him he should be overcome by despair, and burst into weak tears and lamentations, and faint in the presence of his fellows. In one of the most eloquent passages of his finest work Herman Melville describes as follows that manly spirit or instinct in us, and the effect produced on us by the sight of its failure: "Men may seem detestable as joint-stock companies and nations; knaves, fools, and murderers there may be; men may have mean and meager faces; but man, in the ideal, is so noble and so sparkling, such a grand and glowing creature, that over any ignominious blemish in him all his fellows should run to throw their costliest robes. That immaculate manliness we feel in ourselves—so far within us that it remains intact though all the outer character seems gone—bleeds with keenest anguish at the spectacle of a valor-ruined man. Nor can piety itself, at such a shameful sight, completely stifle her upbraidings

against the permitting stars. But this august dignity I treat of, is not the dignity of kings and robes, but the abounding dignity which has no robed investiture. Thou shalt see it shining in the arm that wields a pick and drives a spike; that democratic dignity which, on all hands, radiates without end from God Himself."

There is then something to be said in favor of this animal and primitive nature in us. Thoreau, albeit so spiritually-minded, could yet "reverence" that lower nature in him which made him brother to the brute. He experienced and fully appreciated its tonic effect. And until we get a better civilization more equal in its ameliorating effect on all classes—if there must be classes—and more likely to endure, it is perhaps a fortunate thing that we have so far failed to eliminate the "savage" in us—the "Old Man" as some might prefer to call it. Not a respectable Old Man, but a very useful one occasionally, when we stand in sore need of his services and he comes promptly and unsummoned to our aid.

# Un Angelito

ROBERT BONTINE CUNNINGHAME  
GRAHAM

*Cunninghame Graham's birth in London in 1852 was the only prosaic event in his life, for not only did he become an accomplished writer, but he was also one of the most active and adventurous men of his time. On his father's side, he was in the direct line of descent from King Robert II, the founder of the Stuart dynasty, and was considered by many to be the "uncrowned King of Scotland." His mother, by contrast, was Spanish by birth, and as a result Graham had all of the physical characteristics of one of Velasquez's hidalgos. Following two years at Harrow and a period of study in Brussels, Graham set out at the age of seventeen to become a rancher in the Argentine, and there for a number of years he lived the life of a gaucho. Soon well known in the pampas as "Don Roberto," he eventually returned to Europe, where he then met and married a beautiful Chilean girl of French parentage. Next on the agenda were a number of months in Texas, where he became a friend of Buffalo Bill. This interlude was spoiled, however, by the theft of all of*

his funds, and as a result he moved to Mexico City where, as Señor Bontini, he opened a fencing academy. While there, he learned that his father had died in Scotland, leaving tremendous debts. Concerned for his tenants, Don Roberto immediately left Mexico and spent the next few years in his own country endeavoring to straighten out his family affairs. His experiences with creditors soon made him politically conscious: he was elected to Parliament and became renowned as the aristocrat whose particular concern was the protection of the poor and down-trodden. His Parliamentary career was typically boisterous, and he was suspended from the House for using violent language. Summoned by the Speaker to withdraw some comments he had made, Don Roberto replied with spirit, "I never withdraw!"—a remark which much pleased Bernard Shaw. During this same period, Graham was arrested for allegedly having helped instigate a riot in Trafalgar Square, and although he was an M.P., he was sentenced to six weeks in prison.

Further adventures were to follow, including gold prospecting in Spain and an attempt to visit a "forbidden" Moroccan city, which he described in Mogreb-el-Acksa, but these were never more than interludes between the principal interests of his life, Scotland and the Argentine—and, of course, horses. Wherever he went, he was accompanied by his Argentine mustang, Pampa, and surely one of the most distasteful jobs he ever accepted was his commission to purchase horses in South America for use by the British Army in France during the First World War.

In 1936 Cunninghame Graham took his last trip to the Argentine: he was eighty-four years old, his wife had long since died and he was really very weak. Yet one of the first things he did was to visit Hudson's old house that stood by an Ombú tree on the outskirts of Buenos Aires. The exertions of the trip

*finally proved to be too much for him, however, and not long after his arrival he died. This event virtually caused national mourning, and the citizens of Buenos Aires formed an immense procession to accompany his body to the ship that was to take it back to Scotland.*

*Cunninghame Graham was one of a very small number of Englishmen who have written extensively about Latin America. The story that follows, "Un Angelito," is taken from The Ipaní. Other books include A Vanished Arcadia and Portrait of a Dictator, which is a biography of Francisco López of Paraguay; Catagena, ostensibly a guide; and Success, a volume of short stories.*

All day we had been riding over the south "*campo*" of the prairie of Buenos Ayres, between the mountains of Tandil and where the trail which led to Bahía Blanca crosses the Tres Arroyos.

It seemed that never had our "*tropilla*" given so much trouble to drive; still it was well selected, both as to colour and general undesirability to ride. The mare was brown and white, the foal which followed her, lemon and white with four black feet, the horses black and white, all with their manes well hogged after the Gaucho fashion, leaving a lock upon the withers by which to mount; and all in such condition that one could have counted money on their backs—two of them were neither tame nor wild; two neither wild nor tame; two but half broken (*medio bagualon*), one difficult to mount, another almost impossible to catch, and when caught, worth nothing but to fasten to a stake at night to drive the others up on, in the morning; and one but fitted, as the Gauchos say, to make a perch for a wild bird.

The suffocating north wind blew hot and fatiguing as the Hamsin. On every side a sea of grass, grass and more grass; "*paja y cielo*" (grass and sky), as the natives of the country style their favourite landscape.

Nothing to break the brown eternity of the Pampa but here and there a green ombú, shaped like an umbrella, or an occasional straggling line of Pampa grass, which marked the edges of some watercourse, and by comparison seemed as tall as does a poplar in the plains of Lombardy.

An ostrich now and then scudded across our path, with wings spread out to catch the wind, like a ship running down the North-East Trades.

Sometimes a Patagonian hare sprang from the grass and lurched, apparently quite slowly, out of sight.

In the district we were crossing, all the rivers salt, and, though as clear as crystal, bitter as gall. The rare travellers, seen from afar, almost hull down like ships upon the sea, grew by degrees larger as they approached, and hat, and poncho, and then saddle and horse came into sight.

When they drew near, they drove their horses all together, and coming forward, riding from side to side, holding their pistol or "*facon*,"\* advanced, halted a stone-throw off, shouting their salutations. If all seemed right, they then advanced and asked for news about the Indians; for all the country had been laid waste, the houses burnt, men killed, and women and cattle carried off, about a week before.

It usually appeared that the next house—that is, the one the traveller had left three leagues behind—was smouldering, the body of the owner lying before the door, swollen to the dimensions of an ox, and festering in the sun.

We in our turn related how at the "*puesto*" five leagues away, close to the pass of the Quequen Salado, we had seen a woman's body hanging naked to a post, and decorated with leaves torn from a Bible skewered artistically about it where decency required.

With mutual recommendations to have prudence, to beware of smokes,† to ride with care, to get off at the little hills which break

\* A "*facon*" is a long knife which serves either to eat with or to cut a man's throat (in the slang of the Pampas, "*hacer la obra santa*").

† The Indians signal to one another by the smoke of fires.

the Pampa into inequalities, and crawling up to scan the horizon well before descending, we separated with a fallacious "Go with God," knowing full well our only trust was in our spurs.

Not quite the sort of time that any one would choose to sleep out on the open "camp."

Towards evening we reached what in those countries is called by courtesy, a fort—that is, it had been once a fort, and therefore had a shallow ditch all round it, and a flat roof, on which reposed a rusty cannon, choking the embrasure.

Around the fort a grove of peaches, known as the "*Monte*," straggled and furnished a fruit, hard as a turnip, but esteemed a delicacy upon the plains.

A strong corral of posts of *ñandubay*, all bound together with strips of hide, and a "*palenque*"—that is, a post to fasten horses to—formed the outworks to the place.

The "*palenque*" marks the boundary to which the wayfaring man, if not a fool, may safely venture on his horse.

To pass beyond it uninvited, especially at night, exposes one to the chance of a casual shot, or at the least to the assaults of a pack of dogs which seize your horse's tail.

Your *caballero* leaves his horses some way off, and rides up slowly, and still sitting on his horse, calls "*Ave Maria!*" in a loud voice, to which the owner answers, "*Sin pecado concebida*," and invites him to get off.

Religion and politeness being thus satisfied, the traveller dismounts, ties up his horse, enters the kitchen, and sits down on a horse's head beside the fire.

The quantity of saddled horses standing outside the house portended something of an unusual kind.

To the "*palenque*," to the wheels of bullock-carts, to posts in corral, to tufts of grass, to bones half-buried in the ground, stood horses tied.

Every variety of the piebald race was there—"overo negro," "*alazan overo*," "*entrepelado*," "*overo porcelano*," "*azulejo*," with



"*tuviano*" and "*yaguané*"—they all were there, looking as bright and variegated as is a bed of tulips in the setting sun.

Some of them merely hobbled by the forefeet, and weighted down with silver bridles, with heavy "cups" on either side of the mouth, with silver reins seven feet in length tied back upon the saddles, making them arch their necks like rocking-horses; the saddles silver-mounted, silver their "*fiadores*" and "*pretales*," silvered so to speak, like clippers, to the bends; the very rings which formed the buckles of their broad hide girths being of heavy plate. Others, again, were saddled with an old "*recado*," not worth a dollar (even of Bolivia); a sheepskin on the top, the stirrups merely knots of hide made to be caught between the naked toes. These last sat back on their "*Cabrestos*" and snorted as you passed them, causing their owners to rush hurriedly from out of the house to see if there was danger of their saddles disappearing, and then to mutter, when the horse was quieted, that he was "*medio redomon*" (that is, but mounted a few times), "for the accursed infidel had taken all the tame horses and left the '*pago*' upon foot." It puzzled me to think why after an invasion of the Indians so many people had come to visit my acquaintance, Eustaquio Medina, known also as Eustaquio el Tejon.

Soon he came out and welcomed me, asking me to dismount, hobble my mare, and carefully tie up a horse, remarking that in the times we lived Christians should take precautions and always live prepared.

The flesh, the devil, and the world were not the things against which *Eustaquio* thought a true believer should prepare—at least I think so—for, if he ever thought about such matters, he judged most likely it was the business of his priest to shield him from the devil; the world in the Pampas is not too distracting to the mind, and for the flesh he made no struggle, thinking that that which God had made, must of necessity be good for man.

After most minute inquiries after the health of all my family, of whom he knew no member, he said—

"We have '*un angelito*' in our poor house—that is, his body; for

his soul is with the blest." The conscious pride of being, as it were, in direct touch with heaven itself had caused him to forget his grief for his son's death. No people upon earth can be more absolutely material than the Gauchos of the Pampa, yet one is just as safe amongst them, even in a bargain, as amongst those who analyse their motives and find a spiritual explanation for the basest of their deeds.

Amusements, except ostrich-hunting, cattle-marking, with racing, and others of a nature in which it is not easy for women to participate, are scarce. When a child dies it is the signal for a dance to celebrate its entrance into bliss.

If the Christian faith was really held by anybody in its entirety, this custom would not be solely to be observed amongst the Gauchos. As it is, humanity in almost every other country rises superior even to faith, that first infirmity of uninstructed minds.

So in a long, low room lit by a score of candles, made in tin-moulds, and smoking blackly, were assembled some fifty people, Gauchos, *estancieros*, a Basque or two, and the ubiquitous Italian with his organ, who in those days used to pervade the Pampa from the Arroyo del Pabon to Tapalquén.

The women, known as "*Chinas*" (Chinese), though none knows why or wherefore, did not err much, upon the score of great expenditure in dress—a cotton gown, apparently in many cases their only garment, except their shift—sat, when not dancing, in rows on chairs along the wall, like swallows on a telegraph-wire, waiting as patiently for any man to hire them as the eleventh-hour labourers in Holy Writ.

The "*Angelito*," dressed in his best clothes, sat in a chair upon a table, greenish in colour, and with his hands and feet hanging down limply—horrible, but at the same time fascinating. Over his head a cheap Italian lithograph of the Madonna hung by a strip of hide from a deer's horn stuck into the wall. On either side a pious and frightful German print, one of the Prodigal amongst his swine, another flanking it setting him forth in better circumstances,

seated in pomp between two German ladies, monstrously fair and fat.

Just underneath the *Angelito* sat an old "Gaicho" playing the guitar with the fatuous air with which the musicians in countries such as South America invest their trade. Two or three men of the richer classes, as their silver-handled knives and spurs made plain, smoked in a knot apart; whilst in a corner sat some old men talking of horses' marks, and illustrating any difficulty by "painting" the mark in question on the table with their finger dipped in gin.

The younger people danced "*habaneras*," "*el cielito*," the "*gato*," "*manguri*," or one of those slow waltzes with much balancing of hips affected by the South Americans. Evidently they had been drinking to the fair passage of the new angel into the realms of bliss. Above the rasping music the rattle of the dancers' spurs was heard, and now and then the man at the guitar broke into a shrill falsetto song in which the company took part. Stretched on a *catre* lay a man wrapped in his poncho, with a deep lance-wound in the groin, given by an Indian a few days before. To keep his blood in order and heal his wound he ate great pieces of beef cooked in the hide, and smoked incessantly.

On passing opposite the body the girls occasionally snatched loose their hands from the clutches of their partners and crossed themselves, and then, as if ashamed of thus indulging in a religious exercise in public, broke into laughter.

Why the presence of a child's body, even if its soul is with the blessed, should set on folk to dance passes my comprehension. Yet so it is, and a commercial element has crept into the scheme.

At the country stores, called "*pulperias*" in Buenos Ayres, sometimes the owner will beg or buy the body of a child just dead to use it as an "*Angelito*" to attract the country people to a revel at his store.

The *pulperia* is the Pampa Club, news, calumny and scandal take their rise in it, and there resort all the elite of frontier ruffianism.

One says as naturally, "What do they say at the *pulperia*?" as

in England, "What is the news at such and such a club, or on the Stock Exchange?" An "*Angelito*" stored in a cool, dark room to keep him from the flies, and then brought out at night to grace a sort of *Agapemone*, shows past and present linked together in a way which argues wonders, when they both make way for that unfathomable future, the fitting paradise for unimaginative men. From where the custom came, whether from Europe or from the Indians, or if in some form or another it is to be observed in every nation, that I cannot tell: one thing I know, that in the Pampa of Buenos Ayres it and all other customs of a like kind are doomed to disappear.

A cultivated prairie cut into squares by barbed wire fences, riddled with railings and with the very sky shaped into patterns by the crossing lines of telegraphs, may be an evidence, for all I know, of progress; but of all that which makes a Pampa what the Indians imagined it when they gave the plains the name—for *Pampa* in the Indian tongue signifies the "space"—no traces will be left.

The semi-nomad horsemen will have vanished; the Indians have gone within my memory, leaving, though savages, by their disappearance a blank in the world more difficult to fill than if the works of all the Greeks had vanished into air.

The Gaucho will go next, the ostriches and the huanacos; little by little the plants of Europe, those parasitic prostitutes the nettle and the thistle, which follows us to every climate, will usurp the place of native and more congenial kinds.

His will will be accomplished who, having made the earth a paradise, gave it to us to turn into a purgatory for ourselves and all the dwellers in it.

In this monotony of mud and stucco, through the noise of cabs, of railways and the multitudinous sounds which rob the dweller in a city of any power of hearing, such as wild people have, I sometimes see my "*Angelito*" seated in his chair, and wonder in what kind of heaven he is. Often I have assisted at a "*velorio*," and done my best to honour the return of some small angel to

his native land. Yet this first occasion on the Tres Arroyos still remains most firmly printed in my mind. Eustaquio Medina, the wounded man lying smoking on his *catre*, the decomposing "*Angelito*" in his chair, his mother looking at nothing with her eyes wide open, and the wild music of the cracked guitar seem to revisit me.

Lastly, the Pampa stretching away like a great inland sea, silent and bluish under the southern stars; and rising from it, the mysterious noises of the desert which, heard and comprehended, appeal to us in the same fashion as the instinct calling them north or south, stirs migratory birds.

# São Paulo and a Coffee Estate

RUDYARD KIPLING

*Rudyard Kipling is not normally associated with Latin America, and in fact, except for his one voyage to Brazil in 1927, there is little to connect him with it. Yet it is pleasing to know that despite his fame and the honors that had been given him, Kipling in his sixties still had some of that spirit of adventure and attraction to the unknown which had characterized his writing of an earlier period.*

*Born in Bombay in 1865, Kipling had spent most of his early years in India, working as a journalist both in Lahore and in Allahabad. This journalistic training soon became an ingrained characteristic of his writing, and however much he was criticized in later years for being an apologist for British imperialism, and however much he was attacked for his sentimentalism, he preserved his ability to observe keenly and to catch colloquial rhythms of speech.*

*By the time he was thirty years old, he had published Departmental Ditties, The Light that Failed and Barrack-Room*

Ballads, and as a result had become, in the English-speaking world at least, the most famous writer of his period. In 1892 he moved to the relatively remote town of Brattleboro, Vermont and produced even more popular works like *Captains Courageous* and the *Jungle Books*. Then came the years in South Africa during the Boer War; then retirement in Brighton and in 1907 the Nobel Prize.

*The Kipling of the Brazilian Sketches is a Kipling in semi-retirement; his tones are muted, and what he sees in São Paulo and the coffee estate reminds him of other worlds and other ways. There is a suggestion of regret in this essay while at the same time, a continued liveliness and curiosity. In a sense, he had come full circle in Brazil, and had chance not ruled otherwise and produced a young Kipling in Bombay instead of in Rio, he might have become the most famous of all commentators on Latin America. That note of thwarted possibility is struck in this journalistic sketch, for the way in which the exotic and strange are united with the familiar was always Kipling's starting point.*

*The São Paulo he here describes had not yet become the great industrial metropolis it is today, but it had already started on that path, and Kipling was aware of its future possibilities. Having already visited the more mature and sophisticated Rio de Janeiro, he saw in the contrast between São Paulo and the coffee plantations roundabout it that Brazil was rapidly evolving a society determined to experience all the joys (and consequently the tribulations) of contemporary civilization.*

There is a scandalous legend, beloved by her rivals, that the city of São Paulo stands where she does because she was the first halt where travellers could shake and dry themselves after coming

through the dripping cloud-belt on the coast. They were a turbulent and exploratory breed in those days, and scattered far and wide in search of slaves, minerals, and every sort of death. When they became aware of their own virtues, which was quite early, they dubbed themselves Paulistas, and looked down on the rest of the world. At present they merely claim to lead the country in mind and material, and talk about "Brazil" rather as Birmingham, Manchester, and similar hamlets talk about "England." What is much worse, they back their words by their deeds.

One reaches the city by car across open country, laid out for development, leagues before one lifts the grey-and-cream outlines of, as it were, several immense Madrids breaking half the horizon. One understands without being told that here is a metropolis. Transport needs made it originally, and it stood still awhile as a sort of easy-going outspan and distributing-centre, and had a joyous private history of its own. Then came Coffee, who is King of these parts, and São Paulo swelled to a city, and offered the planters the delights of "life." Next, tentatively, manufactures began, and a great immigration of Latins; and, last, the War, which, as supplies were cut off, forced Brazil to develop its own resources in earnest. São Paulo took the lead here, and since then has swept on and on into the country, where there is no visible reason that it should stop. The gentle grades and rises round about are made for the builder; sand and brick-earth can be had everywhere; the course of the residential and manufacturing quarters was all planted out long ago; the palaces of houses sit down in their blazing, perfumed gardens; the factories do not scrimp their acreage, nor the great railway that feeds them its sidings; nor the suburbs their playgrounds; and the Municipality has the largest views on the making of parks and promenades.

It takes a few acres of warm, moist earth, assorted palms, a handful of orchids, and any hot-house plants that are growing by the wayside, deals them out in front of a forty-mile view, adds a concrete platform or so, and, before ten years, the whole is a dream of languishing beauty. But civilised man, like the savage,



must have his friends, enemies, and drinks all within easy palaver-ing reach; so São Paulo's business quarter is compacted round one lavish, palm-embroidered garden opposite the Municipal Theatre and the Clubs, where it is periodically pulled down and built up more loftily. For the moment, the world believes that steel girders and stone facings mean some sort of magic. The Clubs, who know better, have nothing whatever to learn in luxury, detail, and equip-ment from any quarter. They mix memories of Bombay and Cal-cutta with their own special arrangements, and (unless one wholly mistakes the atmosphere) have the large, easy acceptances of Johannesburg in the old days. One feels at São Paulo, as one used to feel on the Rand—that it makes no particular odds whether any member at a given time happens to be rich or poor; and that the community would not be an easy one to stampede into panic if the bottom dropped out of a market. The greatest of South Afri-cans once observed—when a little war was knocking every stock out of sight—"I *do* like to see men sitting on top of their money instead of gibbering underneath it." São Paulo certainly gave the impression of sitting where it should—largely, easily, and con-tentedly. But it does not walk about more than it must.

Cars and lorries move everywhere, like electrons in the physics primers, across grids of trams; every tram decorated on each side with a frieze of agglutinated passengers. Traffic—most of the inner streets are one-way—is regulated by policemen with trun-cheons and note-books (this last a weakness of the Latin all the world over); by superior policemen with larger note-books and a fistful of reins, sitting on the wisest and stillest horses ever foaled; and super-policemen, with ledgers, I think, in charge of green-and-red light-towers. Having done all this, they permit traffic to overtake on either side indifferently, and are astonished that the accident-rate does not go down. But, for steadying influences, you get the reactionary mule, and, in the suburbs, the wholly unim-passioned bullock-cart which even the lorry respects.

The enormous suburbs, growing day and night, begin with faultless paving and die out, five miles away, in ravines and gullies,

and sloughs of red earth. But, what would you have? Labour is needed for other things; and, in a great many places, even material is scarce. A road to be of any use here must be a couple of hundred miles long; and the weather will wrench and wash out every unprotected yard of it, as any one who has met a six-inch-deep torrent whirling down paved streets after an hour's gentle shower, can see for himself. The innumerable cars of the place do their best to combat the conditions. They have very high clearances; are gauged to the width of the tramlines, which in the suburbs are often the only usable parts of the road; they give and sway like baskets; dive and hammer like tanks; and their horse-power allows them to shrug themselves out of a foot or so of red "gumbo" soil, and still survive. Otherwise, their entrances are bad and clumsily designed; they wear nickel-plated corsets in front and behind; their low-snouted, rustic hoods cramp the view, and they carry a raffle of oilcloth curtains with talc windows which have to be dug out from beneath the seat and fixed on clips and studs like washing on a line. Their many-ironed, crinoline-like tops are practically fixtures; and their gears are almost as noisy as the advertisements that recommend them.

One realised these things on a trip from an up-country station to a coffee-plantation—a small place of half a million bushes, whose headquarters were only four miles from everywhere. Here, man had visibly held down Nature. As far as the eye could reach, the evenly-spaced twelve-foot trees and their reddening berries covered the rolling downs. They blocked out every breath of air that might be stirring in the long straight rides, and seemed to mop up all sound. It was like burrowing through deep soft fur. We saw nobody except one Italian woman—a dot at first, overtaken between parallel lines of brush produced to infinity. They told me the coffee trees are portioned out, so many thousands to each family, who, in their own time and by their own arrangements, keep them in order. This done at the stated seasons, the people are free to cultivate land on their own, and to raise what stock suits them.

There was a village of labourers somewhere near, but we saw and heard no trace in the dense covert and silence of it all.

Then we came to silence more profound—the utter quiet of an old, low-roofed, deep-verandaed house, sitting with its hands folded among its lawns, terraces, bathing-ponds, statues, and flaming-flowered trees. Yes, this was the heart of things—Head-quarters of Administration. The heart began to beat. Children's voices, startlingly distinct, lifted themselves from behind hedges and tinted walls, and there appeared a watchful cohort of infantry, ranging from two to quite four feet high. It reconnoitred and dispersed, and its outcries, comparing experiences, echoed in sheds and warehouses behind the walls. Then came swift, low-voiced, easy hospitality and kindness that dated, one felt, from—who knows how long ago?—when the house was new.

The place had suffered changes and modernisation, of course—was probably crowded with electric gadgets—possibly electric refrigerators, which are standard fittings in São Paulo's self-contained flats—but its deep breathing spirit, through all the low-lighted rooms, opening one out of another, drew from unaltering generations. One wanted to know about this house. *Who* had lived here in the old days? And particularly, who lived here now of nights? Obviously, one could not get much information in the course of a call for a cup of coffee. The House? Oh, the House was named so-and-so. It had belonged—always—to so-and-so. It made coffee, of course. It had made coffee for close on a hundred years. And before that, there had, of course, been a house there.

"The same?" "But why not?"

There was rich choice of early owners to fall back upon. The land might have been part of Joseph de Anchieta's concession or personal conquest in 1560; or João Remalho's in 1520; or some sworded and armoured de Sousa of about the same epoch. One could look that up for oneself afterwards; but what one felt at the time, above the cups and cigarettes, was the maddening certainty that any old servitor in the immense kitchens probably knew the whole run of the succession (and its women-folk) as well as the

very roof-beams did. But it was all locked up—in no way so important as our coffee's flavour and blend. Of that coffee, it needs only be said that I discovered that I had never before tasted coffee. One can drink the magic stuff in big cups, each better than the last, and sleep blessedly afterwards. And it mightily helps to bring out the flavour of Brazilian cigarettes, which, like the coffee, are by themselves. But the House itself, the heavy-lidded, still House stood behind and above me, all the while, muttering that in the old days—for generations—a man was Master, King, and Judge here without appeal. What could reach him across the coffee except by his leave? Here he could bring his bride; here, if he chose, she would stay for ever. But now, the brides go to Rio, and Paris, and change their mothers' old, flat-cut, silky Brazilian diamonds for hard-hearted modern stones. Somewhere near here (but I should not be shown it) the owners could bury their dead. Up these endless avenues of unbetraying trees friends and fellow-revellers rode, and (again, I should not be shown it) there was a place, the House remembered it well, where disputes might be settled with sword or pistol in the cool dawnings. Who could judge a man—any more than the old *bandeiras* could be judged? Here—here—here—the House insisted—if one had eyes to see, one would find the heart of Old Brazil—its continuity, its reserves, its courtesies and its force.

"All our coffee goes North in steamers to be blended for the European markets—Mocha is not a *real* coffee, but only a way of drying it. Yes!—When coffee is up, play is good at the Clubs. Our Government is trying to regulate and steady the price of coffee—keeps it in big warehouses—you have seen them down the line." So the talk went round the table where our charioteer, stately as the rest, took his cigarette and his coffee; and the House and its furniture bore down on all with the weight of unutterable memories.

There used to be a farmhouse not far from Cape Town, which, in the old days, was best left untenanted for a certain six weeks

every year, because Visitors then arrived who needed the rooms, and, if you did not turn out, they evicted you. But, if you were not Dutch by race, they continued their diversions strictly in the Fourth Dimension, and you were not aware of them. I found myself taking great comfort in this thought, while I speculated what one night alone in this House would be like.

Then I was shown what happens to the mounds of grey-green, tasteless berries, and how they are mixed together beneath great roofs whose piers and timberings are of priceless hard woods scarcely worth the naming. "Oh, yes. That is so-and-so wood; but I don't know when it was put up. Our woods are a little difficult to get. They do not grow in blocks all of one kind, but here and there, one tree of one sort. So they have to be found one by one, and when they are cut they have to be hauled through the forest, which is generally on a steep hill." I had seen that much down the line and outside São Paulo which, during the War, fell back on firewood hacked and dragged out of the sides of precipitous and rotten-boned hills. The scars are healed over now by second-growth stuff, and look like smudges against the taller forest; but they say that the price of that fuel by the time it was delivered made even São Paulo wince. It *had* to be got, and the factories and the railways somehow or other kept going. "It taught us a good deal—the War did. *And* it gave São Paulo its chance." Followed a general discussion on coffee, which showed that producers of staples love each other about as much as other specialists do. There were lands that grew coffee, certainly—yes, Kenya was one of them—but the output of each country lacked some subtlety of aroma or colour which—excellent though many brands undoubtedly were—*just* fell short of—And one was allowed to draw one's own inferences.

So I have heard, in the old days, Assam and Tirhut tea-planters talk of Ceylon and *vice versa*, or critics bursting to explain to an uncurious public why A's work is so good and B's so very vile. There recurred to me the remark of an unguarded English tobacco-nist: "In *our* business everything boils down to a few big names for trade-marks, and the rest is adulteration. *We* call it 'blend-

ing.' " The drink they gave me at the House had nothing whatever to do with anything outside Brazil.

Behind the warehouses lay vast, well-tended orchards, where, none the less, wastage of uncounted fruits rolled on the hot ground. "What can you do? They grow by the million. We send great numbers away. There are more left over—always. Yes, it was weeded a short time since. But, now you see!" The rampant vegetation was up and fighting already round the tree-boles, with that terrifying minute suggestion—it is lower than a whimper—of earth sucking through moist lips. "And what would happen if you stopped cultivating for one year?" A slow sweep of the hand across the green leaves and grasping tendrils said it all.

The roar of our cars was a grateful return to the ordinaries of life. The House, as we left it under the skirts of a low cloud, became (swiftly as a gipsy changes from a dark fortune-teller to a woman in a big hat) "just an old coffee *fazenda*—rather worth looking at," and the clamour of the little children kept her in that humble attitude. Then rain fell, as it does in the Tropics; and the red dirt-tracks turned at once into ice. Our driver had brought his tire-chains with him, but it was quite wetting enough to hang up a few of the inadequate side-curtains, and we returned, unchained, yawing—not merely skidding, but skating—two foot at a slide—till we fetched up in some rut.

Where two plantation rides crossed on rising ground, we saw a big brute of a loaded lorry, hardly held to her marks by a bull-necked negro driver, cramped at the disobedient wheel. She bucked up out of a background of wet coffee-bush; cleared herself against the stormy skyline exactly like a schooner topping a big sea; fell off the wind, luffed up into it again, and dived over the crest in a spatter of red foam.

We ourselves reached the railway station and all the luxuries of modern travel, by grace of repeated miracles, in a toboggan which badly needed bailing.

# Entering the Amazon

H. M. TOMLINSON

*Much of H. M. Tomlinson's life was connected with the sea, and generally speaking, his best writings were concerned with nautical subjects. He had in fact known about ships from the days of his childhood, for he was born not far from the docks in the East End of London in 1873, and he began work at the age of twelve as a clerk in a shipping company, handling bills of lading and cargo manifests for clipper ships. Later he became a journalist on the Morning Leader and started to write stories for literary magazines. Then in 1912 he threw up his job and sailed to Brazil on board a freighter commanded by his brother-in-law. The result of this trip was The Sea and the Jungle, from which the following selection is taken.*

*Later Tomlinson served as a war correspondent in France, traveled to the East Indies for Harper's Magazine, became editor himself of the Nation and Athenaeum, and wrote many books about the sea. His most famous work is probably Galileon's Reach. He died in 1959.*

*The portion here presented deals with the entrance to the greatest of all the world's rivers, and the paragraphs put between quotation marks are extracts from the journal Tomlinson kept on the voyage and later incorporated into his book so as to give a double focus to his subject. The Amazon has never ceased to attract visitors, and it has been explored and described by dozens of writers, among them Theodore Roosevelt. The reason for this interest is not hard to find, for in addition to its own magnitude, the river flows through areas populated not only by strange animals but by tribes of savages, many of whom have never even been seen by civilized men. The best way of sensing the immensity of this district and the nature of the Amazon is to fly from the port of Belém to the old rubber capital, Manaus, which lies a thousand miles inland. At its mouth, the river is 150 miles wide; inland, it varies. Sometimes it separates into hundreds of narrow veins which extend in roughly parallel lines toward the Atlantic; at other places these streams merge and form huge lakes. The return voyage by ship will reveal yet other aspects of the river. For miles the ship will travel along what is little more than a narrow stream, skirting the banks where here and there lives a poor farmer with his family, his only excitement the passing of an occasional vessel. Then after a little, the ship will emerge into a body of water so wide that the shores of the river are nowhere visible, and it is as though the ship were in the middle of an ocean.*

*In the selection printed below, Tomlinson has succeeded in catching much of the mystery of this jungle-lined waterway which, with the Andes and the pampas, is one of the greatest natural wonders of South America.*

"Jan. 9. The *Capella* left Para at three o'clock this morning, and continued up the Para River. Daylight found us in a wide



brownish stream, with the shores low and indistinguishable on either beam. When the sun grew hot, the jungle came close in; it was often so close that we could see the nests of wasps in the trees, like grey shields hanging there. Between the Para River and the Amazon the waters dissipate into a maze of serpentine ditches. In width these channels usually are no more than canals, but they were deep enough to float our big tramp steamer. They tread a multitude of islands, islands overloaded with a massed growth which topped our mastheads. Our steamer was enclosed within echoing chasms; the noise and incongruity of our progress awoke deep protests.

"The dilated loom of the rains, the cloud-shapes so continental that they occupy, where they hang not so far away, all the space between the earth and sky, bulge over the forest at the end of every vista. The heat is luscious; but then I have nothing to do but to look on from a hammock under the awning. The foliage, which is pressed out over the water, not many yards from the hurrying *Capella*, has a closeness of texture astonishing, and even awful, to one who knows only the thin woods of the north. It ascends directly from the water's edge, sometimes out of the water, and we do not often see its foundation. There are no shady aisles and glades. The sight is stopped on a front of polished emerald, a congestion of stiff leaves. The air is still. Individual sprays and fronds project from the mass in parabolas with flamboyant abandon and poise; they are as rigid as metallic and enamelled shapes. The diversity of forms, and especially the number and variety of the palms, so overload an unseen foundation that the parapets of the woods occasionally lean outwards to form an arcade above our masts. One should not call this the jungle; it is even a soft and benignant Eden. This is the forest I really wished to find. Often the heavy parapets of the woods are upheld on long colonnades of grey palm boles; or the whole upper structure appears to be based on green arches, the pennate fronds of smaller palms flung direct from the earth.

"There is not a sound but the noise of our intruding steamer.

Occasionally we brush a projecting spray, or a vine pendent from a cornice. We prove the forest then. In some shallow places are regiments of aquatic grasses, bearing long plumes. There are trees which stand in the water on a tangle of straight pallid roots, as though on stilts. This up-burst of intense life so seldom shows the land to which it is fast, and the side rivers and paranas are so many, that I could believe the forest afloat, an archipelago of opaque green vapours. Our heavy wash sways and undulates the aquatic plants and grasses, as though disturbing the fringe of those green clouds which cling to the water because of their weight in a still air.

"There is seldom a sign of life but the infrequent snowy herons, and those curious brown fowl, the ciganas. The sun flames on the majestic assembly of the storm. The warm air, broken by our steamer, coils over us in a lazy flux. I did not even hear the steward's bell calling to meals. We all hung over the *Capella's* side, gaping, like a lot of boys.

"Sometimes we pass single habitations on the waterside. Ephemeral huts of palm-leaves are forced down by the forest, which overhangs them, to wade on frail stilts. A canoe is tied to a toy jetty, and on the jetty a sad woman and several naked children stand, with no show of emotion, to watch us go by. Behind them is the impenetrable foliage. I cannot help remembering the precarious tenure on earth of these brown folk, especially as the day is going. The easy dominance of the wilderness, and man's intelligent morsel of life feebly resisting it, is made plain when we come suddenly upon one of his little shacks secreted among the aqueous roots of a great tree; cowering, as it were, between two of the giant's toes. Those brown babies on the jetties never cheer us. They watch us, serious and forlorn. Alongside their primitive hut are a few rubber trees, which we know by their scars. Late in the afternoon we came to a large cavern in the base of the forest, a shadowy place where at last we did see a gathering of the folk. A number of little wooden crosses peeped above the floor of the hollow. The sundering floods and the forest do not always keep

these folk from a congregation and the comfort of the last communion.

"Nightfall, and there is a doubt as to whether our pilots should anchor or not. They decide to go on. We do not go the route of Bates, via Breves, but take the Parana de Buyassa on our way to the Amazon. It was dark when we got to the *parana*, and but for the trailing lights, the fairy mooring lines of habitations in the woods, and what the silent explosions of lightning revealed of great heads of trees, startlingly close and monstrous, as though watching us in silent and intent regard, we saw nothing of it."

Once I knew a small boy, and on a summer day too much in the past now to be recalled without some private emotion, he said to his father, on the beach of a popular East Anglian resort, "And where is the sea?" He stood then, for the first time, where the sea, by all the promises of pictures and poems, should have been breaking on its cold grey crags. "The sea?" said the father, in astonishment, "why, there it is. Didn't you know?"

That father was an exact man, so there beyond appeal the sea was. And what was it? A discoloured wash, of mean limit, which flopped wearily on some shabby sands littered with people and luncheon papers; such a flat, stupid, and leaden disappointment to fall on the upturned, bright and expectant soul of a youngster, who, I can vouch, began life, like most others, believing the best of everything. It was an ocean which was inferior even to the bathing-machines, and could be seen but in division when that child, walking along the rank of those boxes on wheels, peeped between them.

You must have noticed with what simple indifference the people who really know what they call the truth will shatter an illusion we have long cherished; though, as we alone see our private dreams, those honest folk cannot be blamed for poking their feet through fine pictures they do not know are there.

I had a picture of the Amazon, which I had long cherished. I was leaning to-day over the bulwarks of the *Capella*, watching

the jungle pass. The Doctor was with me. I thought we were still on the Para River, and was waiting for our vessel to emerge from that stream, as through a narrow gate, dramatically, into the broad sunlight of the greatest river in the world, the king of rivers, the Amazon of my picture. We idly scanned the forest with binoculars, and saw some herons, and the ciganas, and once a sloth which was hanging to a tree. Para, I felt, was as distant as London. The silence, the immobility of it all, and the pour of the tropic sun, were beginning to be just a little subduing. We had come already to the wilderness. There was, I thought, a very great deal of this forest; and it never varied.

"We shall be on the Amazon soon," I said hopefully, to the Doctor.

"We have been on it for hours," he replied. And that is how I got there.

But the Amazon is not seen, any more than is the sea, at the first glance. What first the eye gathers, is, naturally (for it is but an eye), nothing like commensurate with your own image of the river. The mind, by suggestive symbols, builds something portentous, a vague and tremendous idea. What I saw was only a swift and opaque yellow flood, not much broader, it seemed to me, than the Thames at Gravesend, and the monotonous green of the forest. It was all I saw for a considerable time.

I see something different now. It is not easily explained merely as a yellow river, with a verdant elevation on either hand, and over it a blue sky. It would be difficult to find, except by luck, a word which would convey the immensity of the land of the Amazons, something of the aloofness and separation of the points of its extremes, with months and months of adventure between them. What a journey it would be from Ino in Bolivia, in the Rio Madre de Dios, to Concepcion in Colombia, on the Rio Putumayo! There is another *Odyssey* in a voyage like that. And think of the names of those places and rivers! When I take the map of South America now, and hold it with the estuary of the Amazon as its base, my thoughts are like those might be of a lost ant, crawling in and

over the furrows and ridges of an exposed root as he regards all he may of the trunk rising into the whole upper cosmos of a spreading oak. The Amazon then looks to me, properly symbolical, as a monstrous tree, and its tributaries, *paranas*, *furos*, and *igarapes*, as the great boughs, little boughs, and twigs of its ascending and spreading ramifications, so minutely permeating the continent with its numberless watercourses that the mind sees that dark region as an impenetrable density of green and secret leaves; which, literally, when you go there, is what you will find. You enter the leaves, and vanish. You creep about the region of but one of its branches, under a roof of foliage which stays the midday shine and lets it through to you in the dusk of the interior but as points of distant starlight. Occasionally, as we did upon a day, you see something like Santarem. There is a break and a change in the journey. Moving blindly through the maze of green, there, hanging in the clear day at the end of a bough, you see a golden fruit.

"Jan 10. This torrid morning, tempered by a cooling breeze which followed us up-river, was soon overcast. Disappointingly narrow at first, the Amazon broadened later, but not to one's conception of its magnitude. But the greatness of this stream, I have already learned, dawns upon you in time, and if you sufficiently endure. It persists about you, this forest and this river, like the stark desolation of the sea. The real width of the river is not often seen because of the islands which fringe its banks, many of them of considerable size. The side channels, or *paranas-miris*, between the islands and the shores, are used in preference to the main stream by the native sailing craft, to avoid the strength of the current. We had the river to ourselves. The *Capella* was taken by the pilots, first over to one side, and then to the other, dodging the set of the stream. The forest has changed. It has now a graceless and savage aspect when we are close to it. There are not so many palms. At a little distance the growth appears a mass of spindly oaks and beeches, though with a foliage of a more vivid and a lighter green. But when near it shows itself alien enough, a

front of nameless and congested leaves. I suppose it would be more than a hundred feet in altitude. Sometimes the forest stands in the water. At other times a yellow bank shows, a narrow strip under the trees, rarely more than four feet high, and strewn with the bleaching skeletons of trees and entanglements of vine. There is rarely a sign of life. Once this morning a bird called in the woods when we were close. Butterflies are continually crossing the ship, and dragonflies and great wasps and hornets are hawking over us. The sight of one swallow-tail butterfly, a big black and yellow fellow, sent the cook insane. The insect stayed its noble flight, poised over a hatch, and then came down to see what we were. It settled on a coil of rope, leisurely pulsing its wings. The cook, at the sight of this bold and bright being, sprang from the galley, and leaped down to the deck with a dish cloth. To our surprise he caught the insect, and explained with eagerness how the shattered pattern of colours, which more than covered his gross palm, would improve his fire-screen in a Rotterdam parlour.

"Early in the forenoon sections of the forest vanished in grey rain squalls, though elsewhere the sun was brilliant. The plane of the dingy yellow flood was variegated with transient areas of bright sulphur and chocolate. We were hugging the right bank, and so saw the mouth of the Xingu as we passed. At midday some hills ahead, the Serra de Almeirim, gave us a little relief from the dead level of the wearying green walls. The sight of those blue heights with their flat tops—they were perhaps no more than 1,000 feet above the forest—curiously stimulated the eye and lifted one's humour, long depressed by the sameness of the prospect and the heat. Later in the day we passed more of the welcome hills, their cones, truncated pyramids, knolls and hog-backs, ranging athwart our course. Bates says that some of them are bare, or are covered only with a short herbage; but all those I examined with a good telescope had forest to the summits; though a few of the inferior heights, which stood behind the island of Jurupari (the island where dreams come at night) were grassy. Those cobalt prominences rose like precipitous islands from a green sea. We were

the only spectators. One high range, as we passed, was veiled in a glittering mesh of rain. The river, after we left Jurupari, bent round, and brought the heights astern of us. The sun set.

"The river and the forest are best at sundown. The serene level rays discovered the woods. We saw trees then distinctly, almost as a surprise. Till then the forest had been but a gloom by day. Behind us was the jungle front. It changed from green to gold, a band of light between the river and the darkling sky. Some greater trees emerged majestically. It was the first time that day we had really seen the features of the jungle. It was but a momentary revelation. The clouds were reflectors; they threw amber lights below. In the hills astern of us ravines hitherto unsuspected caught the transitory glory. The dark heights had many polished facets. One range, round-shouldered and wooded, I thought resembled the promontories about Clovelly, and for a few minutes the Amazon had the bright eye of a friend. On a ridge of those heights I could see the sky through some of its trees. The light quickly gave out, and it was night.

"We continued cruising along the south shore. The usual pulsations of lightning made night intermittent; the forest was not more than 150 feet from our vessel, and, while I was sitting under the awning, the trees kept jumping out of the night, startlingly near. The night was still and hot, and my cabin lamp had attracted myriads of insects through the door which had been left open for air. A heap of crawlers lay dead on the desk, and the bunk curtain was smothered with grotesque winged shapes, flies, cicadas, mantids, phasmas, moths, beetles, and mosquitoes."

Next morning found us running along the north shore. Parrots were squawking in the woods alongside. A large alligator floated close by the ship, its jaws open in menace. At breakfast time a strip of white beach came into view on the opposite coast, a place in that world of three colours on which one's tired eyes could alight and rest. That was Santarem. Sharp hills rose immediately behind the town. The town is in a saddle of the hills, slipping

down to the river in terraces of white, chrome, and blue houses. The Rio Tapajos, a black water tributary and a noble river, enters the main stream by Santarem, its dark flood sharply contrasted with the tawny Amazon. But the Amazon sweeps right across its mouth in a masterful way. There is a definite line dividing black from yellow water, and then no more Tapajos.

We passed numerous floating islands of grass (*Ilhas de Caapim*) and trees adrift, evidence, the pilots tell us, that the river is rising. These grass islands are a feature of the Amazon. They look like lush pastures adrift. Some of them are so large it is difficult to believe they are really afloat till they come alongside. Then, if the river is at all broken by a breeze, the meadow plainly undulates. This floating cane and grass grows in the sheltered bays and quiet *paranas-miris*, for though the latter are navigable side-channels of the river in the rainy season, in the dry they are merely isolated swamps. But when the river is in flood the earth is washed away from the roots of this marsh growth, and it moves off, a flourishing, mobile field, often twenty feet in thickness. Such islands, when large, can be dangerous to small craft. Small flowers blossom on these aquatic fields, which shelter snakes and turtles, and sometimes the peixe-boi, the manatee.

Obidos was in sight in the afternoon, but presently we lost it in a violent squall of rain. The squall came like the explosion of a gun, and nearly carried away the awnings. It was evening before we were abreast of that most picturesque town I saw on the river. Obidos rests on one of the rare Amazon cliffs of rufous clay and sandstone. The forest mounts the hill above it, and the scattered red roofs of the town show in a surf of foliage. The cliffs glowed in cream and cherry tints. Cascades of vines fell over the cliffs, though they did not reach the shore. The dainty little houses huddle in a loop of the cliffs. We left the city behind, with a huge cumulus cloud above it, and the evening light on all.

But Obidos and sunsets and rain squalls, and the fire-flies which flit about the dark ship at night in myriads, tiny blue and yellow glow-lamps which burn with puzzling inconstancy, as though they



were switched on and off, if they help me with this narrative, yet candour compels me to tell you that they take up more space in this book than they do in the land of the Amazon. They are incidental and small to us, dominated by the shadowing presence of the forest.

We have been on the river nearly a week. But our steamer's decks, even by day, are deserted now. We lean overside no longer staring at this strange country. The heat is the most noteworthy fact, and it drives all of us to what little shelter there is from the glare. Our cook, who is a salamander of a fellow, and has no need to fear the chances of his future life—though I do not remember he ever told me he was really anxious about them—feeling a little uncomfortable one day when at work on our dinner, glanced at his thermometer, and fled in terror. It registered 134°. He begged me to go in and verify it, and once inside I was hardly any time doing that. We have such days, without a breath of air, and two vivid walls of still jungle, and between them a yellow river serpentine under the torrid sun, and a silence which is like deafness.

Under the shadow of the awning aft, in his deck chair, the Doctor is preparing our defences by sounding a profound volume on tropical diseases. This gives us but little confidence; though, as to our surgeon, recently I overheard one fireman to another: "I tell yer—the Doc's a Man. That's what he is." (This is the result of the gin with the quinine.) Yet, good man though he be, his book on the consequences of the tropics is so large that we fear we all cannot escape so many impediments to joy. But our health's guardian is careful that we do not anticipate anything from peeps into the mysteries. He never leaves his big book about, though some of us would like to see the pictures in it, after what the donkeyman told us.

This is how it was. Donkey, in spite of instructions, and I know how emphatic the Skipper usually is, slept on deck away from his mosquito bar a few nights ago. He said at the time that he wasn't afraid of them little fanciful biters, or something of the kind.

I have no doubt the Doctor would have had some trouble in making clear to Donkey's understanding exactly what are the links, delicate but sure, between mosquitoes and dissolution and decay in man. So he showed Donkey a picture. I wish I knew what it was but the surgeon preserves the usual professional reticence in the affairs of his patients. For now Donkey is convinced that it is very bad to sleep outside his curtain, and when he tries to tell us how unwholesome such sleeping can be, just at the point when he becomes most entertaining his vocabulary wears into holes and tatters. You could not conjure that man from his curtain now, no, not if you showed him, in a vision, Cardiff, and the fairy lights of all its dock hotels. I know that in the Doctor's book there is a picture of a negro who acquired, in a superb way, a wonderful form of elephantiasis, for the Doctor showed it to me once, as a treat, when he thought I was growing slack and bored.

We require now such childish laughter at each other's discomfiture to break the spell of this land into which we are sinking deeper. Still the forest glides by. It is a shadow on the mind. It stands over us, an insistent riddle, every morning when I look out from my bunk. I watch it all day, drawn against my will; and as day is dying it is still there, paramount, enigmatic, silent, its question implied in its mere insistence; meeting me again on the next day, still with its mute interrogation.

We have been passing it for nearly a week. It should have convinced me by now that it is something material. But why should I suppose it is that? We have had no chance to examine it. It does not look real. It does not remind me of anything I know of vegetation. When you sight your first mountains, a delicate and phantom gleam athwart the stars, are you reminded of the substance of the hills? I have been watching it for so long, this abiding and soundless forest, that now I think it is like the sky, intangible, an apparition; what the eye sees of the infinite, just as the eye sees a blue colour overhead at midday, and the glow of the Milky Way at night. For the mind sees this forest better than the eye. The mind is not deceived by what merely shows. Wherever the steamer

drives the forest recedes, as does the sky at sea; but it never leaves us.

The jungle gains nothing, and loses nothing, at noon. It is only a dubious thought still, as at midnight. It is still, at noon so obscure and dumb a presence that I suspect the sun does not illuminate it so much as reveal our steamer in its midst. We are revealed instead. The presence sees us advancing into its solitudes, a small, busy, and impudent intruder. But the forest does not greet, and does not resent us. It regards us with the vacancy of large composure, with a lofty watchfulness which has no need to show its mind. I think it knows our fears of its domain. It knows the secret of our fate. It makes no sign. The pallid boles of the trees, the sentinels by the water with the press of verdure behind them, stand, as we pass, like soundless exclamations. So when we go close in shore I find myself listening for a chance whisper, a careless betrayal of the secret. There is not a murmur in the host; though once a white bird flew yauping from a tree, and then it seemed the desolation had been surprised into a cry, a prolonged and melancholy admonition. The silence was deepened after that, as though an indiscretion were regretted. A sustained and angry protest at our presence would have been natural; but not that infinite line of lofty trees, darkly superior, silently watching us pass.

# With Pancho Villa in Mexico

JOHN REED

*During the present century, Latin America has matured in many ways. Its economy has become diversified, its intellectual achievements have become sophisticated and its artistic production has increased in quantity and quality. Yet despite these and other great changes, the social structure of the continent as a whole has remained fairly constant, and much of the feudalism inherited from Spanish rule has been preserved. One reason for this continuing social stratification has been the prevalence of dictators; another, the concentration of economic power in the hands of a few. The most obvious result of this situation is that the Indian population of the continent has remained at the bottom of the social scale ever since it was first subjugated by the Conquistadores. In some countries, especially those which have developed a middle class, intermarriage between the white and Indian races has ameliorated the condition of these first inhabitants, but on the whole they have remained subdued and docile.*

Generally, the Indian population has been unable to change its status because it has not succeeded in uniting as a strong political force. Such men of predominantly Indian blood as have risen to power have tended to forget their origins and the lot of the masses has remained unchanged. From time to time, however, real social revolutions have broken out; most of them have failed to achieve their goals, but each of them has contributed in a small way to an improvement in the condition of the peons. One of the most famous of these occurred in Mexico after the fall of the dictator, Porfirio Díaz and the murder of his successor in 1913. At this time, civil war broke out between the conservative element in the country, led by Huerta, and the peasantry led by Carranza and by Pancho Villa. The portrait of Villa given here, extracted from John Reed's *Insurgent Mexico*, is more than a profile of a famous revolutionary: it drives to the heart of a vital social problem in Latin America. For all his crudeness, cruelty and ignorance, Pancho Villa represented the peasant soul of the whole continent, which had been brooding over its bitter condition ever since the land was first conquered by the European invaders.

That Pancho Villa should have proved an attractive figure for John Reed is no surprise, for political action seems always to have been Reed's greatest concern. Born of well-to-do parents in Oregon and educated at Harvard, he traveled to Europe on a cattle boat following his graduation and then returned to New York where he became a journalist. One of his first assignments as a correspondent was to go to Mexico to cover the civil war; afterwards, he went to Europe as a war correspondent. His travels took him to Russia, which he reached in time to observe the Bolshevik revolution and which he later described in his most famous book, *Ten Days that Shook the World*. After the publication of this book, Reed himself began to take an

*active interest in politics and became head of the Communist Labor Party in the United States. His political activities and writings soon stirred up resentment against him in America, with the result that when he once again traveled to Russia, he was refused readmittance to the United States. In 1920 he was fatally struck by typhus and since he was considered by Lenin to be a revolutionary hero, he was buried under the Kremlin wall in Red Square.*

### Villa Accepts a Medal

It was while Villa was in Chihuahua City, two weeks before the advance on Torreon, that the artillery corps of his army decided to present him with a gold medal for personal heroism on the field.

In the audience hall of the Governor's palace in Chihuahua, a place of ceremonial, great luster chandeliers, heavy crimson portières, and gaudy American wallpaper, there is a throne for the Governor. It is a gilded chair, with lion's claws for arms, placed upon a dais under a canopy of crimson velvet, surmounted by a heavy, gilded, wooden cap, which tapers up to a crown.

The officers of artillery, in smart blue uniforms faced with black velvet and gold, were solidly banked across one end of the audience hall, with flashing new swords and their gilt-braided hats stiffly held under their arms. From the door of that chamber, around the gallery, down the state staircase, across the grandiose inner court of the palace, and out through the imposing gates to the street, stood a double line of soldiers, with their rifles at present arms. Four regimental bands grouped in one wedged in the crowd. The people of the capital were massed in solid thousands on the Plaza de Armas before the palace.

"*Ya viene!*" "Here he comes!" "Viva Villa!" "Viva Madero!" "Villa, the Friend of the Poor!"

The roar began at the back of the crowd and swept like fire in

heavy growing crescendo until it seemed to toss thousands of hats above their heads. The band in the courtyard struck up the Mexican national air, and Villa came walking down the street.

He was dressed in an old plain khaki uniform, with several buttons lacking. He hadn't recently shaved, wore no hat, and his hair had not been brushed. He walked a little pigeon-toed, humped over, with his hands in his trousers pockets. As he entered the aisle between the rigid lines of soldiers he seemed slightly embarrassed, and grinned and nodded to a *compadre* here and there in the ranks. At the foot of the grand staircase, Governor Chao and Secretary of State Terrazzas joined him in full-dress uniform. The band threw off all restraint, and, as Villa entered the audience chamber, at a signal from someone in the balcony of the palace, the great throng in the Plaza de Armas uncovered, and all the brilliant crowd of officers in the room saluted stiffly.

It was Napoleonic!

Villa hesitated for a minute, pulling his mustache and looking very uncomfortable, finally gravitated toward the throne, which he tested by shaking the arms, and then sat down, with the Governor on his right and Secretary of State on his left.

Señor Bauche Alcalde stepped forward, raised his right hand to the exact position which Cicero took when denouncing Catiline, and pronounced a short discourse, indicting Villa for personal bravery on the field on six counts, which he mentioned in florid detail. He was followed by the Chief of Artillery, who said: "The army adores you. We will follow you wherever you lead. You can be what you desire in Mexico." Then three other officers spoke in the high-flung, extravagant periods necessary to Mexican oratory. They called him "The Friend of the Poor," "The Invincible General," "The Inspirer of Courage and Patriotism," "The Hope of the Indian Republic." And through it all Villa slouched on the throne, his mouth hanging open, his little shrewd eyes playing around the room. Once or twice he yawned, but for the most part he seemed to be speculating, with some intense interior amusement, like a small boy in church, what it was all about. He

knew, of course, that it was the proper thing, and perhaps felt a slight vanity that all this conventional ceremonial was addressed to him. But it bored him just the same.

Finally, with an impressive gesture, Colonel Servin stepped forward with the small pasteboard box which held the medal. General Chao nudged Villa, who stood up. The officers applauded violently; the crowd outside cheered; the band in the court burst into a triumphant march.

Villa put out both hands eagerly, like a child for a new toy. He could hardly wait to open the box and see what was inside. An expectant hush fell upon everyone, even the crowd in the square. Villa looked at the medal, scratching his head, and, in a reverent silence, said clearly: "This is a hell of a little thing to give a man for all that heroism you are talking about!" And the bubble of Empire was pricked then and there with a great shout of laughter.

They waited for him to speak—to make a conventional address of acceptance. But as he looked around the room at those brilliant, educated men, who said that they would die for Villa, the peon, and meant it, and as he caught sight through the door of the ragged soldiers, who had forgotten their rigidity and were crowding eagerly into the corridor with eyes fixed eagerly on the *compañero* that they loved, he realized something of what the Revolution signified.

Puckering up his face, as he did always when he concentrated intensely, he leaned across the table in front of him and poured out, in a voice so low that people could hardly hear: "There is no word to speak. All I can say is my heart is all to you." Then he nudged Chao and sat down, spitting violently on the floor; and Chao pronounced the classic discourse.

### The Rise of a Bandit

Villa was an outlaw for twenty-two years. When he was only a boy of sixteen, delivering milk in the streets of Chihuahua, he killed a government official and had to take to the mountains. The



story is that the official had violated his sister, but it seems probable that Villa killed him on account of his insufferable insolence. That in itself would not have outlawed him long in Mexico, where human life is cheap; but once a refugee he committed the unpardonable crime of stealing cattle from the rich *hacendados*. And from that time to the outbreak of the Madero revolution the Mexican government had a price on his head.

Villa was the son of ignorant peons. He had never been to school. He hadn't the slightest conception of the complexity of civilization, and when he finally came back to it, a mature man of extraordinary native shrewdness, he encountered the twentieth century with the naïve simplicity of a savage.

It is almost impossible to procure accurate information about his career as a bandit. There are accounts of outrages he committed in old files of local newspapers and government reports, but those sources are prejudiced, and his name became so prominent as a bandit that every train robbery and hold-up and murder in northern Mexico was attributed to Villa. But an immense body of popular legend grew up among the peons around his name. There are many traditional songs and ballads celebrating his exploits—you can hear the shepherds singing them around their fires in the mountains at night, repeating verses handed down by their fathers or composing others extemporaneously. For instance, they tell the story of how Villa, fired by the story of the misery of the peons on the Hacienda of Los Alamos, gathered a small army and descended upon the Big House, which he looted, and distributed the spoils among the poor people. He drove off thousands of cattle from the Terrazas range and ran them across the border. He would suddenly descend upon a prosperous mine and seize the bullion. When he needed corn he captured a granary belonging to some rich man. He recruited almost openly in the villages far removed from the well-traveled roads and railways, organizing the outlaws of the mountains. Many of the present rebel soldiers used to belong to his band and several of the Constitutionalist generals, like Urbina. His range was confined mostly to southern

Chihuahua and northern Durango, but it extended from Coahuila right across the Republic to the State of Sinaloa.

His reckless and romantic bravery is the subject of countless poems. They tell, for example, how one of his band named Reza was captured by the *rurales* and bribed to betray Villa. Villa heard of it and sent word into the city of Chihuahua that he was coming for Reza. In broad daylight he entered the city on horseback, took ice cream on the Plaza—the ballad is very explicit on this point—and rode up and down the streets until he found Reza strolling with his sweetheart in the Sunday crowd on the Paseo Bolivar, where he shot him and escaped. In time of famine he fed whole districts, and took care of entire villages evicted by the soldiers under Porfirio Diaz's outrageous land law. Everywhere he was known as 'The Friend of the Poor. He was the Mexican Robin Hood.

In all these years he learned to trust nobody. Often in his secret journeys across the country with one faithful companion he camped in some desolate spot and dismissed his guide; then, leaving a fire burning, he rode all night to get away from the faithful companion. That is how Villa learned the art of war, and in the field to-day, when the army comes into camp at night, Villa flings the bridle of his horse to an orderly, takes a serape over his shoulder, and sets out for the hills alone. He never seems to sleep. In the dead of night he will appear somewhere along the line of outposts to see if the sentries are on the job; and in the morning he returns from a totally different direction. No one, not even the most trusted officer of his staff, knows the least of his plans until he is ready for action.

\* \* \*

### A Peon in Politics

Villa's great passion was schools. He believed that land for the people and schools would settle every question of civilization.

Schools were an obsession with him. Often I have heard him say: "When I passed such and such a street this morning I saw a lot of kids. Let's put a school there." Chihuahua has a population of under 40,000 people. At different times Villa established over fifty schools there. The great dream of his life has been to send his son to school in the United States, but at the opening of the term in February he had to abandon it because he didn't have money enough to pay for a half year's tuition.

No sooner had he taken over the government of Chihuahua than he put his army to work running the electric light plant, the street railways, the telephone, the water works and the Terrazas flour mill. He delegated soldiers to administer the great haciendas which he had confiscated. He manned the slaughterhouse with soldiers, and sold Terrazas's beef to the people for the government. A thousand of them he put in the streets of the city as civil police, prohibiting on pain of death stealing, or the sale of liquor to the army. A soldier who got drunk was shot. He even tried to run the brewery with soldiers, but failed because he couldn't find an expert maltster. "The only thing to do with soldiers in time of peace," said Villa, "is to put them to work. An idle soldier is always thinking of war."

In the matter of the political enemies of the Revolution he was just as simple, just as effective. Two hours after he entered the Governor's palace the foreign consuls came in a body to ask his protection for 200 Federal soldiers who had been left as a police force at the request of the foreigners. Before answering them, Villa said suddenly: "Which is the Spanish consul?" Scobell, the British vice-consul, said: "I represent the Spaniards." "All right!" snapped Villa. "Tell them to begin to pack. Any Spaniard caught within the boundaries of this State after five days will be escorted to the nearest wall by a firing squad."

The consuls gave a gasp of horror. Scobell began a violent protest, but Villa cut him short.

"This is not a sudden determination on my part," he said; "I have been thinking about this since 1910. The Spaniards must go."

Letcher, the American consul, said: "General, I don't question your motives, but I think you are making a grave political mistake in expelling the Spaniards. The government at Washington will hesitate a long time before becoming friendly to a party which makes use of such barbarous measures."

"Señor Consul," answered Villa, "we Mexicans have had three hundred years of the Spaniards. They have not changed in character since the *Conquistadores*. They disrupted the Indian empire and enslaved the people. We did not ask them to mingle their blood with ours. Twice we drove them out of Mexico and allowed them to return with the same rights as Mexicans, and they used these rights to steal away our land, to make the people slaves, and to take up arms against the cause of liberty. They supported Porfirio Diaz. They were perniciously active in politics. It was the Spaniards who framed the plot that put Huerta in the palace. When Madero was murdered the Spaniards in every State in the Republic held banquets of rejoicing. They thrust on us the greatest superstition the world has ever known—the Catholic Church. They ought to be killed for that alone. I consider we are being very generous with them."

Scobell insisted vehemently that five days was too short a time, that he couldn't possibly reach all the Spaniards in the State by that time; so Villa extended the time to ten days.

The rich Mexicans who had oppressed the people and opposed the Revolution, he expelled promptly from the State and confiscated their vast holdings. By a simple stroke of the pen the 17,000,000 acres and innumerable business enterprises of the Terrazzas family became the property of the Constitutionalist government, as well as the great lands of the Creel family and the magnificent palaces which were their town houses. Remembering, however, how the Terrazzas exiles had once financed the Orozco Revolution, he imprisoned Don Luis Terrazzas, Jr., as a hostage in his own house in Chihuahua. Some particularly obnoxious political enemies were promptly executed in the penitentiary. The Revolution possesses a black book in which are set

down the names, offenses, and property of those who have oppressed and robbed the people. The Germans, who had been particularly active politically, the Englishmen and Americans, he does not yet dare to molest. Their pages in the black book will be opened when the Constitutionalist government is established in Mexico City; and there, too, he will settle the account of the Mexican people with the Catholic Church.

Villa knew that the reserve of the Banco Minero, amounting to about \$500,000 gold, was hidden somewhere in Chihuahua. Don Luis Terrazas, Jr., was a director of that bank. When he refused to divulge the hiding-place of the money, Villa and a squad of soldiers took him out of his house one night, rode him on a mule out into the desert, and strung him up to a tree by the neck. He was cut down just in time to save his life, and led Villa to an old forge in the Terrazas iron works, under which was discovered the reserve of the Banco Minero. Terrazas went back to prison badly shaken, and Villa sent word to his father in El Paso that he would release the son upon payment of \$500,000 ransom.

### The Human Side

Villa has two wives, one a patient, simple woman who was with him during all his years of outlawry, who lives in El Paso, and the other a cat-like, slender young girl, who is the mistress of his house in Chihuahua. He is perfectly open about it, though lately the educated, conventional Mexicans who have been gathering about him in ever-increasing numbers have tried to hush up the fact. Among the peons it is not only not unusual but customary to have more than one mate.

One hears a great many stories of Villa's violating women. I asked him if that were true. He pulled his mustache and stared at me for a minute with an inscrutable expression. "I never take the trouble to deny such stories," he said. "They say I am a bandit, too. Well, you know my history. But tell me; have you ever met a

husband, father or brother of any woman that I have violated?" He paused: "Or even a witness?"

It is fascinating to watch him discover new ideas. Remember that he is absolutely ignorant of the troubles and confusions and readjustments of modern civilization. "Socialism," he said once, when I wanted to know what he thought of it: "Socialism—is it a thing? I only see it in books, and I do not read much." Once I asked him if women would vote in the new Republic. He was sprawled out on his bed, with his coat unbuttoned. "Why, I don't think so," he said, startled, suddenly sitting up. "What do you mean—vote? Do you mean elect a government and make laws?" I said I did and that women already were doing it in the United States. "Well," he said, scratching his head: "if they do it up there I don't see that they shouldn't do it down here." The idea seemed to amuse him enormously. He rolled it over and over in his mind, looking at me and away again. "It may be as you say," he said; "but I have never thought about it. Women seem to me to be things to protect, to love. They have no sternness of mind. They can't consider anything for its right or wrong. They are full of pity and softness. Why," he said, "a woman would not give an order to execute a traitor."

"I am not so sure of that, *mi General*," I said. "Women can be crueller and harder than men."

He stared at me, pulling his mustache. And then he began to grin. He looked slowly to where his wife was setting the table for lunch. "*Oiga*," he said, "come here. Listen. Last night I caught three traitors crossing the river to blow up the railroad. What shall I do with them? Shall I shoot them or not?"

Embarrassed, she seized his hand and kissed it. "Oh, I don't know anything about that," she said. "You know best."

"No," said Villa. "I leave it entirely to you. Those men were going to try to cut our communications between Juarez and Chihuahua. They were traitors—Federals. What shall I do? Shall I shoot them or not?"

"Oh, well, shoot them," said Mrs. Villa.

Villa chuckled delightedly. "There is something in what you say," he remarked, and for days afterward went around asking the cook and the chambermaids whom they would like to have for President of Mexico.

He never missed a bull-fight, and every afternoon at four o'clock he was to be found at the cock-pit, where he fought his own birds with the happy enthusiasm of a small boy. In the evening he played faro in some gambling hall. Sometimes in the late morning he would send a fast courier after Luis Leon, the bull-fighter, and telephone personally to the slaughter-house, asking if they had any fierce bulls in the pen. They almost always did have, and we would all get on horseback and gallop through the streets about a mile to the big adobe corrals. Twenty cowboys cut the bull out of the herd, threw and tied him and cut off his sharp horns, and then Villa and Luis Leon and anybody else who wanted to would take the professional red capes and go down into the ring; Luis Leon with professional caution, Villa as stubborn and clumsy as the bull, slow on his feet, but swift as an animal with his body and arms. Villa would walk right up to the pawing, infuriated animal, and, with his double cape, slap him insolently across the face, and, for half an hour, would follow the greatest sport I ever saw. Sometimes the sawed-off horns of the bull would catch Villa in the seat of the trousers and propel him violently across the ring; then he would turn and grab the bull by the head and wrestle with him with the sweat streaming down his face until five or six *compañeros* seized the bull's tail and hauled him plowing and bellowing back.

Villa never drinks nor smokes, but he will outdance the most ardent *novio* in Mexico. When the order was given for the army to advance upon Torreon, Villa stopped off at Camargo to be best man at the wedding of one of his old *compadres*. He danced steadily without stopping, they said, all Monday night, all Tuesday, and all Tuesday night, arriving at the front on Wednesday morning with blood-shot eyes and an air of extreme lassitude.

## The Funeral of Abram Gonzales

The fact that Villa hates useless pomp and ceremony makes it more impressive when he does appear on a public occasion. He has the knack of absolutely expressing the strong feeling of the great mass of the people. In February, exactly one year after Abram Gonzales was murdered by the Federals at Bachimba Cañon, Villa ordered a great funeral ceremony to be held in the City of Chihuahua. Two trains, carrying the officers of the army, the consuls and representatives of the foreign colony, left Chihuahua early in the morning to take up the body of the dead Governor from its resting-place under a rude wooden cross in the desert. Villa ordered Major Fierro, his Superintendent of Railroads, to get the trains ready—but Fierro got drunk and forgot; and when Villa and his brilliant staff arrived at the railway station the next morning the regular passenger train to Juarez was just leaving and there was no other equipment on hand. Villa himself leaped on to the already moving engine and compelled the engineer to back the train up to the station. Then he walked through the train, ordering the passengers out, and switched it in the direction of Bachimba. They had no sooner started than he summoned Fierro before him and discharged him from the superintendency of the railroads, appointing Calzado in his place, and ordered the latter to return at once to Chihuahua and be thoroughly informed about the railroads by the time he returned. At Bachimba Villa stood silently by the grave with the tears rolling down his cheeks. For Gonzales had been his close friend. Ten thousand people stood in the heat and dust at Chihuahua railway station when the funeral train arrived, and poured weeping through the narrow streets behind the army, at the head of which walked Villa beside the hearse. His automobile was waiting, but he angrily refused to ride, stumbling stubbornly along in the dirt of the streets with his eyes on the ground.

That night there was a *velada* in the Theater of the Heroes, an immense auditorium packed with emotional peons and their



women. The ring of boxes was brilliant with officers in their full dress, and wedged behind them up the five high balconies were the ragged poor. Now, the *velada* is an entirely Mexican institution. First there comes a speech, then a "recitation" on the piano, then a speech, followed by a patriotic song rendered by a chorus of awkward little Indian girls from the public school with squeaky voices, another speech, and a soprano solo from "Trovatore" by the wife of some government official, still another speech, and so on for at least five hours. Whenever there is a prominent funeral, or a national holiday, or a President's anniversary, or, in fact, an occasion of the least importance, a *velada* must be held. It is the conventional and respectable way of celebrating anything. Villa sat in the left hand stage box and controlled the proceedings by tapping a little bell. The stage itself was brilliantly hideous with black bunting, huge masses of artificial flowers, abominable crayon portraits of Madero, Piño Suarez and the dead Governor, and red, white and green electric lights. At the foot of all this was a very small, plain, black wooden box which held the body of Abram Gonzales.

The *velada* proceeded in an orderly and exhausting manner for about two hours. Local orators, trembling with stage fright, mouthed the customary Castilian extravagant phrases, and little girls stepped on their own feet and murdered Tosti's "Good-bye." Villa, with his eyes riveted on that wooden box, never moved nor spoke. At the proper time he mechanically tapped the little bell, but after a while he couldn't stand it any longer. A large fleshy Mexican was in the middle of Handel's "Largo" on the grand piano, when Villa stood erect. He put his foot on the railing of the box and leaped to the stage, knelt, and took up the coffin in his arms. Handel's "Largo" petered out. Silent astonishment paralyzed the audience. Holding the black box tenderly in his arms as a mother with her baby, not looking at anyone, Villa started down the steps of the stage and up the aisle. Instinctively, the house rose; and as he passed out through the swinging doors they followed on silently behind him. He strode down between the

lines of waiting soldiers, his sword banging on the floor, across the dark square to the Governor's palace; and, with his own hands, put the coffin on the flower-banked table waiting for it in the audience hall. It had been arranged that four generals in turn should stand the death watch, each for two hours. Candles shed a dim light over the table and the surrounding floor, but the rest of the room was in darkness. A dense mass of silent, breathing people packed the doorway. Villa unbuckled his sword and threw it clattering into a corner. Then he took his rifle from the table and stood the first watch.

### Villa and Carranza

It seems incredible to those who don't know him, that this remarkable figure, who has risen from obscurity to the most prominent position in Mexico in three years, should not covet the Presidency of the Republic. But that is in entire accordance with the simplicity of his character. When asked about it he answered as always with perfect directness, just in the way that you put it to him. He didn't quibble over whether he could or could not be President of Mexico. He said: "I am a fighter, not a statesman. I am not educated enough to be President. I only learned to read and write two years ago. How could I, who never went to school, hope to be able to talk with the foreign ambassadors and the cultivated gentlemen of the Congress? It would be bad for Mexico if an uneducated man were to be President. There is one thing that I will not do,—and that is to take a position for which I am not fitted. There is only one order of my Jefe (Carranza) which I would refuse to obey,—if he would command me to be a President or a Governor." On behalf of my paper I had to ask him this question five or six times. Finally he became exasperated. "I have told you many times," he said, "that there is no possibility of my becoming President of Mexico. Are the newspapers trying to make trouble between me and my Jefe? This is the last time that I will answer that question. The next correspondent that asks me I will have him spanked and sent to the border." For days afterward he

went around grumbling humorously about the *chatito* (pugnose) who kept asking him whether he wanted to be President of Mexico. The idea seemed to amuse him. Whenever I went to see him after that he used to say, at the end of our talk: "Well, aren't you going to ask me to-day whether I want to be President?"



### The Dream of Pancho Villa

It might not be uninteresting to know the passionate dream—the vision which animates this ignorant fighter, "not educated enough to be President of Mexico." He told it to me once in these words: "When the new Republic is established there will never be any more army in Mexico. Armies are the greatest support of tyranny. There can be no dictator without an army.

"We will put the army to work. In all parts of the Republic we will establish military colonies composed of the veterans of the Revolution. The State will give them grants of agricultural lands and establish big industrial enterprises to give them work. Three days a week they will work and work hard, because honest work is more important than fighting, and only honest work makes good citizens. And the other three days they will receive military instruction and go out and teach all the people how to fight. Then, when the Patria is invaded, we will just have to telephone from the palace at Mexico City, and in half a day all the Mexican people will rise from their fields and factories, fully armed, equipped and organized to defend their children and their homes.

"My ambition is to live my life in one of those military colonies among my *compañeros* whom I love, who have suffered so long and so deeply with me. I think I would like the government to establish a leather factory there where we could make good saddles and bridles, because I know how to do that; and the rest of the time I would like to work on my little farm, raising cattle and corn. It would be fine, I think, to help make Mexico a happy place."

# Walk to Huayapa

D. H. LAWRENCE

*The peasantry of Mexico was also at one time the subject of an intense study by the English novelist, D. H. Lawrence. But unlike John Reed, who thought that political action could provide the people with a better future, Lawrence put all of his faith in human relationships. One of the most restless of all contemporary writers, Lawrence was perpetually in search of an ideal, yet practicable, way in which to live; for unlike many other writers who have risen from poverty, he was not satisfied with the world he found available to him after he first made his reputation in England before the First World War. Indeed, after this war he never again lived in England but spent most of his time in travel. First he went to Taormina, then Ceylon, then Australia and finally New Mexico, where at last he began to feel a certain contentment.*

*In 1924, Lawrence left Taos and went to Mexico, where he took a house in the outskirts of the charming old town of Oaxaca. His trip had two purposes: First, he thought that Mex-*

ico was probably nearer to the real thing than New Mexico and he therefore wanted to examine it; second, he was fascinated by an aspect of human behavior that had been openly recognized in the civilization of the Toltecs and Aztecs. This primal element, which was not so much sexuality as a recognition of one's essential being, including one's physical nature, had been virtually removed from the Anglo-Saxon consciousness by modern technology and Victorianism, but Lawrence thought it might be discovered among the descendants of those who had worshipped the pre-Christian serpent god, Quetzalcoatl. Like many of his other searches, this too was to prove illusory, and his Mexican novel, *The Plumed Serpent*, is an exercise in the demolition of his own hopes. Some of the same frustration is revealed in "Walk to Huayapa," which is taken from his other book of the period, *Mornings in Mexico*.

Here Lawrence plays on the sense of alienation, of aloneness in a foreign land, which frequently affects travelers into regions unlike their own; but more than that, he emphasizes the stupid horror of a world in which people, both civilized and primitive, can no longer, because of the detritus of custom with which they are surrounded, meet and greet each other as fellow human beings.

Lawrence lived in Mexico for only a year, and toward the end of his stay he nearly died. His health rallied, however, and for the next five years he continued his wanderings, living in Florence, in Mallorca and finally in Bandol in the south of France. He died in 1930 at the age of forty-five.

Curious is the psychology of Sunday. Humanity enjoying itself is on the whole a dreary spectacle, and holidays are more disheartening than drudgery. One makes up one's mind: On Sundays and on fiestas I will stay at home, in the hermitage of the patio,

with the parrots and Corasmin and the reddening coffee-berries. I will avoid the sight of people "enjoying themselves"—or try to, without much success.

Then comes Sunday morning, with the peculiar looseness of its sunshine. And even if *you* keep mum, the better-half says: Let's go somewhere.

But thank God, in Mexico at least one can't set off in the "machine." It is a question of a meagre horse and a wooden saddle; on a donkey; or what we called, as children, "Shanks' pony"—the shanks referring discourteously to one's own legs.

We will go out of the town. "Rosalino, we are going for a walk to San Felipe de la Aguas. Do you want to go, and carry the basket?"

*"Come no, Señor!"*

It is Rosalino's inevitable answer, as inevitable as the parrot's "Perro!" "*Come no, Señor?*"—"How not, Señor?"

The Norte, the north-wind, was blowing last night, rattling the worm-chewed window-frames.

"Rosalino, I am afraid you will be cold in the night."

*"Come no, Señor?"*

"Would you like a blanket?"

*"Come no, Señor?"*

"With this you will be warm?"

*"Come no, Señor?"*

But the morning is perfect; in a moment we are clear out of the town. Most towns in Mexico, saving the capital, end in themselves, at once. As if they had been lowered from heaven in a napkin, and deposited, rather foreign, upon the wild plain. So we walk round the wall of the church and the huge old monastery enclosure that is now barracks for the scrap-heap soldiery, and at once there are the hills.

"I will lift up my eyes unto the hills, whence cometh my strength." At least one can always do *that*, in Mexico. In a stride, the town passes away. Before us lies the gleaming, pinkish-ochre

of the valley flat, wild and exalted with sunshine. On the left, quite near, bank the stiffly pleated mountains, all the foot-hills, that press savannah-coloured into the savannah of the valley. The mountains are clothed smokily with pine, *ocote*, and, like a woman in a gauze *rebozo*, they rear in a rich blue fume that is almost cornflower-blue in the clefts. It is their characteristic that they are darkest blue at the top. Like some splendid lizard with a wavering, royal-blue crest down the ridge of his back, and pale belly, and soft, pinky-fawn claws, on the plain.

Between the pallor of the claws, a dark spot of trees, and white dots of a church with twin towers. Further away, along the foot-hills, a few scattered trees, white dot and stroke of a *hacienda*, and a green, green square of sugar-cane. Further off still, at the mouth of a cleft of a canyon, a dense little green patch of trees, and two spots of proud church.

"Rosalino, which is San Felipe?"

"*Quien sabe, Señor?*" says Rosalino, looking at the villages beyond the sun of the savannah with black, visionless eyes. In his voice is the inevitable flat resonance of aloofness, touched with resignation, as if to say: It is not becoming to a man to know these things.—Among the Indians it is not becoming to know anything, not even one's own name.

Rosalino is a mountain boy, an Indian from a village two day's walk away. But he has been two years in the little city, and has learnt his modicum of Spanish.

"Have you never been to any of these villages?"

"No, Señor, I never went."

"Didn't you want to?"

"*Come no, Señor?*"

The Americans would call him a dumb-bell.

We decide for the farthest speck of a village in a dark spot of trees. It lies so magical, alone, tilted in the fawn-pink slope, again as if the dark-green napkin with a few white tiny buildings had been lowered from heaven and left, there at the foot of the mountains, with the deep groove of a canyon slanting in behind.

So alone and, as it were, detached from the world in which it lies, a spot.

Nowhere more than in Mexico does human life become isolated, external to its surroundings, and cut off tinily from the environment. Even as you come across the plain to a big city like Guadalajara, and see the twin towers of the cathedral peering around in loneliness like two lost birds side by side on a moor, lifting their white heads to look around in the wilderness, your heart gives a clutch, feeling the pathos, the isolated tininess of human effort. As for building a church with one tower only, it is unthinkable. There must be two towers, to keep each other company in this wilderness world.

The morning is still early, the brilliant sun does not burn too much. To-morrow is the shortest day. The savannah valley is shadeless, spotted only with the thorny ravel of mesquite bushes. Down the trail that has worn grooves in the turf—the rock is near the surface—occasional donkeys with a blue-hooded woman perched on top come tripping in silence, twinkling, a shadow. Just occasional women taking a few vegetables to market. Practically no men. It is Sunday.

Rosalino, prancing behind with the basket, plucks up his courage to speak to one of the women passing on a donkey. "Is that San Felipe where we are going?"—"No, that is not San Felipe."—"What, then, is it called?"—"It is called Huayapa."—"Which, then, is San Felipe?"—"That one"—and she points to her right.

They have spoken to each other in half-audible, crushed tones, as they always do, the woman on the donkey and the woman with her on foot swerving away from the basket-carrying Rosalino. They all swerve away from us, as if we were potential bold brigands. It really gets one's pecker up. The presence of the Señora only half reassures them. For the Señora, in a plain hat of bluey-green woven grass, and a dress of white cotton with black squares on it, is almost a monster of unusualness. *Prophet art thou, bird, or devil?* the women seem to say, as they look at



her with keen black eyes. I think they choose to decide she is more of the last.

The women look at the woman, the men look at the man. And always with that same suspicious, enquiring, wondering look, the same with which Edgar Allan Poe must have looked at his momentous raven:

*"Prophet art thou, bird, or devil?"*

*Devil, then, to please you!* one longs to answer, in a tone of *Nevermore*.

Ten o'clock, and the sun getting hot. Not a spot of shade, apparently, from here to Huayapa. The blue getting thinner on the mountains, and an indiscernible vagueness, of too much light, descending on the plain.

The road suddenly dips into a little crack, where runs a creek. This again is characteristic of these parts of America. Water keeps out of sight. Even the biggest rivers, even the tiny brooks. You look across a plain on which the light sinks down, and you think: Dry! Dry! Absolutely dry! You travel along, and suddenly come to a crack in the earth, and a little stream is running in a little walled-in valley bed, where is a half-yard of green turf, and bushes, the *palo-blanco* with leaves, and with big white flowers like pure white, crumpled cambric. Or you may come to a river a thousand feet below, sheer below you. But not in this valley. Only the stream.

"Shade!" says the Señora, subsiding under a steep bank.

*"Mucho calor!"* says Rosalino, taking off his extra-jaunty straw hat, and subsiding with the basket.

Down the slope are coming two women on donkeys. Seeing the terrible array of three people sitting under a bank, they pull up.

*"Adios!"* I say, with firm resonance.

*"Adios!"* says the Señora, with diffidence.

*"Adios!"* says the reticent Rosalino, his voice the shadow of ours.

*"Adios! Adios! Adios!"* say the women, in suppressed voices, swerving, neutral, past us on their self-contained, sway-eared asses.

When they have passed, Rosalino looks at me to see if I shall laugh. I give a little grin, and he gives me back a great explosive grin, throwing back his head in silence, opening his wide mouth and showing his soft pink tongue, looking along his cheeks with his saurian black eyes, in an access of *farouche* derision.

A great hawk, like an eagle, with white bars at the end of its wings, sweeps low over us, looking for snakes. One can hear the hiss of its pinions.

"*Gabilan*," says Rosalino.

"What is it called in the *idioma*?"

"*Psia*!"—He makes the consonants explode and hiss.

"Ah!" says the Señora. "One hears it in the wings. *Psia*!"

"Yes," says Rosalino, with black eyes of incomprehension.

Down the creek, two native boys, little herdsmen, are bathing, stooping with knees together and throwing water over themselves, rising, gleaming dark coffee-red in the sun, wetly. They are very dark, and their wet heads are so black, they seem to give off a bluish light, like dark electricity.

The great cattle they are tending slowly plunge through the bushes, coming up-stream. At the place where the path fords the stream, a great ox stoops to drink. Comes a cow after him, and a calf, and a young bull. They all drink a little at the stream, their noses delicately touching the water. And then the young bull, horns abranched, stares fixedly, with some of the same Indian wonder-and-suspicion stare, at us sitting under the bank.

Up jumps the Señora, proceeds uphill, trying to save her dignity. The bull, slowly leaning into motion, moves across-stream like a ship unmoored. The bathing lad on the bank is hastily fastening his calico pantaloons round his ruddy-dark waist. The Indians have a certain rich physique, even this lad. He comes running short-step down the bank, uttering a bird-like whoop, his dark hair gleaming bluish. Stooping for a moment to select a stone, he runs athwart the bull, and aims the stone sideways at him. There is a thud, the ponderous, adventurous young animal swerves docilely

round towards the stream. "*Becerro!*" cries the boy, in his bird-like, piping tone, selecting a stone to throw at the calf.

We proceed in the blazing sun up the slope. There is a white line at the foot of the trees. It looks like water running white over a weir. The supply of the town water comes this way. Perhaps this is a reservoir. A sheet of water! How lovely it would be, in this country, if there was a sheet of water with a stream running out of it! And those dense trees of Huayapa behind.

"What is that white, Rosalino? Is it water?"

"*El blanco? Si, agua, Señora,*" says that dumb-bell.

Probably, if the Señora had said: Is it milk? he would have replied in exactly the same way: *Si es leche, Señora!*—Yes, it's milk.

Hot, silent, walking only amidst a weight of light, out of which one hardly sees, we climb the spurs towards the dark trees. And as we draw nearer, the white slowly resolves into a broken, white-washed wall.

"Oh!" exclaims the Señora, in real disappointment. "It isn't water! It's a wall!"

"*Si Señora. Es panteón.*" (They call a cemetery a *panteón*, down here.)

"It is a cemetery," announces Rosalino, with a certain ponderous, pleased assurance, and without afterthought. But when I suddenly laugh at the absurdity, he also gives a sudden broken yelp of laughter.—They laugh as if it were against their will, as if it hurt them, giving themselves away.

It was nearing midday. At last we got into a shady lane, in which were puddles of escaped irrigation-water. The ragged semi-squalor of a half-tropical lane, with naked trees sprouting into spiky scarlet flowers, and bushes with biggish yellow flowers, sitting rather wearily on their stems, led to the village.

We were entering Huayapa. *Iª Calle de las Minas*, said an old notice. *Iª Calle de las Minas*, said a new, brand-new notice, as if in confirmation. *First Street of the Mines*. And every street had the

same old and brand-new notice: 1st. Street of the Magnolia: 4th Street of Enriquez Gonzalez: very fine!

But the First Street of the Mines was just a track between the stiff living fence of organ cactus, with *poinsettia* trees holding up scarlet mops of flowers, and mango trees, tall and black, stonily drooping the strings of unripe fruit. The Street of the Magnolia was a rocky stream-gutter, disappearing to nowhere from nowhere, between cactus and bushes. The Street of the Vasquez was a stony stream-bed, emerging out of tall, wildly tall reeds.

Not a soul anywhere. Through the fences, half deserted gardens of trees and banana plants, each enclosure with a half-hidden hut of black adobe bricks crowned with a few old tiles for a roof, and perhaps a new wing made of twigs. Everything hidden, secret, silent. A sense of darkness among the silent mango trees, a sense of lurking, of unwillingness. Then actually some half-bold curs barking at us across the stile of one garden, a forked bough over which one must step to enter the chicken-bitten enclosure. And actually a man crossing the proudly labelled: Fifth Street of the Independence.

If there were no churches to mark a point in these villages, there would be nowhere at all to make for. The sense of nowhere is intense, between the dumb and repellent living fence of cactus. But the Spaniards, in the midst of these black, mud-brick huts, have inevitably reared the white twin-towered magnificence of a big and lonely, hopeless church; and where there is a church there will be a *plaza*. And a *plaza* is a *zocalo*, a hub. Even though the wheel does not go round, a hub is still a hub. Like the old Forum.

So we stray diffidently on, in the maze of streets which are only straight tracks between cactuses, till we see *Reforma*, and at the end of *Reforma*, the great church.

In front of the church is a rocky plaza leaking with grass, with water rushing into two big, oblong stone basins. The great church stands rather ragged, in a dense forlornness, for all the world like some big white human being, in rags, held captive in a world of ants.

On the uphill side of the *plaza*, a long low white building with a shed in front, and under the shed crowding, all the short-statured men of the *pueblo*, in their white cotton clothes and big hats. They are listening to something: but the silence is heavy, furtive, secretive. They stir like white-clad insects.

Rosalino looks sideways at them, and sheers away. Even we lower our voices to ask what is going on. Rosalino replies, *sotto voce*, that they are making *asuntos*. But what business? we insist. The dark faces of the little men under the big hats look round at us suspiciously, like dark gaps in the atmosphere. Our alien presence in this vacuous village, is like the sound of a drum in a churchyard. Rosalino mumbles unintelligibly. We stray across the forlorn yard into the church.

Thursday was the day of the Virgin of the Soledad, so the church is littered with flowers, sprays of wild yellow flowers trailing on the floor. There is a great Gulliver's Travels fresco picture of an angel having a joy-ride on the back of a Goliath. On the left, near the altar steps, is seated a life-size Christ—undersized; seated upon a little table, wearing a pair of woman's frilled knickers, a little mantle of purple silk dangling from His back, and His face bent forward gazing fatuously at His naked knee, which emerges from the needlework frill of the drawers. Across from Him a living woman is half-hidden behind a buttress, mending something, sewing.

We sit silent, motionless, in the whitewashed church ornamented with royal blue and bits of gilt. A barefoot Indian with a high-domed head comes in and kneels with his legs close together, his back stiff, at once very humble and resistant. His cotton jacket and trousers are long-unwashed rags, the colour of dry earth, and torn, so that one sees smooth pieces of brown thigh, and brown back. He kneels in a sort of intense fervour for a minute, then gets up and childishly, almost idiotically, begins to take the pieces of candle from the candlesticks. He is the Verger.

Outside, the gang of men is still pressing under the shed. We insist on knowing what is going on. Rosalino, looking sideways at

them, plucks up courage to say plainly that the two men at the table are canvassing for votes: for the Government, for the State, for a new governor, whatever it may be. Votes! Votes! Votes! The farce of it! Already on the wall of the low building, on which one sees, in blue letters, the word *Justizia*, there are pasted the late political posters, with the loud announcement: Vote For This Mark ⊕. Or another: Vote For This Mark ⊖.

My dear fellow, this is when democracy becomes real fun. You vote for one red ring inside another red ring and you get a Julio Echegaray. You vote for a blue dot inside a blue ring, and you get a Socrate Ezequiel Tos. Heaven knows what you get for the two little red circles on top of one another g. Suppose we vote, and try. There's all sorts in the lucky bag. There might come a name like Peregrino Zenon Cocotilla.

Independence! Government by the People, of the People, for the People! We all live in the Calle de la Reforma, in Mexico.

On the bottom of the *plaza* is a shop. We want some fruit. "*Hay frutas?* Oranges or bananas?"—"No, Señor."—"No fruits?"—"No *hay*!"—"Can I buy a cup?"—"No *hay*."—"Can I buy a *jicara*, a gourd-shell that we might drink from?" "No *hay*."

*No hay* means *there isn't any*, and it's the most regular sound made by the dumb-bells of the land.

"What is there, then?" A sickly grin. There are, as a matter of fact, candles, soap, dead and withered chiles, a few dried grasshoppers, dust, and stark, bare wooden pigeon-holes. Nothing, nothing, nothing. Next-door is another little hole of a shop. *Hay frutas?*—*No hay*.—*Qué hay?*—*Hay tepache!*

"*Para borracharse*," says Rosalino, with a great grin.

*Tepache* is a fermented drink of pineapple rinds and brown sugar: to get drunk on, as Rosalino says. But mildly drunk. There is probably *mescal* too, to get brutally drunk on.

The village is exhausted in resource. But we insist on fruit. Where, *where* can I buy oranges and bananas? I see oranges on the trees, I see banana plants.

"Up there!" The woman waves with her hand as if she were cutting the air upwards.

"That way?"

"Yes."

We go up the Street of Independence. They have got rid of us from the *plaza*.

Another black hut with a yard, and orange-trees beyond.

"*Hay frutas?*"

"*No hay.*"

"Not an orange, nor a banana?"

"*No hay.*"

We go on. *She* has got rid of us. We descend the black rocky steps to the stream, and up the other side, past the high reeds. There is a yard with heaps of maize in a shed, and tethered bullocks: and a bare-bosom, black-browed girl.

"*Hay frutas?*"

"*No hay.*"

"But yes! There are oranges—there!"

She turns and looks at the oranges on the trees at the back, and imbecilely answers:

"*No hay.*"

It is a choice between killing her and hurrying away.

We hear a drum and a whistle. It is down a rocky black track that calls itself The Street of Benito Juarez: the same old gent who stands for all this obvious Reform, and Vote for @.

A yard with shade round. Women kneading the maize dough, *masa*, for *tortillas*. A man lounging. And a little boy beating a kettledrum sideways, and a big man playing a little reedy wooden whistle, rapidly, endlessly, disguising the tune of *La Cucuracha*. They won't play a tune unless they can render it almost unrecognisable.

"*Hay frutas?*"

"*No hay.*"

"Then what is happening here?"

A sheepish look, and no answer.

"Why are you playing music?"

"It is a *fiesta*."

My God, a feast! That weary *masa*, a millstone in the belly. And for the rest, the blank, heavy, dark-grey barrenness, like an adobe brick. The drum-boy rolls his big Indian eyes at us, and beats on, though filled with consternation. The flute man glances, is half appalled and half resentful, so he blows harder. The lounging man comes and mutters to Rosalino, and Rosalino mutters back, four words.

Four words in the *idioma*, the Zapotec language. We retire, pushed silently away.

"What language do they speak here, Rosalino?"

"The *idioma*."

"You understand them? It is Zapoteca, same as your language?"

"Yes, Señor."

"Then why do you always speak in Spanish to them?"

"Because they don't speak the *idioma* of my village."

He means, presumably, that there are dialect differences. Anyhow, he asserts his bit of Spanish, and says *Hay frutas?*

It was like a *posada*. It was like the Holy Virgin on Christmas Eve, wandering from door to door looking for a lodging in which to bear her child: Is there a room here? *No hay!*

The same with us. *Hay frutas? No hay!* We went down every straight ant-run of that blessed village. But at last we pinned a good-natured woman. "Now tell us, *where* can we buy oranges? We see them on the trees. We want them to eat."

"Go," she said, "to Valentino Ruiz. He has oranges. Yes, he has oranges, and he sells them." And she cut the air upwards with her hand.

From black hut to black hut went we, till at last we got to the house of Valentino Ruiz. And lo! it was the yard with the *fiesta*. The lounging man was peeping out of the gateless gateway, as we came, at us.

"It is the same place!" cried Rosalino, with a laugh of bashful agony.



But we don't belong to the ruling race for nothing. Into the yard we march.

"Is this the house of Valentino Ruiz? *Hay naranjas?* Are there oranges?"

We had wandered so long, and asked so often, that the *masa* was made into *tortillas*, the *tortillas* were baked, and a group of people were sitting in a ring on the ground, eating them. It was the *fiesta*.

At my question up jumped a youngish man, and a woman as if they had been sitting on a scorpion each.

"Oh, Señor," said the woman, "there are few oranges, and they are not ripe, as the Señor would want them. But pass this way."

We pass up to the garden, past the pink roses, to a little orange-tree, with a few yellowish-green oranges.

"You see, they are not ripe as you will want them," says the youngish man.

"They will do." Tropical oranges are always green. These, we found later, were almost insipidly sweet.

Even then, I can only get three of the big, thick-skinned, greenish oranges. But I spy sweet limes, and insist on having five or six of these.

He charges me three cents apiece for the oranges: the market price is two for five cents: and one cent each for the *limas*.

"In my village," mutters Rosalino when we get away, "oranges are five for one cent."

Never mind! It is one o'clock. Let us get out of the village, where the water will be safe, and eat lunch.

In the *plaza*, the men are just dispersing, one gang coming down the hill. They watch us as if we were coyote, a zopilote, and a white she-bear walking together in the street.

"*Adios!*"

"*Adios!*" comes the low roll of reply, like a roll of cannon shot.

The water rushes downhill in a stone gutter beside the road. We climb up the hill, up the Street of the Camomile, alongside the

rushing water. At one point it crosses the road unchannelled, and we wade through it. It is the village drinking supply.

At the juncture of the roads, where the water crosses, another silent white gang of men. Again: *Adios!* and again the low, musical, deep volley of *Adios!*

Up, up wearily. We must get above the village to be able to drink the water without developing typhoid.

At last, the last house, the naked hills. We follow the water across a dry maize-field, then up along a bank. Below is a quite deep gully. Across is an orchard, and some women with baskets of fruit.

"*Hay frutas?*" calls Rosalino, in a half-voice. He is getting bold.

"*Hay,*" says an old woman, in the curious half-voice. "But not ripe."

Shall we go down into the gully into the shade? No; someone is bathing among the reeds below, and the aqueduct water rushes along in the gutter here above. On, on, till we spy a wild guava tree over the channel of water. At last we can sit down and eat and drink, on a bank of dry grass, under the wild guava tree.

We put the bottle of lemonade in the aqueduct to cool. I scoop out a big half-orange, the thick rind of which makes a cup.

"Look, Rosalino! The cup!"

"*La taza!*" he cries, soft-tongued, with a bark of laughter and delight.

And one drinks the soft, rather lifeless, warmish Mexican water. But it is pure.

Over the brink of the water-channel is the gully, and a noise—chock, chock! I go to look. It is a woman, naked to the hips, standing washing her other garments upon a stone. She has a beautiful full back, of a deep orange colour, and her wet hair is divided and piled. In the water a few yards up-stream two men are sitting naked, their brown-orange giving off a glow in the shadow, also washing their clothes. Their wet hair seems to steam blue-blackness. Just above them is a sort of bridge, where the water divides,

the channel-water taken from the little river, and led along the top of the bank.

We sit under the wild guava tree in silence, and eat. The old woman of the fruit, with naked breast and coffee-brown naked arms, her under-garment fastened on one shoulder, round her waist an old striped *sarape* for a skirt, and on her head a blue *rebozo* piled against the sun, comes marching down the aqueduct with black bare feet, holding three or four *chirimoyas* to her bosom. *Chirimoyas* are green custard-apples.

She lectures us, in slow, heavy Spanish:

"This water, here, is for drinking. The other, below, is for washing. This, you drink, and you don't wash in it. The other, you wash in, and you don't drink it." And she looked inquisitively at the bottle of lemonade, cooling.

"Very good. We understand."

Then she gave us the *chirimoyas*. I asked her to change the *peso*: I had no change.

"No, Señor," she said. "No, Señor. You don't pay me. I bring you these, and may you eat well. But the *chirimoyas* are not ripe: in two or three days they will be ripe. Now, they are not. In two or three days they will be. Now, they are not. You can't eat them yet. But I make a gift of them to you, and may you eat well. Farewell. Remain with God."

She marched impatiently off along the aqueduct.

Rosalino waited to catch my eye. Then he opened his mouth and showed his pink tongue and swelled out his throat like a cobra, in a silent laugh after the old woman.

"But," he said in a low tone, "the *chirimoyas* are not good ones."

And again he swelled in the silent, delighted, derisive laugh.

He was right. When we came to eat them, three days later, the custard-apples all had worms in them, and hardly any white meat.

"The old woman of Huayapa," said Rosalino, reminiscent.

However, she had got her bottle. When we had drunk the lemonade, we sent Rosalino to give her the empty wine-bottle, and

she made him another sententious little speech. But to her the bottle was a treasure.

And I, going round the little hummock behind the wild guava tree to throw away the papers of the picnic, came upon a golden-brown young man with his shirt just coming down over his head, but over no more of him. Hastily retreating, I thought again what beautiful, suave, rich skins these people have; a sort of richness of the flesh. It goes, perhaps, with the complete absence of what we call "spirit."

We lay still for a time, looking at the tiny guavas and the perfect, soft, high blue sky overhead, where the hawks and the ragged-winged *zopilotes* sway and diminish. A long, hot way home. But *mañana es otro día*. To-morrow is another day. And even the next five minutes are far enough away, in Mexico, on a Sunday afternoon.

# Antigua

ALDOUS HUXLEY

*Aldous Huxley began his intellectual career very much under the auspices of the English literary establishment. The grandson of both T. H. Huxley and Matthew Arnold, he was educated at Eton and Balliol, and his first job was that of assistant to Middleton Murry on the Athenaeum. By the age of thirty he had published books like *Crome Yellow* and *Antic Hay* and had become the spokesman for the postwar generation in England. But then came a marked change, caused partly by his almost complete blindness, and partly by his association with D.H. Lawrence. The English social order ceased to interest him, and instead he began to be concerned with questions of human value and with religious and philosophical problems. Like Lawrence, he traveled widely—to Italy, India, Indonesia and Central America. The result of his trip to Mexico and Guatemala was his book, *Beyond the Mexique Bay*, from which the following selection is taken.*

*At the time of his visit to Antigua, however, Huxley had not*

*yet developed his interest in Oriental philosophy and extra-sensory perception; on the contrary, he was still very much affected by his own English social background. Thus, as he observes the ruins of this ancient capital of Guatemala, destroyed by earthquakes, he sees them not so much in their own terms as in terms of the Gothic revival of the nineteenth century, in terms of Keble College, Oxford. In this sense, his sketch of Antigua lacks objectivity; on the other hand, it is an intellectual exercise of some substance.*

*There are many ruins in Latin America—the remains of the Mayan and Toltec cities in Mexico and Guatemala, the Inca ruins in Peru; but the half-demolished churches of Antigua are of relatively recent era. In its ruined state Antigua, therefore, perpetuates an aspect of Colonial life unaffected by modern ways. There is nothing quite like it in Latin America, except perhaps the old quarters of Recife and Bahia on the coast of Brazil and Ouro Preto in the interior—or perhaps Cuzco in Peru. But these are all subject to alterations which are unlikely to occur in the abandoned capital city of Guatemala.*

The Gothic revival in England was a product of the Oxford Movement. Pointed arches seemed better than round ones, because they were the emblems of a certain kind of newly fashionable religion, a certain way of life. Ruskin persuasively rationalized this ethico-religious preference in terms of aesthetics; and on these aesthetic grounds ogival architecture was preferred to the Renaissance and baroque by whole classes of people, who would thoroughly have disapproved of the original reasons for the Gothic revival. My parents, for example, had no great love for the Oxford Movement; but I was brought up in the strait and narrow way of Ruskinism; and so strict was my conditioning that it was not till I was at least twenty and had come under the influence of the aes-

theticians of a newer school that I could perceive the smallest beauty in Saint Paul's cathedral. Till then, its dome and its round arches had acted on me like a Pavlovian bell: at the sight of them I had shuddered and the thought, "How ugly!" had immediately presented itself to my consciousness.

Mr. and Mrs. Maudslay, who wrote their *Glimpse at Guatemala* in the late eighteen-nineties, had never had a chance to be deconditioned from Ruskinism. Their reaction to Antigua was one of unequivocal disapproval. "If only," was their reflection, "if only the *Conquistadores* had come, say, eighty years earlier! Then Antigua might have been filled with lovely Gothic ruins." The Antigua of actuality is all baroque and colonial rococo; the Maudslays were so much distressed by it, that they found it necessary to draw a veil: its horrors are passed over in silence.

To those who, like myself, have been deconditioned, or who have never undergone the Ruskinian training, Antigua must seem one of the most romantic towns in the world. I will not pretend that it contains any great masterpiece of architecture: that would be absurd. There is nothing grand at Antigua; but there is much that is charming; much that is surprising and queer; much—indeed everything—that is picturesque and romantic in the most extravagantly eighteenth-century style. Piranesi confront you at every corner; there is hardly a back garden without its Hubert Robert or its Panini. Wherever one looks fantastic ruins fill the foreground and behind them rise, not modest Alban hills, not poor little Soracte, but gigantic volcanoes, as high as Monte Rosa and almost as shapely as Fuji-yama. It is a thousand pities that his pilgrimage never took Childe Harold as far as Guatemala, and that Chateaubriand's knowledge of the New World should have been confined to the sea-board of the northern continent and the descriptive writings of Father Charlevoix. What splendid musings either of them would have sent home from Antigua! Musings on the transitoriness of human glory, on the grandeurs and eternities of nature; musings on tyrants; musings on liberty; musings on volcanoes and the cochineal insect; musings on the beauties of Christianity or the

baseness of popish superstition, whichever the case might be. There would have been a cataract of pensive eloquence. To-day it is too late. On all these incredibly romantic ruins the Time-Spirit has posted his warning notice: NO MUSING, BY ORDER. To the outward eye the letters are invisible; but, for the inward, they glare as enormously as Citroen's signature on the Eiffel Tower.

Look on its broken arch, its ruin'd wall,  
Its chambers desolate and portals foul:  
Yes, this was once Ambition's airy hall,  
The dome of Thought, the palace of the Soul:  
Behold . . .

But suddenly, just as we are warming to the task of describing "the gay recess of Wisdom and of Wit," suddenly the writing on the wall starts out at us: NO MUSING, BY ORDER. Guiltily, we put away our fountain pens and our notebooks, and address ourselves to the more contemporary business of taking snapshots.

\* \* \*

The Valley of Antigua is darkly green with coffee bushes and umbrageous with the tall shade trees under which they are planted. Ninety years ago, in Stephens's day, there was not a coffee berry in all Guatemala. The two great export crops were cochineal, much cultivated round Antigua, and indigo (the best, according to Humboldt, in the world), which grew lower down on the rich, hot lands of the Pacific slope. Cochineal and indigo were killed by William Perkin and the German chemists. Ruined by aniline, the planters were forced, after the 'fifties of the last century, to look for something else to plant. The new staple was coffee. Guatemalan coffees rank among the finest in the world; and certainly I never drank a cup of anything that could compare with the ambrosial stuff that was served us after dinner by the friends with whom we stayed near Escuintla. It was made from berries grown high up on the flank of the volcano of Fuego. Coffee will flourish in these latitudes up to about five thousand feet, and the higher the finer—



also, unfortunately, the fewer. Quality is at the cost of quantity.

For some years after the war, coffee boomed; the planters did very well. What always happens in such cases duly occurred. News of the profits that were being made produced a coffee-rush. Thousands of people migrated to the tropics and sank their capital in laying down several million acres of new plantations. Even if all other prices had remained what they were in 1928, coffee would inevitably have slumped. If you suddenly double the output of a commodity without doubling its consumption, you cannot expect to get as much for what you sell as you did before. Too many geese, in a word, spoil the golden egg. This truth is obvious enough; but the knowledge of it has not sufficed to stop our Yukonesque stampedes into any business that seems, at any given moment, to be doing well. Cotton-rushes, wheat-rushes, radio-rushes, automobile-rushes—we have had all these in recent years, and a dozen more besides. The moment the producers see what they suppose to be "a good thing," they fling themselves into it and thereby automatically convert it into a bad thing. All know, in theory, that this is bound to happen; but each believes that, in economic as in all other matters, he is the happy exception to the rule. In our sort of world, this is, no doubt, a necessary delusion; if most people did not have it, things would never get done, or at any rate would only get done very slowly. Certainly nothing much gets done in societies in which taboos are unquestioningly accepted and nobody even dreams that he can escape from the operations of any rule whatsoever. It may be that, if there is to be progress, or at any rate rapid change, the delusion of individual exceptionalness is indispensable. In a society rationally planned on equitable principles, this delusion would be discouraged and such active manifestations of it as a coffee-rush severely checked. This would certainly make for social stability. But whether social stability may not in its turn make for the return to the mental stagnation of the primitive stable society remains to be seen. At present we are very far from being in a position to judge.

Will coffee ever again be, for Guatemala, the source of pros-

perity it was before the slump? It seems a little doubtful. Trees have multiplied faster than consumers. The Brazilian planters are said to spend about a million pounds a year on propaganda; and perhaps, if they had a free field, they might increase the number of coffee addicts sufficiently to make it unnecessary for them to burn the greater part of their crop. But propaganda produces counter-propaganda. The tea-growers are organizing their forces, the battle of the stimulants promises to be lively. Personally, I back tea, which seems to me both a wholesomer and more efficient drug than coffee. And of course it is quite on the cards that at any moment the chemist will step in again and kill them both, by synthesizing a pick-me-up that is cheaper and more palatable than any of the natural caffeines. In any case, I cannot believe that the outlook for the Guatemalan plantations is particularly good. Another ninety years, and it is likely that coffee will have gone the way of cochineal and indigo. What will have taken its place? Perhaps castor oil; for, as the supply of petroleum declines, it will be necessary to replace mineral by vegetable lubricants. Perhaps by some luxuriant tropical weed, from which alcohol may be distilled for fuel. The palmy days of tropical agriculture are probably yet to come. It will be called upon to supply the greases and the combustibles which at present we take out of the ground, the paper and the artificial fibres which we so wastefully derive from the cellulose of northern forest trees. Golden prospects! But meanwhile hard-pressed coffee-planters cannot live on their grandchildren's hypothetical prosperity.

\* \* \*

I found it extraordinarily hard to guess the date of any building in Antigua. The regular succession of architectural fashions is not observable here as it is in Europe; and I was never sure if the ruin before me was of the sixteenth, the seventeenth, or even the eighteenth century. All were just indistinctly colonial baroque. One explanation for the apparent contemporaneity of churches built at widely separated periods may be found, perhaps, in the fact that Antigua is a place of earthquakes. Every few years, no doubt,

façades got cracked and called for extensive repairs; there must have been frequent excuses for bringing old-fashioned details up to date.

Earthquakes influenced the Antiguan style of architecture in another way. In their attempts to build something that would withstand the constant tremors, the local architects evolved an almost Saxon style. Thus, the convent of the Capuchinas dates from the eighteenth century; but its cloisters, with their immensely thick round pillars, might have been built in the twelfth. The sixteenth-century palace of the Captains-General has the same strangely anachronistic appearance; and there are many other specimens of this queer anti-seismic architecture, so barbarously massive that it seems incredible that they could have been built by the contemporaries of Borromini or Christopher Wren. Considered technically, the history of ecclesiastical architecture is the history of the increasingly successful efforts of engineers to build a stone-roofed greenhouse. The problem was solved in late Gothic times. In King's College chapel all the space between the buttressed piers is glass, and the roof is a stone vault. A minimum of masonry has been made to carry a maximum of weight. Le Corbusier himself could hardly have done the trick better: King's is the perfect machine-for-praying-in. At Antigua, a secular process was reversed, and the architects retreated from the greenhouse towards the massive artificial caverns of their barbarian predecessors.



Two arms crossed; one, naked, of the crucified Christ, the other in its wide monastic sleeve, St. Francis's. The palm of either hand is marked with the print of nails. It is an emblem one sees on many churches in Antigua, and indeed all over Guatemala. Here, in Central America, it seems to be the regular coat-of-arms of the Franciscan order. In Europe, the Minorites were much more chary in their use of this striking emblem. Indeed, I remember to have seen it only once outside Central America—in the archaeological museum of Aix-en-Provence. Perhaps it was only in the New World, where their power and wealth were so prodigious, that the Francis-

cans ventured to state the claims of their founder so openly and in such unequivocal terms.

\* \* \*

I tried to do some painting in the woods behind the hotel, but soon gave up in despair. The hot sun and the insects were too much for me. Or was I perhaps merely using these ordinary plagues of the landscape-painter as excuses for not prolonging the parade of my own incompetence? For there was no doubt about it: here, at Antigua, I felt more than ordinarily incompetent. The problem was fundamentally the same as that which had confronted, and defeated, me so often in Provence: how to render a brilliantly coloured landscape in equivalently brilliant tones without making the thing look like a railway company's advertisement of the Riviera. A number of contemporary painters simply evade the difficulty. They ignore the brilliance in front of them and transpose the whole scene into a much lower and quieter key. Landscapes, which nature has daubed with the most gaudy strontian yellows, cadmium reds and cobalt violets, are rendered by them in terms of black, white and the earth colours. The result, I admit, is often very agreeable. But I resent the agreeableness; for it seems to me that a difficulty has been shirked. It is relatively easy, as I know by amateurish experience, to achieve a pleasant harmony when you are using a few quiet colours. But oh, how difficult it is to harmonize the many and brilliant tones which actually exist—maddening as it is to admit it—in external nature! I myself have never succeeded; which is why I stick to the easily manageable earth. But it irks me to have to make a virtue of incompetence, and from time to time I have yet another shot at rendering cadmium with cadmium and genuine sky-blue with the appropriate cerulean. Always, alas, in vain. Putting away my painting things I cursed the insects and the sun; but when I looked again at what I had painted I secretly felt rather grateful to them.

\* \* \*

The modern Gothic church at San Felipe, a mile out of town, would have rejoiced the Maudslays' hearts. The sight of it, as I stepped out of the bus, carried me back in an instant to Parks Road at Oxford. Instead of chocolate-coloured Indians, I seemed to see the sons of the clergy coming and going through the Gothic portals of their appointed college; and across the way stood Ruskin's Museum, spikier than any church, but stuffed with science—a wolf in sheep's clothing. Home thoughts with a vengeance!

We entered Keble Chapel and found, not *The Light of the World*, but the gruesomely realistic image of a cadaver, in a glass coffin. It was miraculous and this was its feast day. Indians had come from all the country round to pray and burn candles. Behind the high altar, on which the coffin was laid, some hundreds of people were queued up to take their turn to kiss the hand that projected from the crystal box. Most of the worshippers were Indians; but there were also a certain number of *mestizos* and near-whites in European dress. One of these, a widow in the most elegant of Parisian weeds, took her place just in front of us. Approaching the image, she was torn, I could see, by a painful conflict between the dictates of religion on one side and hygiene on the other. She longed to kiss the hand and so participate in the *mana* with which the miraculous image was charged: but the thought of the thousands of other people who had kissed it, each with his or her peculiar dirt and special brand of microbes, produced a repulsion that was even stronger than her longing. She stooped, as though she were going to deposit her kiss; but the recollection of all those greasy Indian lips, the inward vision of the innumerable spirochaetes and cocci and filter-passing bacteria that must be swarming all over the sacred hand, checked her in mid-career, and she straightened herself up again. Then, improvising a graceful compromise between godliness and cleanliness, she passionately kissed the tips of her black-gloved fingers and wafted the devotion across the intervening space. Touch wood—but by wireless.

# An Evening in Havana

JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

*As Latin America gradually began to assert its own personality, and as it became increasingly possible to identify certain attitudes of mind as being essentially "South American" in character, foreign observers began to recognize these characteristic values and to compare them to the standards of England and the United States. A number of these comparisons suggested that they might well profit from the example of Latin America.*

*Joseph Hergesheimer, whose account of an evening at a Cuban brothel appears below, is not so overt in his recommendations, but his experiences in Havana obviously struck a note sympathetic to his own nature. For what was interesting about his career as a writer was his willingness to comment on subjects not normally dealt with by American writers. In short, he represents a strain in American letters which emerges from time to time to say things that are not usually said and which then disappears for a decade or two under the general level of realistic fiction. This strain probably first appeared in the writings*

of Edgar Allan Poe; it reappeared again in Sydney Lanier and in some of Henry James, and once again in the work of James Branch Cabell who was, as it happened, a friend of Hergesheimer's.

Born in Philadelphia in 1880, Hergesheimer was brought up in a religious atmosphere: his parents were strict Presbyterians and he was educated at Quaker schools. What this upbringing meant to him is clearly revealed in his book on Cuba, *San Cristóbal de la Habana*. Cuba for Hergesheimer meant light and freedom; it meant a release from all the oppressive forces a Presbyterian upbringing in Philadelphia suggests. But by the time Hergesheimer went to Cuba he was over fifty; he was no longer capable of kicking over the traces and releasing himself from his background. Instead, he wonders what he would have been like had he been born in Cuba, and to give life to the possibility, he creates his own Cuban alter-ego, whom he names Rogelio Mola. Thus he enters the Havana brothel both as himself and as Mola, and the interplay of the reaction of each to the scene depicted gives his essay an unusual subtlety.

Hergesheimer wrote a great many other books, of which *Java Head*, *Cytherea* and *The Bright Shawl* (their very titles suggest their quality) are probably the best known; and he died in New Jersey in 1954.

My mind returned once more to Rogelio Mola as I was standing outside an impassive door, waiting for admittance, not far from the Arsenal. It was the entrance to what he had called a house of pleasure, and, long established in Havana, unknown to America, one that he might easily have frequented in the reprehensible period of youth. I had adequate abstract reasons for my presence, but Rogelio, correctly insistent on a saving generosity of emotion, had needed no ponderous explanation. Indeed, I was there in his in-

terest, since, after all, I had imagined him; I wanted very much to have completely the material of his setting, of the surrounding from which his friend, betrayed by the Peru that had centuries before despoiled Cuba, had been led out to be, doubtless, shot. Not that, pressingly, I felt the need for an excuse, or that I was essentially making a descent. The very bitterness, the revilement in solemn terms, of my early instructions, had, reacting, defeated itself.

What was before me, in a world where the pure and the impure were inexplicably mixed in one flesh, was inevitable; its ugliness lay not with it, but in a society which, constantly tearing it down, as constantly projected again the penalty, the shadow, of a perfunctory and material estate. In addition, as long as the age of marriage, of love, was so tragically different in society and in nature, an informal interlude was unavoidable. But I had no need to apologize for anything. I had been spared the dreary and impertinent duty of improving the world; the whole discharge of my responsibility was contained in the imperative obligation to see with relative truth, to put down the colors and scents and emotions of existence. What, pretentiously, was called the moral must shift for itself; that depended on what, beneath consciousness, I was—the justice and sympathy, the comprehension, of my being.

A slide opened mysteriously on the blank darkness before me, a bolt was drawn; and immediately I had left the street for a little entresol filled with lamplight, the breath of scented powder, and the notes of a piano played by a girl whose cigarette burned furiously on the scarred ebonized top of the instrument. She half turned, scanning me indifferently, and went on with her unelaborate music. The woman who had admitted me, a figure whose instant scrutiny resembled the unsparing accuracy of a photograph by flashlight, after a polite greeting, ignored me absolutely, and I was left to follow my fancy.

This led to the patio, larger and more entrancing than any I had before seen; it was paved in blocks of marble, and the white walls, warmly and fully illuminated, made a sharp contrast with the night,



the sky and stars, above. There was a tree growing at one side; what it was I didn't know, but it hung large intensely green leaves into the light before climbing to obscurity. A great many people, it seemed to me, were present; and, as I found a seat on an ornamental iron bench, the formality of a civil greeting was scrupulously observed. The company was, to every outer regard, decorous to the point of stiffness. Opposite, two officers of the Spanish navy, in immaculate white with gilt epaulettes, were drinking naranjadas and conversing with two girls who nodded in appropriate sympathy. Farther on, a Cuban exquisite, his hands, in spite of the heat, cased in lavender grey gloves, was staring fixedly at the shining toes of his shoes. Others—yes, Rogelio in his youth—their hair faultlessly glossy, were more animated; their gestures and voices rose irrepressibly and sank in confidences to ears close beside them.

A row of doors, I then saw, filled one side of the patio, the interiors closed by swinging slatted screens; the wall at my back was blank, an exit at the rear, while on the right was the entrance. Scattered about, with the benches and chairs, small tables held a variety of glasses and drinks . . . the entire atmosphere was pervaded, characterized, by utter ease. That was, to me, the most notable of the effects of that enclosure—an amazing freedom from superficial obligations, from the burdensome conventions which, so largely a part of existence, had come to be accepted either subconsciously or as a necessary evil. I realized for the first time the inanity of imposed pretences, the thick, the suffocating armor of triviality that criminally and ludicrously muffled life.

There were present, of course, all the poses of humanity, and a great many of its conventions; the girls were not hippogriffs, but girls—timid, bold, religious, skeptical, feminine, sentimental, happy and unhappy, hopeful and hopeless. Yet, in contradiction to this, the air offered a complete release from a thousand small irritating pressures. It came, partly, from the sense that here I was outside the order, the legality, the explicit purpose, of the forces organizing the world. I had stepped, as it were, from time, immediacy, to timelessness. The patio into which I was shut might

have been on that earth the ancients conceived of as round and flat as a plate. No discovery, no wisdom accumulated by centuries and supreme sacrifices, had any bearing, any importance, in my circumstances now. I was contemporaneous with the lives precariously spent between the ebb and flood of the ice ages. The animals knew as much. But if I had nothing to gain from all that was successively admirable, nothing was lost that had been implicit in the beginning, nothing at the last end would be changed.

The conversation fluctuated about me, the glasses were carried away and brought back refilled; the smoke of cigars and cigarettes floated tranquilly up and was lost above the illumination, and I completely dropped the embarrassment which came from an uncertainty in such minor customs as existed. I was, in fact, extremely comfortable when I understood that I was left entirely to my own desires. These included the offer, in clumsy Spanish, of a general order of drinks; and there was a revival of polite phrases. Not all, by a half, accepted; the others bowed, gravely or cheerfully; and I retired again to my speculations.

These were mainly gathered about the regret that the scene before me was practically forbidden to American novels. It had, in reality, no place in the United States, and, therefore, could claim no legitimate page in American literature. There, anyhow, it could be said for public morals, such things were nearly all that the word vice implied. What, exactly, I was lamenting, was the old fundamental lack of candor in the American attitude. This, beyond question, proceeded from the people themselves, and not from commissions; an enormous majority, except for that national whispered currency of obscenity, was prudish beyond reclamation. For them, it was probable, the innocence of the body had been branded eternally. And I was neither a martyr nor a reformer. The loss to me was considerable—as it was, dealing with only the outer garments of fact, I had been accused of lasciviousness or something of the kind—and I envied the French the cool logic of their mentality, the cultivation of the French audience.

My mind reverted to Jurgen, the remarkable narrative of James

Cabell's, that had been suppressed; a summary act of disturbing irony. For Mr. Cabell had spent a life, practically, reaching from the imagination of childhood to the performance of maturity, in a mental preoccupation with disembodied purity. He had set up, in his heart and in his books, the high altar of mediæval Platonism—an image of desire never to be clasped, reached, from earth; a consolation, really, for the earth-bound. But that, in the mind, the characteristic mind, of America, had not had the weight, the value, of a dandelion's gossamer seed. It was, definitely, a land that cared nothing for literature, the casting of transient life into the permanence of beautiful form. As the world advanced in years, the general importance of literature, it seemed to me, diminished; the truth was that people didn't care for it.

The ladies of pleasure—the merest identifying phrase, since, in the first place, they were practically all at the age of immaturity—were dressed in evening satins, cut generally with an effective simplicity, or the lacy whiteness still better adapted to the young person. In the tropical patio with its canopy of broad green leaves and night, the marble pavement and alabaster walls, they were brilliantly effective; it was only after an extended regard, carefully casual, that I appreciated the amazing diversity of their individuality, the gamut of bloods run. There were no Anglo-Saxons—they were faithful to the traditions of their latitude—and there was no positive Africa; but there was Africa in faint dilutions, in attenuations traced from lands remote as Tartary:

There was, for example, a girl so blanched that I saw she wasn't white at all; her face, even without its drenching of powder, was the color of the rice-paper cigarette she smoked, walking indolently by; and her hair was a blazing mass of undyed red. Her features, her nose, and the pinched blue corners of her eyes, the crinkling tendency of her piled hair—its authenticity unmistakable in a strong vivid sheen—showed the secret that lay back of her exotic appalling splendor. Her progress across the patio was a slender undulation, and her gaze was fixed, her attention lost, in an abstrac-

tion to which there was no key. No imagination could have pictured such a striking figure nor placed her so exactly in the ultimate setting:

Here she was artificial—there were long jet ear-rings against her neck—and savage. In her silk stocking, I had every reason to suspect, there was a knife's thin steel leaf; but who could predict the emotions, no—instincts, to which it was servant? Who, trivial with the trivialities of to-day, could foretell, trifling with her, what incentive might drive the steel deep up under his arm? Hers would be a dreadful face to see, in its flaming corona, in the last agonizing wrench of consciousness.

Seated, and talking earnestly to a Cuban with worried eyes, was a small round brown girl in candy green, whose feet in childish kid slippers and soft hands bore an expression of flawless innocence. Clapsed above an elbow was an enamelled gold band, such as youth no longer wore, with a hinge and fine gold chain securing the lock. She touched it once, absent-mindedly, and I wondered what was its potency of association; when, at a turn of her wrist, she drained a glass of brandy, an act of revealing incongruity. She was, I recognized from her speech, Spanish, from the Peninsula; and another, who told me that her city was Bilbao, dispassionately, for a little, occupied my bench. Bilbao, she explained, was not beautiful . . . a place of industry and money. Nor was she charming, she was too harsh; but her personality had an unmistakable national flavor, like that of Castell de Remey wine. I was relieved when she rose abruptly and disappeared into the entresol, where the piano was still being intermittently played.

The screen door to a room swung open, and a large rosy creature, negligent and sleepy, appeared momentarily, gazing with a yawn, a flash of faultless teeth, over the assemblage. She was without a dress, but her hair was intricately up, and a froth of underclothes with knots of canary yellow ribbons and yellow clocked stockings made a surprising foreground for the painfully realistic Crucifixion hanging on the wall within. The cross was ebony and the figure in a silver-like metal, the Passion portrayed by a gaunt ri-

gidity of suffering. The screen closed on the tableau of contrast, and the patio resumed its appearance of a vaguely distorted formal occasion.

Whatever my feelings should have been, there was no doubt that—if for the extreme pictorial quality alone—my interest was highly engaged. My interest and not my indignations! I was not, it must be admitted, commendably outraged, or filled with the impulse to rescue, to save, anyone, however young. I seriously questioned my ability to offer salvation, since I lacked the distinctly sustaining conviction of superiority; I couldn't, offhand, guarantee anything. Suppose, for argument, I took one—the youngest—and haled her away from her deplorable situation: what was open to her, to us? Would she have preferred, stayed for an hour in, any of the tepid conventional Magdalen homes, if there were such establishments in Havana?

I had a vision of appearing with her wrapped in a frivolous cloak, before the experienced wisdom of the Inglaterra manager, in the corridor of American salesmen, among the wives of the vice-presidents of steamship companies, and explaining that I was delivering my companion from the wage of death. I should have been, and very properly, put under restraint and Dr. Lainé hurriedly summoned. In all probability, and with the utmost discretion, they'd have sent Pilar, or Manuelita, back to the patio with the doors, explaining to her that I was demented.

There were, undoubtedly, better places for girls of fifteen, and they would have been the first to choose them if a choice had been possible—some would have been wives and some opera singers and all, with wishing so free, uncommonly beautiful. I had an idea that a number of them would have gone no further than the last, and, as well they might, left the rest to chance. But their ideas of beauty must have been stupid compared to what they actually possessed.

There was a girl with a trace of Chinese in the flattened oval of her countenance, and heavy black hair, as severe as a metal casing, redolent with fascination. She sat withdrawn from the others with

her hands clasped in the lap of a fine white dress. She was delicate, but not thin, though her neck was so slender that the weight of her head seemed bent a little forward. I had never before seen skin so faintly and evenly golden; there wasn't a flush, a differently shaded surface, anywhere visible. A sultry air hung about her mouth, the under lip brushed with carmine. Her eyes, lowered and almost shut, were large, and their lids were as smooth as ivory. But she wasn't, otherwise, suggestive of that; she more nearly resembled the magic glow of an apple of Hesperides.

If I had encountered her twenty years earlier, my experience would have been richer by a glimpse of her involved image-like charm. She was, conceivably, to the superficial West, dull: it was evident that she almost never talked—the girls about were not her friends—but she had qualities, aspects, infinitely preferable to a flow of words. I should have asked of her hardly more than, at present, she was, sitting quite a distance from me and fundamentally unaware of my existence. I debated whether she would be more attractive in the sleeve coat and jade pins of China or in her virginal white muslin. . . . That now was the circumference of my duty toward her—to put her in such colors, such surroundings, as would infinitely multiply her mystery.

It was, I realized, time for me to leave—I wasn't Rogelio Mola in his youth—and I paid the inconsequential price of the drinks I had ordered. There were adieux, as civil and impersonal as my welcome, and the door to the street was opened to let me, together with a breath of the scented powder, out. The arcade before me sounded for a moment with the smooth falling of a latch, and then all trace of the near presence of so much lightness was obliterated. In memory it seemed slightly unreal, a dangerous fantasy of murmurs and subdued, knife-like passions—the bleached soul of Africa with massed red hair; a frivolity of yellow ribbons against a silver tormented Christ; the inertia of the East in a heavy-eyed child; but, to balance this, I remembered the girl, like a harsh native wine, from Bilbao, an industrial city and very rich: she restored to the scene its ordinary normal reality.

# Antioquia

WILLIAM McFEE

*The Colombian city of Medellín is not much favored by tourists. Unlike Bogotá, the capital, or resort centers like Barranquilla, it offers few cultural attractions or amusements. It thus shares the fate of a "second city" like Manchester in England or Milan in Italy, whose principal function is to be the industrial center of its country. Yet Medellín, like these other cities, has its own very real character and traditions; and what is perhaps more important for an understanding of Latin America as a whole, it represents a new spirit which has broken with the customs of the past and helped to bring the continent into the twentieth century.*

*The description of this city here presented is taken from William McFee's book, Sunlight in New Granada, which is the record of a protracted shore excursion in Colombia by a man accustomed to spending most of his time at sea. Born in 1881 as the son of a Chief Engineer in the British Merchant Marine, McFee was destined to follow his father's career and to com-*

*bine with it the writing of books predominantly concerned with nautical subjects. He was educated at Bury St. Edmunds and at the age of seventeen he was apprenticed to an engineering firm. Soon afterward, however, he ran away to sea, and in 1906 became a Chief Engineer in the American Merchant Marine. During the war he served in the Royal Navy, but afterwards he settled in Westport, Connecticut, where he has lived ever since.*

*While most of his books have been about the sea, the best known of these probably being Casuals of the Sea, which was published in 1916, McFee has also written a number of books with South American settings. Of these, Sunlight in New Granada is particularly interesting because it presents the impressions of a man who for years had known the ports of Colombia without ever having penetrated into the interior. Like most men unaccustomed to life ashore, he notices things ordinarily overlooked by landsmen, and his observations benefit from the keenness of his perceptions.*

"Whatever you don't do, you must go to Medellín. Everything is arranged. If you are short of money, cash a check at my agents'. They will be delighted to see you. So will Señores So-and-so and So-and-so. A very wonderful country and fine people. And then, if you have the time, you really must go on and see . . ."

So the letter, arriving one fine day in Bogotá by the *Correo Aéreo* from that indomitable empire builder in his office down in Barranquilla. Who could resist a suggestion so hospitably contrived? The letter came under the shrewd eyes of a certain retired colonel of engineers, as we made our leisurely way round the beautiful nine-hole course at Chapinero, and he uttered strong words of approval. He asserted that Medellín was far superior to Bogotá, and the Antioquians certainly bore some remote resemblance to real people, etc., etc.



The colonel, of course, is a modern. He believes in the empire builder, but laughs at that gentleman's deft method of jollying a nation into an improved system of living. The colonel never says so in coherent sentences, but one can divine easily enough that his method would not be one of peaceful penetration. He has no patience with the inertia of New Granada, though he displays masterly diplomacy in getting what he wants, which is a concession for something that would make the government rich beyond the dreams of avarice. Yet the poor fools can't see it, yet. Politicians rarely rise before noon, so the colonel plays golf all the morning. He has a cynical grin for the whole shebang, and would not be against a scheme of masterful annexation—imperialism, as we used to call it. He is frankly critical of their morale and their integrity, with their bull-fights and holy-bolies all over the place. The empire builder is the finest man that ever rode through the Andes, but he's too optimistic.

So it goes, the view of a shrewd and competent executive intent upon one thing (plus golf) and entirely convinced that the United States is the greatest manifestation of collective enterprise the world is ever likely to see. He is, therefore, strongly for the Antioquians, who go in for all sorts of lucrative exploitations, who also work, and not only have money but *make* it. By all means, he concludes, go and see Medellín. It will take me, by air and rail and motor car, a day and a half, though from city to city it is a scant hundred and fifty miles. *What a country!*

So the philosophic traveller makes up his mind, and retrieving his extra shirt from a smiling little damsel who has the temerity to ask ten cents for doing it up in quite spotless fashion, he assembles his belongings in a linen bag and prepares to depart by the morning train.

But he has none of the feelings implicit in the colonel's tones as he discusses the people of the High Plateau. The philosophic traveller is prepared to make concessions, not to accept them. He "denounces" neither a mineral claim nor an ethical one. He concedes their entire right to strive toward the goal of human perfecti-

bility in their own essentially Latin-American fashion. He shrinks from offering himself as an example upon whom they might with advantage model themselves. He is of the opinion that, while our way is not theirs, part of our way is to understand the ways of other nations, to win past the irrelevant prejudices induced by personal idiosyncrasies and travellers' errors, and catch hold of the essential spirit of the land. We are a very great race, a very great race indeed, but it has dawned on at least one Nordic tourist in New Granada that the inhabitants of that country may have grown tired of hearing about it.

The driver of the coach that takes him to the station has never heard of it, however, since he tries to abstract about one hundred per cent above the regular tariff. This little affair amicably concluded, the train is discovered ready to go.

It is a notable peculiarity of a railroad journey in New Granada that you seem to be meeting the same passengers every trip. It is rarely that they are the same individuals. It seems rather that the privations and hazards of travel have developed a defined and recognizable physiognomy and torso. You see over and over again the same keen reddish-brown face with its steady appraising glance, the same powerful shoulders over which the ugly frieze poncho—a square of rough cloth with a slit for the head—is draped with the grace, to use a seaman's term, of a bo'sun's shirt on a capstan bar. Over the grizzled hair is the same fine broad-brimmed stetson, and on the baggage racks all the way down the aisles are identical pairs of saddle bags, beautifully made, with a panel of hair on the flap, and bestriding a bundle of riding overalls. For these gentlemen have to ride when they eventually drop off at San Javier or La Esperanza. You see them go up to a hitching post where a horse stands ready for them, or often they have their saddle with them in the train and a peon is holding the horse. And their general demeanour on the train is equestrian. They wear riding gear and their limbs are bowed and their grip is sinewy with the continual holding in of those vivid little animals. They can ride. They are not showy, but they ride with the assured ease of men who have

done it since they could sit up, and who regard a horse with the same affection and intimacy as the present philosophic traveller regards a marine engine or an internal-combustion motor. That, of course, is one of the secrets the flip observer does not carry home, that these people are horse-minded, and consider a machine weighing a ton and costing a fortune (with gas at sixty cents a gallon) quite superfluous. There is a very great difference indeed between the mental outlook of the North American who works up from a flivver to an Isotta-Fraschini, let us say, and then decides to take up horseback riding, and buys a couple of Arabs, and that of the gentleman of New Granada who begins with a donkey at about four years of age and graduates into the horse-riding community around seven. The latter is a centaur; the former an amusing spectacle, because, if poor men rode horses, he could not be induced to mount one.

And since none travel without a definite and urgent motive, you come in contact for the most part with men who are engaged in trade. There are, of course, the padres, who seem to be for ever moving up and down the Andes like strings of sliding black beads engaged upon ecclesiastical business, and very warmly welcomed by all at every station. The tonsured poll protrudes from the open window and the blue-shaven jowls quiver with pleasure as hand after hand stretches up to wish him good-day. Sometimes he will alight for a moment and stand like a huge black monolith around whose feet waves of genial humanity press. The dark eyes flash as he sees yet more friends galloping up. All this is very agreeable to the philosophical traveller, who observes it from his own window, not having the moral courage to alight, lest the train move off and leave him desolate in Cundinamarca.

Now and then, of course, persons in two-year-old suits of New York or London cut may be detected reading tattered cheap editions of English novels. These may be set down definitely as through travellers to Girardot, Puerto Barríos, Barranquilla, and possibly Caribbean ports beyond. They have a subdued yet competent appearance and speak to the restaurant boy with slick flu-

ency. They represent firms of great renown, as well as other firms, of no renown at all, but enterprising in the gathering of orders.

These are interspersed with a family group or two who are patently on the way north. Their baggage attests it. There are usually girls, for the impression is undoubtedly left with one that Colombian families run to more girls than boys. Homely and wearing their expensive clothes with a most exasperating lack of *chic*, they bear none of the marks of the genus vampire, flirt, gold digger, or lovely dumb-bell. Any one writing a novel about New Granada would have to import the vamp and the lurid adventuress. There is no room for her in the life of the country. Their ideal is "María," in the novel of that name. Charles Francis Stocking, who wrote "Carmen Ariza," has made his heroine credible enough, but the book is a vast farrago of polemical irrelevance that submerges the story, and so nobody can ever finish it to find out what happens to Carmen. These family groups bound for the coast are very lively. In the flash of their honest brown eyes one can read the signal "New York!" Once more in the Seville or Ansonia they will begin to store up nervous energy to keep them going for their return to the High Plateau and the clear cold sunlight of Bogotá in four or five months' time.

There is usually a group of four sitting and two standing in the aisle, who include an army officer. There is one as we go down. The officer wears a German-style cap, green with a red band. His tunic is green with red collar, epaulettes, and cuffs. His trousers, however, seem to belong to another regiment, for they are blue, a vivid, luminous blue. His gloves are white, his sword black, and his buttons are flashing gold. Yet beneath these preposterous regalia there is an alert and handsome man. His clothes, outrageous as they are in chromatic lawlessness, are cut to fit his admirable form like a glove. His face is attractive and he is the centre of a delighted group of civilians, who are cackling over his rapid staccato speech. As we descend he changes his heavy green-and-red tunic for a white one. His cap also disappears into his baggage, and he finds a tropical affair, and steps forth to lunch at San Javier

like the lieutenant in a romantic opera, of which San Javier, flooded with hot sunlight, is an adequate backdrop. Perhaps it is a sordid thought, but the lunch at San Javier for fifty cents is enshrined in the traveller's memory as a half-hour in paradise. He recalls the flower-buried balcony above the line, the vast sweep of the earth dropping away into jewelled mistiness, the laughter of exquisite creatures in white at the far tables, the perfumes, the glowing fruits, the superb coffee, the ineffable beer from Bogotá, the relish of an unusual cigar from Bucaramanga.

Other passengers one has, too, on that squeaking, jingling narrow-gauge line down to the hot banks of the Magdalena. There is the inevitable sleeper, who reveals the less pleasing aspects of human anatomy in uneasy repose, and whose return to consciousness, when asked for his ticket, is an agony to a sensitive observer. There are also those austere, lonely females who shrink away into the corner seats at the rear, who always select a place with a difficult window, who make entirely unavailing efforts to raise it, and who react to any offers of assistance with a baleful glare. These respectable parties always alight at a forlorn jerk-water station between two appallingly deep cuttings and hurry away as though shaking the dust of civilization from their shabby yet high-heeled shoes. One might almost picture them as fastidious cenobites who have been forced to gaze for a while on mundane evils and are now hurrying back to some retreat in the tropical jungle.

And always, on whatsoever road you travel in New Granada, there are the mendicants who patrol the track at the stations. Many of them are "naturals," as we say in England, the loose, dribbling mouth and vacant yet crafty eye disturbing one's faith in the goodness of God. Others are monstrous in their deformities, and others again who seem to have put themselves through stone breakers or meat-chopping machines in order to achieve some fresh and awful mutilation. Of that sad congregation one in especial remains in the memory, a boy of forlorn aspect with a large sombrero. Apparently whole and sound he held out an appealing hand, and while he fixed his victim with a melancholy stare, took the hat from his head

and revealed a spectacle that revolted the very soul in its tabernacle. Even these people, who watch horses being disembowelled in the arena, who are far from squeamish, start back one after another as though struck by a combination of lightning and nausea. And the most terrible feature of it is the pride, the ecstasy apparent in the boy's demeanour as he inspires this dreadful interest.

Girardot quivers in the heat as one alights once more at the end of the rail and one's baggage is snatched at by a multitude of active gamins. A car, however, awaits those who go by air, and presently the pilot, the mechanic, and his three passengers are proceeding carefully down the steep place leading to the bank. The machine is ready. The mail is stowed, last letters come in hastily by runners, we climb in, the door is shut, and ten minutes after we have quit the train, the engine roars. We rush down the stream and under the suspension bridge, and with a sigh of mingled relief and regret, the traveller feels the thing lift into the air between the high foothills of the Central Cordilleras. The afternoon sun fills the spaces with a golden radiance and you behold the beauty of the earth as though looking down through an ocean of ethereal crystal at the marine vegetation at the bottom. The hills are clothed, far off, in wrinkled green velvet, and the Magdalena creeps round her promontories to meet us again and again as we rush northward.

The other passengers ignore the scenes through which we are now sailing at a hundred and ten miles an hour. This for them is merely an expensive and efficient means of reaching customers. One is a Peruvian gentleman who speaks a little English. The other is a Bavarian gentleman who does not speak at all, but who reads letter after letter written on a typewriter by a lady who calls him in emphatic capitals all across the top, *Mein Liebscher Mann*. Here the traveller has it where he cannot evade it, whether it suits him or not. Even the Peruvian gentleman, with an office in Lima, represents German aniline dyes. The Bavarian gentleman is the travelling partner in a firm manufacturing electrical utensils and is on his way to Caracas. At Puerto Berrío he will spend the

night waiting for the 'plane to Barranquilla in the morning. He will meet his agent from Medellín who is even now coming down from the great pass on the Antioquía Railroad for that purpose. They have communicated by radio, as is seen by a telegraphic form among the letters on his knee. This is commerce, and the philosophic traveller is in need of all his philosophy to justify his existence among the gears of this vast international mechanism of trade. The *Liebscher Mann* is evidently a survival of recent hostilities. He has a white scar across a brown, austere physiognomy and his demeanour is that of the efficient Teutonic executive. Yet he is attractive to one who enjoys living in the world and is in no wise eager to have all men stamped out of one die. He likes that twelve-sheet letter from Otilie with its vociferously typed affection so visible to a stranger, who would like to know the news from Nuremberg.

The other is the antithesis of the German *Mann*, being a heavily built, dark gentleman with olive skin and an active interest in a copy of *El Mundo al Dia*, an illustrated weekly from Bogotá. The tourist also has a copy of this journal (though he can't read it) because it contains an article about himself, with his name, the name of his ship, and the titles of his books spelt in a free and sketchy fashion. His interpreter in Bogotá reported, however, that the article is reasonably appreciative of its subject and reveals his secret reasons for visiting New Granada. And he is taking it home as striking evidence of Latin-American interest in literature.

So the peon, looking up from his tiny farm in Tolima, sees only a spot in the bright air, and hears only a vibrant hum, and goes on with his husbandry. But that scarcely describes all that is comprised within the powerful mechanism riding the peaks of the Andes. We see things going on at home in Lima, in Peru, we hear the voices of little blond children in Nuremberg, in Bavaria, and we reflect upon the amusing civic life of a home town in New England. And there are the thoughts of pilot and mechanic in their windy cockpit, since they possibly think of other things than those they learn from their mysterious gauges and dials. So we

rush on, a wide-winged microcosm, until the hills fall away a little and we circle in descent above the red mud and thatched roofs of Puerto Berrío, and we rush up to the bank and make fast under a sign with the single word, *Hydroavion*. We have come about a hundred and eighty miles in a hundred and thirty minutes.

And here, in the stewing heat of the river bank, we stop overnight. The 'plane leaves at four-thirty, the train for Medellín at six, and the steamer for Barranquilla at noon. On the bluff beyond the rails, the solid lump of red clay and rock around which the great river has coiled itself, is the only hotel in New Granada that seems to have been designed for that purpose. It would do credit to any tropical region, and the Teutonic management is beyond praise. The legs of the tables stand in pans of insecticide, the mosquitoes fasten themselves with hooks of steel to unprotected ankles and necks, and in the dazzling tungsten-lit shower rooms, great moths and beetles and spiders surround the horrified bather. It is on the very edge of the jungle, which is a remarkable place to find a modern hotel. Everyone is glad to reach it and everyone is gladder to quit it and be on his way. Its charges are almost absurdly low compared with other establishments throughout the land. It is a successful experiment by the Antioquía Railroad, which is run by the Department.

State railways are generally classed as deplorable by those who have used them in Europe, but this is the exception. As the clocks strike six the train, with a vast ebullition of sparks and cinders from the wood-burning locomotive, and a shriek one minute long from the whistle, pulls out, slowly rounding the base of the hotel grounds, and we behold on the upper balcony our late host with his family waving us farewell, and making gestures eloquent of weeping large tears at our departure, the dear good Teuton! We find the river on our left, a broad sheet of yellow water, beyond which the sun is rising out of the red mists of the distant marshes of Santander. Only for a little while, and then the rails turn westward and we begin to ascend the valley of the Nus, a river whose boulder-strewn rapids are extremely auriferous.



For we are now entering a region celebrated for gold during many centuries. All Spaniards were not of the Quesada type, men who thought more of leadership than wealth. Many of those Spanish gentlemen desired, in so many words, to retrieve their fortunes. Like the gentlemen from North America who enter New Granada these days and spend fortunes prospecting and drilling for oil, they wanted money and plenty of it. They found such signs of gold as would tempt any man. They found a climate such as they had dreamed of, perhaps, myriads of streams thundering down the mountain gorges, a soil of unparalleled fertility, and a docile race of slaves. This was in what is called Antioquía. So they dug, and found quartz veins in which gold clung in clots and filigrees of ore. And up on the great pass of La Quebra, over which you go in automobiles to reach the railway on the San Jorge side, if you are quick you can see one of those old mills the Spaniards used with its huge gray wooden water wheel operating iron-shod wooden stamps to pulverize the quartz. And when you begin to roll down that Porce valley toward Medellín, you will see town after town, just a mile or two to the left of the railroad, which those astute Spanish gentlemen built to be near their gold workings. They are the most romantic-looking towns in the world, with fine big brown churches, and a little way off, the long white red-tile walls of a mission topping a hill. They have the most musical names, like Popalito, Yarumito, Barbosa, Girardota, and Copacabana. They are like dusky jewels on the green bosom of the valley, seen through the fronds of banana and sugar cane. It is a memory to carry back to Northern climes, that fugitive glimpse of the bridge over the torrent by the railway and the returning travellers riding soberly up the short road to the gate of the city, their eyes upon the red roofs of their homes and the twin towers of their ponderous *basilica*. You get it, just before you are plunged again in a cutting, and you are borne onward toward Medellín. If you are afflicted with a propensity for telling tales, they will spring up within you as you travel that way. They go to the heart, those old cities of the valley, strung like glowing beads on the slender string

of a bridle trail, and left sleeping in the sunlight of New Granada. They are essentially the work of men who had faith in themselves and in their God. They set the bounds to their city and built those long walls about it. They reckoned God the head of their community life and built an enormous house for His worship in the centre. The houses cluster about the fane like children about their mother. It may be, it may be, they have something there the boosters have forgotten.

Yet you can never evade the austere impressions all this solid ecclesiasticism makes upon your Northern spirit. It meets you at every turn, even in Medellín, the provocative energetic Medellín, seated like a brisk, busy matron in the midst of her vast fertile valley. Over the Plaza de Berrío hangs the shadow of the gaunt white cathedral. In other plazas rise huge churches of more recent date, and glancing down the street a little you see the delicate reddish-brown façade of the oldest church in Antioquía, the church of Vera Cruz, with its triple bell arches and seven-pointed finials. The masonry of the buttresses, visible above the trees that front the Café Sevilla, repeats the scroll design of the House of the Inquisition at Cartagena.

But this pervading piety is most violently projected upon the traveller's consciousness when he goes to his friend's agent to cash a check. The empire builder was emphatic upon this point, and the timid Englishman, whose folk are hesitant about checks beyond their own municipal frontiers, was received with open arms and invited to take possession of the establishment. This is the Spaniard's way. He deals in courteous exaggerations. You do not want his house nor does he mean that he would abdicate in your favour. But his resources, his hospitality, his interest and sympathy, are all at your command in your character as a guest.

The gentleman's name was Daniel and his establishment was very like a den, though neither lions nor thieves were conceivable in there. Whether or not the rumour is true, that Antioquía was colonized by Jews who had accepted Christianity in Spain, it would be idle to deny a Semitic cast to those fine big-nosed fellows one

sees behind counters and desks in the dark shops of the city. Their names, too, without going into particular cases, are eloquent to the philosophic traveller who has acquired some skill in identifying the cognomens of eastern Europe and the Levant.

And Daniel of a certainty has his racial predilection for miscellaneous trading. One may be sure, when those first colonists, off whose heads the holy water was scarce dried, toiled over La Quebra and descended the steep trail to Medellín, they had plenty of trade goods, from kitchenware to crucifixes, in their baggage. So it is to-day in Daniel's den on the Calle Mendoza. Daniel's grandfather was a druggist, and his photograph, together with his 1870 license, is in the office at the back of the long store. But the present generation of Daniels deal in more things than a mail-order catalogue ever included. You find washstands, kerosene cookstoves, automobile tires, moth balls, Epsom salts, plumbing fixtures, and coloured pictures of the Immaculate Conception stacked side by side. There are adding machines and crucifixes, typewriters and lecterns, cigars and ashes of roses, lariats and Lily Cups, spark plugs and scapularies, plaster saints and proprietary sedatives. There are portraits of the Virgin, and portraits of ladies whose talents lie in other directions. That is the main fact to be noted here, that Daniel and his customers are not shocked by this bizarre juxtaposition of the sacred and the profane. Evidently he believes in the divinity of common things, like thermos flasks and dry-cell batteries, since the opposite deduction is out of the question. And his faith in our common humanity is attested by the cheerful courtesy with which he cashes a check on an obscure New England bank.

The diversity of the stock and the general atmosphere of hustle indicate the trend of Medellín. Money is dear and there is much consequent unemployment, yet the people of Antioquía are of the pushful, enterprising variety. Bearing in mind that all these things have to be brought by ship to Puerto Colombia, carried by rail to Barranquilla, loaded on steamers that carry them up to Puerto Berrío, transferred to the railroad that fetches them up as far as

Limón, packed on mules and brought over the Quebra Pass, re-shipped on another railroad to get them down to Medellín, the volume of business is worthy of admiration. The astounding feature of the whole thing is that Cartagena, down the valley of the Cauca River, is only three hundred miles away. Yet heavy freight will take twenty or more days to arrive from seaboard. The wonder is not that these Antioquians, shut in among their enormous ranges, are moving so slowly in the direction of Speed City in the Middle West, but that they have not degenerated into troglodytic insignificance.

They have not done so. On the contrary they reveal all the dogged energy and shrewd combativeness of transplanted Nordics! They have stubbornly refused to become the bond slaves of distant financiers or the victims of cosmopolitan usurers. It took them twenty years to build their own railroad, with infinite toil, up the sides of the Andes, and now they are waiting and saving until they have the money to drive a three-mile tunnel through the granite masses between Limón and Santiago, to connect the two. They have established and managed their waterworks, power plant, trolley cars, and telephones without foreign assistance, and their chief disability is the disparity of sentiment between themselves and the city on the High Plateau, one hundred and fifty miles and one hundred and fifty years away.

So much for the dry economics of Medellín. The city itself resembles San José in Costa Rica, seated upon a slight rise in the centre of a great bowl in the mountains. But the skyline of Medellín is bolder and closer in, and the climate more perfect. The sanguine tourist, exhilarated by the keen air and salubrious nights, suggested a twelve-hour day for workmen. The chief engineer of the railway, however, with the pessimism of successful executives, replied there was no money to pay for such a day. It is difficult to provide such people with a historical perspective, for the very conditions and talents that have given them their positions at the head of affairs preclude a familiarity with the vicissitudes of national development. They are eternally obsessed with the present

prosperity of North America as exemplified in Wall Street and Fifth Avenue, and the spectacular fortunes of the very rich. To suggest that the United States was once in a rather poor way financially is to beat the air. With quaint inconsistency they harp on our possession of all the gold in the world, yet admit that their own country has the richest auriferous areas in the world. And they startle the questioning stranger with a statement that is perfectly true, that gold-mining is one of their least profitable industries. There seems some subtle difference between gold from a Wall Street vault and gold from the quartz veins of La Quebra.

Let us rest our case. The spiritual difference between these two centres of life in New Granada is that while Medellín creates in the traveller's mind a homely and familiar impression of a community struggling in the birth pangs that will eventuate in a life in our world of living men, Bogotá up yonder, on that high, clear, chilly plateau, makes him feel as he would on a planet in some other universe that a cantrip of the cosmic forces had made similar yet strange. Already that lofty region has receded into the middle distance of his memory. He wonders if he has ever really been there, if it really exists, or did he dream it all in that hotel at Girardota? And the slow crawl up the Porce Valley into the region of mighty crests and thundering cataracts revives the illusion of passing by successive stages back to the shores of the Dark River beyond whose fogbound reaches lie the familiar territories of our daily toil and joy and sorrow. As the train rattles down into Puerto Berrío, the lightning plays about it in great leaping glares of unearthly splendour; the rapids below gleam white and boil musically among the colossal boulders; the graveyards by the line, with their forlorn little clusters of black wooden crosses, become momentarily terrible in their mute suggestion of mortality. As the train slowly winds about the bluff, you have a glimpse into the wooden church, whose bell bangs harshly in the heated, breathless air. You see the priest with the sweat pouring from his swart face upon the dingy lace of his vestments, and his congregation of

native girls and women resemble with pathetic fidelity those mediæval pictures of savage converts accepting salvation.

Conceive, then, the felicity of the traveller reeling under the impact of these accumulating proofs that he has been visiting another world, when next morning early, as he reclines on the balcony of the hotel, he sees far off in the sky the *hydroavion* that is to bear him homeward! To his excited imagination it is a winged messenger from his own world. Even the appearance of the tall pilot descending to the bank in his green-splotched suit and strange helmet savours of a special rescue party sent out to bring back the intrepid explorer with his notes on the habits of these supernatural beings. Not that the pilot appears to realize his noble destiny. He and the mechanic proceed gloomily to inspect certain peculiar minutiae of the mechanism beneath the corrugated hood of the motor. When they emerge they resemble perspiring gnomes. In the meanwhile, the elated tourist climbs happily into his seat behind and regales himself with thoughts of the real food he will eat when he gets aboard the ship. He is anxious to arrive among a folk who regard an overripe banana and a doubtful mango as an inadequate breakfast. While the coffee of New Granada is the finest in the world, they have never compassed the art of the morning meal. But even as he muses on such matters, counting the hours until he shall be free to eat something else save fruit and eggs, he is wafted aloft amid a roar of pinions, and looking back, he sees the thatched reticulations of Puerto Berrío dwindling in the distance, while ahead lie the impenetrable swamps and forests of the *tierras calientes*.

# Chuquicamata

WALDO FRANK

*Chuquicamata is a huge American-owned copper mine located in the foothills of the Andes in the northern desert of Chile. Because of its remoteness, it is a self-contained community, entirely devoted to the extraction of copper ore from a vast open-pit mine. The word community is not entirely apt, however, for ever since the mine was first opened, many years ago, there have been two communities, one called the "Dollar Camp," the other the "Peso Camp." When it first began operations such a division between outside experts, many of them North American, who demanded dollar salaries, and the miners themselves, who were almost entirely Chilean, seemed quite natural. The company had to build an entire mining city, and, since it was a business rather than a philanthropic enterprise, it naturally provided only minimum comforts. Even the "Dollar Camp" consists only of rows of bungalows with here and there a tree sticking out of the sandy ground; and the "Peso Camp" is a slum.*

*During the early period of the mine's activity, this arrange-*

ment was generally tolerated, but in recent years the double standard under which it operates has been severely criticized, and Chuquicamata, like other foreign-owned Chilean mines, has been attacked for continuing its policy of sharp discrimination between the Chilean laborer and the Yankee entrepreneur. Waldo Frank's story of León Hidalgo, printed below, is illustrative of the kind of purely humane criticism these business enterprises have received. In fact, Frank's criticism anticipated the present critical reaction by a number of years, and it is only now that the situation in "Chuqui," like that of the tin mines in Bolivia, the coffee estates of Brazil and the sugar estates of Central America, is becoming better known in the United States.

That Waldo Frank should have been concerned about Chuquicamata is in keeping with his nature, for although he has been well known as an editor, correspondent, novelist and biographer, he is probably most noted for that quality of human sympathy which he shared with his friend, Sherwood Anderson. His defense of human decency emerges frequently in the books he has written on South America, and his understanding of the problems of the ordinary man in Chile or the Argentine or Brazil is astonishing in a man who has spent only a relatively short time in Latin America. His first book on the continent, *America Hispana*, from which the following selection is taken, was the result of observations made by Frank during a lecture tour in 1929, after he had become famous for his book, *Virgin Spain*. Later, during the early part of the last war, he made a second tour, which he later described in *South American Journey*, whose purpose was to win popular support for the Allied cause and to counter pro-Axis sentiments, which were being disseminated by dictators like Perón.

At four of the morning, a young man stood waiting on a street of Antofagasta. The darkness was pure with the silence of sea



and desert. A Ford spattered its alien confusions against the resistant houses, and came to a stop: the young man stepped in beside the driver, tossing his suitcase into the back seat. The car turned upward from the Pacific and began to climb the black hill.

As León Hidalgo scanned the mineral bareness of the coast it rose into the sky which too was lifeless, its chill fretted by no breath. And beyond the sky stood the stars, tremulous margins of another world. He relaxed in his seat, glad of the driver's silence. He thought of the year behind him. He had been in Paris; he had met the colony of fellow writers. They lived—Blanco-Fombona, Ugarte, Catá, Calderón, Torres Bodet, Max Jiménez—by a spirit essenced of the will, the tradition, the dynamic energy of their native lands, so erect they were, so creating; yet because America Hispana was a supine chaos, they lived in Paris or Madrid. He had met Gabriela Mistral, poet of his own Chile: a great dark woman wandering through Europe and always bearing Chile, a mysterious treasure in her fragile hand. He had heard her read her poems in which a fire of her Andes seemed to overwhelm the flowers of her valleys: they were like strength saying I am weak, like Chile with its mountains and its vales saying I am landless. Mistral had made him ready to return. On the way, he saw New York; and its towers pointing upward seemed to lie, they were not really upward-pointing towers. The brief time he was there, he found himself recalling two villages of Chile: one beneath Aconcagua, one far south in Magallanes. He had written a novel about each of these small places. But now as he walked beneath Manhattan, for the first time he understood them. The stone roofs of one, within the sweep of meadow submerged by Andes and the log huts of the other, between their image in the placid lake and the pine-murmurous mountain, seemed to him more aspiring, higher . . . than the flimsy skyscrapers of New York. He wondered if the creating of a book would always be merely this: a prelude to self-discovery. He took the Grace liner home for Santiago. But as the westward wall of South America broke grim through the morning mist, as he passed the pitiful towns—Molendo, Arica, Iquique, Mejillones—slaves of the far mines sitting

desolate on shore, shipping the splendor which their nakedness could never touch, León felt the need to plunge at once into the scoriacious heart of his homeland. On the impulse, he left the boat at Antofagasta: he found a fellow vaguely connected with his own revolutionary adolescence, who plied the towns between the coast and the great copper mine, Chuquicamata. And now they were on the rim of the desert above the sea. The clay resounded the iron of the motor; the cold air flew behind them as if clogged to the car's wheels. The stars were fading and the world was black with travail of the day. Now in the east it broke through the night's smooth skin. León felt the thrill of homing as the black air threaded with filaments of light, vitreous-cold and swift, rising from earth, waving from the heights. The sky blanched, a screen of darkness was withdrawn from it and a pale infinity possessed it with which the sun on the mountain edge had no relation.

The car ran across level Atacama. Not a blade of grass, not a hint of breath: this world was sea cursed into clay, and monstrous so that the vast waste lying before the mountains was but a trough of the sea, and the mountains were waves rigid on the horizon. Upon one wave the sun, a copper spheroid, bulged and burned as if the air about it were asbestos: changing its shape momentarily while the solid air through which it pressed deformed it. But gradually the air, no less solid than the desert, grew glazed and igneous; the flame passed from the ball of the sun to the day and the sun, rising, paled. León took off his cloak, his coat and his vest. He opened his collar but the heat seared his throat. With a faint nausea he looked down at the rushing desert. It seemed the scarred inner surface of a cosmic oven.

They passed into the nitrate fields. The waste here was sickly white; dynamited into fragments, it gave the appearance of a leprous face seen through a microscope and the dark men, picking out the nitrates, were maggots. In the distance were the *salitre* works: erections of the desert. They coughed smoke into the sky which could not absorb it; it hung, an open lesion in the sky's blue flame, bleeding in slow gobs downward back to earth. They

came to the town of Unión which serves the camps. The dismal world is broken into blocks that enclose shadow: and men and women crouch through the rainless days, through the staring nights, holding the moisture of their flesh with a mute unconscious fury against the suck of air.

They were rising now and the desert cooled. Far to the east where the mountains kept unfolding in interminable recession, the highest edge was blanketed with snow. The noon sun had suffused until it was co-terminous with day; now myriad particles ran through it—crystalline grains of coolness. They were at Calama, a mile above the surface of the sea: a town buried in dust with grimy houses husbanding their murk, blinking away from the sky. Above them stood the red mountain: Chuquicamata.

At four of the afternoon, León Hidalgo stepped from the car and looked about him. He was in a square on the steep flank of mountain. He was on the brim of a bowl whose bottom was the dead earth filled with the blue gold poison of the sun. At the higher levels, it was a liquid—translucent, still: below, it coagulated into lithic shapes, it writhed and boiled in chemic greens and reds upward to where he stood. On all sides of the square, León saw streets—rows of single-storied and contiguous barracks. Windowless they faced each other across narrow gutters, with their doors open. León went down one, at hazard. He passed the stench of the latrine at the corner, he stepped through the refuse which the dry air powdered and blew, before the cats and rats could scavenge it. He knocked at an open door. The room was about twelve feet square, a stove on one corner, benches at each wall. A woman was sitting at a table, three children were sitting on the floor. The room was dark, but brighter than these humans; the motions of their hands and heads and eyes were like the grains in some darkly immobile substance.

"Pardon me," said León, "I've come to see a friend—Luis Silvester. Do you happen to know where he lives?"

The woman looked at him from this gray substance of her life:

it was soft like a swaddling in which her eyes were stifled.—A stranger! her eyes said. Good clothes. Money in his pocket. He comes from the world. She looked beyond him through the door. "Carolina," she called, "Carolina!"

A girl—or a tall child—stood beside him; dressed in a miserable yellow jumper, barelegged, scrawny but with full breast upstanding. Her neck was lean and ugly; rich hair framed the pale darkness of her face in amber.

"Where does Luis Silvester live?" asked her mother.

"H street; number 27."

"Thank you," said León and saw, as he left, the woman's head beckoning—obscenely eager—to the girl to come in.

The tiny room where Silvester bunked with three other men was empty. León selected the least dirty of the cots, lay down and threw his coat across his chest. The afternoon was silent and cold: only the dim murmur of women and the hum far off of great machines clouded the inhuman clarity of the world. He felt perched on the crest of a chemic tidal wave whose farthest fume was the sun. He could not sleep; his heart pounded against a wall too tense and thin to hold it, his mouth was dry. "I am in Chile," he kept saying to himself. "This is Chile." Suddenly, he looked up. Before him stood the girl Carolina.

"Will you give me five pesos?" she asked quietly.

He tried to study her; she met his gaze with a screen of hard blue calm more terrible than fear or pain; since it is the corpse of them both.

"Very well" he said. He got up and gave her the paper money.

She took it, closed the door and lay flat on his couch, looking up at him with the same screened eyes. Then he understood.

"Get up," he said, "I don't want that."

She was irritated, as if it were a bother to deal with a man who did not know his mind. With an effort she arose and held the bill to him.

He shook his head and smiled. She frowned, crumpling the money with fingers that opened and shut, the screen of her blue

eyes parted just enough for her to peer at him. Then her face brightened.

"Oh," she said, "another time?"

"Another time," he agreed. She placed the bill in her breast, opened the door and left him.

The miners pressed with shadowed faces against the brilliant morning; up the main street between squalid stores to the open cars, shaped like huge vats, where they stood packed together with only their heads showing. León could see the mine, beyond the "*campamiento americano*": it was indeed a quarry, a broken mountain that glanced blue and green. He walked from "native town" to the "American section." The houses were neatly painted wood, as much like the United States as they could be: there were even a few trees and flowers, laboriously planted, passionately nursed. León felt a clutch at his throat as he looked at this "capital" of the Chilean city. These Americans owned Chuquicamata, and ruled its fifteen thousand with an absoluteness which no political high office could ever give to an American at home. They piped the water from its distant source, they brought in the food, they stocked the stores, they hired the police and had their secret spies hidden among the workers. They set the hours of sleep, even the hours and the means of amusement; and their corps of clerks, all good citizens of U.S.A., managed each detail of administration. . . . The wealth went North where it helped to build the fortress-like apartments he had seen on Park Avenue, the mansions of Westchester and Long Island.

All day León wandered over the torn flank of the mountain. He saw the thousands of toilers, he did not speak with them; but he watched them while his thoughts gathered substance. He knew where they came from, these dark submissive natives of his Chile, with their deadlocked bloods. They came from the great estates and the farms; their fathers had pruned the vine and grazed the cattle, their mothers had woven wool and rocked their children in the green valleys of the south. The best of Spain had been theirs,

in economic and spiritual order. They had lived under the loom of Andes and of Church, both sending lean but fertile waters down into their lives. But the mines and the nitrate fields, by some claim more mysterious than reason, had commanded them: some claim that rested upon the failure of what Church and Spain had given. They had left their lush valleys, their cozy huts which the sun warmed and the mountains cooled, for this peak of the inhuman desert—deadly Atacama. They lived in squalid closets, ate and slept and wived; and in these festering holes their women bore their children. León on the previous evening had talked long with the men whose room he shared. He knew the vice that mushroomed through the barracks. He knew the way of men who had no women, the way of daughters surrounded by hungry men. He felt the cancerous black beneath the gray of the streets. And the copper flowed north. These men and women and children gave what they had of life . . . its moment of knowledge and joy in the green earth, its seed of hope . . . and the copper flowed north.

He found himself at the plant. Through a half mile of continuous structure the dynamited rock of the quarry was transformed into bright ingots ready for ship's bottom at Antofagasta. He saw the ore dumped from the electric cars into crushers looming like titans. The cloud of stone-dust roared infernally above them, and the powdered and washed rock flowed in sleek sluices through the sifters, and thence into great pools of sulphuric acid. A tall man whom León at once knew to be an American engineer was taking a test of the deadly bath. León, who had learned English from his governess as a boy and who had read American text-books of geology and metallurgy, went up and spoke with him. Soon the son of Boston Tech. and the son of Chile were strolling through the works. They saw the copper electrolytically drawn from the acid into long sheets as thin as paper; they saw it melted, purified by fire, cast. León felt the personal love of this man for his machines. Strange love to him, yet the engineer went on fondly talking as if it were universal. . . . He spoke of the

mine's progress: problems of rock strata, of subtle balance in acid composition, of the effect of varying currents in electrolysis, ideals to be achieved in reducing waste, in economy of production. The beautiful machines turning the crude rock into burnished ingots! The pure and self-sufficient cult of the machine!

"Do you get round much to the miners' barracks?" asked León.

The engineer looked at him sharply, as if he had asked a question irrelevant, frivolous, perhaps indecent.

"Oh, no," he suddenly cooled. "We're kept mighty busy. They're taken care of, all right. We have a damn good police force, you know, of our own. Not a chance of trouble. The less one hears of them, the better. Then we know everything is jake."

He looked at the great iron girders under which the ingots ran, flashing like a necklace in the gloom. He seemed to feel a reproof in the silence of the man at his side. Did the Chilean think, perhaps, he had no eye for anything but machines? He'd show him. He turned and pointed with his head at the world below them. The sun was gone, the desert was deepening and cooling. The eastern Cordillera stood against an opal sky, as if it had been lanced from silver: sapphire and ruby stood the nearer mountains from the ashen depth of Atacama, rising like immense reverberations of the cosmic silence.

The engineer pointed with his head.

"Pretty, eh? It's many a half hour I've spent just sitting on the porch up there, doin' nothing—lookin' out on that."

León went back toward "native town" through the desert passage which separated it from the plant and the *campamiento americano*. As the night rose from the valley, a cold wind fell from the heights. It blew in his face, blowing the hardness and death of Atacama, and of the workers' barracks, like a rebuke in his face. In Silvester's bunk, the three men squatted near the fire, eating coarse bread and beans. The smoke curved to the open door and the wind blew it back. The single lamp was like a bleary eye, and by it León saw the room as if with the lamp's vision. All day

he had struggled: yet he could not compose these dreadful particles of life into a happier world—a world of green and water, of privacy and pride. The barrack room, the many rooms just like it, heavy with men and women, the latrines at the corner, the American camp with its prim painted houses, the machines and the men who served them (priests who had given up the world of human wholeness to serve the perfect fraction that was their science), the empty desert and the empty sky . . . all was a single hardness in his eye, allowing him to see no life beyond it.

The men spoke of a boxing exhibition to be held that night. The American bosses did their best to entertain their subjects, and in up-to-date fashion. Of course, there was the Catholic church for them that wanted it. But for the forward-looking, there were American movies, there was an Athletic Club run by a money-loyal native. This evening, all "Chuqui" would be there. León lost his friends at the gate, he wanted to be alone. He found a place between the ringside seats where the Americans were comfortably sprawled and the raised tiers of benches ringing the walls of the gymnasium, which held the mass of the miners. In the long wait for the show to begin, he was aware of them both. The Americans (he thought of them as "*yanquis*") were separate, not alone from the Chileans, but from themselves. The men—engineers, executives, clerks—were at least close to one another: a dry defensiveness enclosed them. But they were apart from their women; only the stab of sex, like a sole blade spitting them, held them together. There was a hunger in the women, lean and sharp. It was palpable how far they were from the earth of their bodies, from the earth of their spirit—a deadly farness. And they were separate not alone from the source of their life but from the loneliness of each other. León wondered what the children of these deformed Americans would be. Would their daughters be hardier against life's poisons than the girl Carolina? But doubtless these subtly denatured women took good care not to have children on the high hell of Chile. Behind his back, he felt the muted body of the workers. Submissive yet potent, they were near enough yet to



their soil, far enough yet from the power which had brought them here, to be alive. He wandered back to the American group: how did this death control that life? death sharp and organized against life vaguely inchoate. Beside the engineer with whom he had visited the plant, he saw a man he knew: yes, it was Simeón Alvarez Lanz, rising young lawyer of Santiago. He understood the contact point between the American and the native. Their eyes met, Simeón's glanced away in a suddenly muffled recognition. Doubtless his firm did the Mine's law business in the Capital—its political business, of course. León grew aware of this third element in the hall: the white-collared Chileans, wreathing as close to the ringside as they could—the native go-betweens for the bosses—parasites, procurers—he stopped himself. That way led the anger which blinded. He forced himself to dwell with tender clarity upon a young American wife. She was thin and wan; her breasts rose too rapidly; she was a woman following her man, giving her life for her man, believing in his gods which surely were not hers. She turned her heavy eyes in his direction, as if her spirit, worn to the quick, were sensitive to any vagrant warmth. Now a man jumped into the ring; a little wiry fighting cock of a Yankee, gray-haired, bearded like Uncle Sam, with bulging roving eyes. He was the master of ceremonies. He began to speak—a fluid horrible tongue. He must have been in Chile many years to speak so fluently and many miles from it in spirit to speak so badly. This aggressive alien-ness of substance and of accent, fleshed in native words, was a symbol for León. He knew the term "wise crack"; in New York he had puzzled over the secret patter of the "colyums," and he recognized their lingo transliterated into Spanish. The boss was going to make the natives feel at home. They were one big family. He and his gang in the ringside seats were, of course, the hosts—and the owners. There must be no doubt of that. But we're all good fellows. And to-night it's get together; it's a real fiesta of the manly art. The scrappers will all be native boys, of course. But the spirit of the game is from the North—and say! how these fellers have caught it! You'd think

they'd trained with Dempsey. The miners do not laugh: they take the condescending patter humbly, somewhat ill-at-ease, but trying hard to understand and to like it. The boss does not care whether they laugh or not: he is too far from them in spirit to be aware of more than their quiet—their comfortable quiet. His own group in the front seats are laughing, the natives are behaving: that is enough. He introduced the first fighters.

They are a pair of featherweights from Cobija. Their hearts pump dangerously in the thin high air of Chuqui. They fly at each other with the desperate knowledge that three rounds will punish them far worse than any knockout. As they draw blood, the crowd warms and coheres. The American women take the sight with a bare lust: they are alone—protected by their men, yet alone. And hungry. They can let their eyes touch the sweating bodies, the bleeding bodies. And the miners in the shadowed benches drink the good fight. They give dark grunts of approval, brief and deep, lapsing again to silence. They are an animal at ease before this feast of rhythmic violence. The boss declares the winner, grows more grotesque in his wise cracks. The mob takes what he says, like a brute that permits a few familiarities, irrelevant and disgusting, to the master giving it a great chunk of meat. The next boxers are larger, less skilful, bloodier. Now the hall is one. The miners have come down in a roar and joined the bosses, joined the bosses' women at this ringside fount of joy. The good sound blows on the flesh, the scuffling limbs, the panting bellies, the sweet mixed wine of sweat and blood: and the real rage at last as the sportsmen forget that they are doing homage to the manly art (for twenty pesos) and lunge murderously at each other. Oh! the good rage of the ring in which the mob dives down as in a well, cleansing itself of all remembering.

León went out. He stood in the empty plaza under the stars, and fought to make bearable this experience of the Mine by bringing it into harmony with some greater measure. The stars stared down: they were millions of petrified days, all the days that had ever been in Chuquicamata, all the days that were to be. They stared at

the desert, at the machines and mine, at the barracks and the way of these men. They were harmonious together—they were one eternity together, and unbearable to León. What could he find in which to place eternity that he might bear it?

He crossed the plaza to the church. He looked at it squat with its Cross catching the glister of the stars. It also fitted in! His boyhood ecstasy was green in his mind: how the Mass had drawn his spirit from his flesh and shaped it to its own transcendent music. Eternity again, and again unbearable. It was the eternity that was evil! The desert, the church, the machines, the mines, the law of men who were the slaves of these, either as masters or as workers—all in this were alike: they had an inhuman measure to which human life was mangled. Eternity was bad because it left man out, because it drew man from the time and flesh which were his substance. Eternity was false!

Man's eternity must be in time; his God must walk the earth in human flesh. No wonder the Church could stand complacent within this industrial hell. Of course, its values were different and fairer; but it was the passive ally of the Machine, since both agreed to denature man from his wholeness, to make his life the means, to raise up some fractional impulse, tangential from wholeness, as the End. No wonder the sordid town, with its black toil and its hideous pleasures, chimed so well with the stars. They were its symbol of value: cold worlds or flaming worlds remote from human living.

Let the machine be! and the making of copper and the desert and the church and the stars. But let man make them good by transfiguring them to his own image. That way was his eternity and salvation. León had the greater measure, in which to place his experience and make it bearable. No man must be denatured into timeless form—iron or desert or heaven: the eternal must become incarnate in man.

He felt that there was someone standing quietly at his side. It was Carolina. But she was different: older and not screened away

in brittle weakness. Younger. She seemed flexed with him, meeting the bright night.

"How long have you been here?"

"Not very long," she said.

They stood in silence, looking at nothing.

"I wanted to give you back your five pesos," she said and did not turn her face.

"I'll take them back."

She handed him the bill and he placed it in his pocket. Then he put his arm around her shoulder.

# Buenaventura

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

*One of the most endearing of Christopher Morley's characteristics was his unpretentiousness. He was certainly learned enough, having been a Rhodes Scholar at New College and having edited Bartlett's Familiar Quotations, but he always carried his learning gracefully and never faked a knowledge of a subject which he really didn't have. Toward the end of his life, Morley's reputation declined, perhaps because he was no longer in tune with the dreadful seriousness of the modern world. But earlier, as a publisher, as an editor of the Saturday Review of Literature and as a writer, he had been one of America's best-known literary figures, and some of his books, like Parnassus on Wheels, Thunder on the Left and Kitty Foyle, sold by the thousands.*

*In 1934, Morley took a Grace Line cruise ship to Lima, and his book, Hasta la Vista, is an account of his trip. The vacation spirit pervades the book as a whole: Morley is not traveling as a scientific investigator, he is merely having a good time and*

*observing what comes along the way. The sketch concerning the Colombian port of Buenaventura which is printed below is thus written very much in this spirit. Morley is the American tourist on holiday, and he observes the same sort of things that hundreds of tourists have observed before and since. He succeeds, however, in going beneath the surface, even though he refuses to moralize on his observations.*

The steamship company's folder tries earnestly (in a brief prose passage which is a miracle of suppression) to give the idea that Buenaventura is just another picturesque town. And so, some day, I dare say it will be. But at present it is far more interesting (if you don't have to stay there long) than the most romantic arrangement of plazas and basilicas—and night clubs. (Night in Buenaventura would be something really worth seeing.) Your first feeling is one of dismay: is it possible, you naïvely wonder, that all South America is going to be like this? Our excellent skipper must have been amused when an eager passenger asked him "Where's the best place in this town to have lunch?" His answer was brief, immediate, and surpassingly true. "Right here." And the motley throng on the pier (every shade of black, brown, and lemon) know that well. All the time the ship is alongside the galley ports are besieged by uplifted palms eager for our overplus. An apple, I noticed, is a delicacy they specially prize.

I don't think it's possible to give you any fair notion of Buenaventura: you wouldn't believe me if I did. And I think frankly that perhaps I like it better because it plainly has so much future and so little past—at any rate architecturally. If there ever were any comely old Spanish buildings they were wiped out in the fire a few years ago. Between the modern piers and the rabble of scantling huts that make up the native town is a wide open space, where future streets and plazas are hopefully indicated and where grasshoppers or crickets of some sort are stridulating in the coarse

grass. The new railroad station and town hall are under construction. Then there is the little square with the statue of Bolivar: but you will realize how humble Buenaventura is when you see that the Liberator had to do without his usual horse.

Only the very daring tourist makes entry very far into the native town. Life there, under a sullen climate of heat and wet (I was told, very likely inaccurately, that the rainfall averages near an inch a day) reduces to prime elements. The narrow alleys climb steep grades of slimy clay; rickety cabins perch on piles over quagmires of litter and sewage. Perpetual sluice of rain, and a high tide from the bay which sweeps up a gully in the heart of the whole midden, presumably help to keep off plague. The naked babies everywhere are so black that there seems almost a blue tone in the pigment. I wonder if it is a diet of bananas and fish that so bulges out their little paunches? The women and girls all carry on their heads long shallow wooden bowls with a few handfuls of beans or green sass in them. One of those bowls, if you could ever get it properly clean, would make a beautiful sideboard ornament. A delicacy which a small boy tried hard to sell us was ears of corn sprinkled with sugar (and flies). I think he lingers in Titania's mind as in some odd way symbolic of the place. "He was so black," she says, "and the corn was so yellow."

The assembly of fortuitous dogs is extraordinary; you would not believe that even the haphazards of canine congress could produce such amazements of surprise breeding. Almost equally haphazard seemed the strings and tangles of electric wiring crisscrossing everywhere among the flimsy streets; it is not surprising that the more pretentious part of the town burned down a few years ago. Besides electric light, the Singer sewing machine (one of the world's triumphs of distribution) has made lively penetration. And the favorite footgear of man, when any is worn, is sandals cut out of old automobile tires—the black treaded rubber of the outer tire for sole, strips of red inner tube for the straps.

I have no economic thesis to offer, and no pleasure (ever, anywhere) but to set down what I see. As a gateway to South America

Buenaventura is certainly superb for it is unlikely you will ever have seen or imagined anything like it, unless perhaps in Cutcliffe Hyne's stories of Captain Kettle in the villages of West Africa. But what makes it melodramatic is the contrast between the big modern piers, with their shiny new automobiles being unloaded, the neat bags of coffee coming aboard; and the squalor of the native town behind. In spite of which, observe the cleanness of many of those on the pier. The cotton trousers and singlets are fresh washed; the dresses are crisp and of gay colors. And wander as you will you see faces certainly happier looking than in the mean streets of New York. He must be very wise or very certain who will be too positive about the laws of human satisfaction.

I think as a matter of fact we caught Buenaventura just at some turn of economic tide. Even in the three weeks' interval until we were there again things had happened. On our second visit they had actually started to put in some kind of drainage; men were digging deep cuttings in the pale wet clay; and the most unhappy looking person I saw there was an American engineer sitting on a box supervising a group of workmen toiling in a sewage trench. Some of his gang were splitting wood with a machete to light a fire and melt some lead. I offered them a cardboard folder of matches to start the blaze. They were puzzled to know how to light matches of that sort; evidently had never seen them before.

The morning train for Cali (the Ferrocarril del Pacifico) was just leaving as we docked; so our Colombian passengers—including the very kind General who gave one of the children some beautiful stamps—must stay over at the hotel on the beach until the next day. That hotel (run by the railroad company, I think) is an epitome of the hotels in distant ports described by Conrad or Somerset Maugham. Here we drank some good beer and bought postal cards. The queue of small black supplicants—whom we had rashly encouraged by giving away some coins—could not pursue us there. Our Colombian friends were falling to upon their *almuerzo* with good spirit, but we felt our Spanish incompetent to



the dangerous task of selection; and anyhow the Captain's advice was sound. We had lunch on the ship. Those who were bound for the interior—Bogotá, for instance—had three days of travel before them, although the bee-line distance is not much over 200 miles. The train that leaves Buenaventura at 11:30 A.M. reaches Cali at 6 P.M. and there you spend the night. You leave Cali early next day, get to Armenia for lunch, and then go five hours by motor bus over the mountains to Ibagué. Another night at Ibagué; leave there 10:15 A.M., you reach Bogotá at 6:15 P.M. the third day. Always a lover of time tables I ferreted out this information (but I don't guarantee these connections) just to tantalize myself. It was one of the many things we had to miss; but at least it's exciting to know how it can be done. And now you can realize also why travel by air is increasing so inevitably in South America. The hangars of the Panagra Airways are plainly visible just across the river from the pier.

After lunch I fought off lethargy and wandered the docks and railway sidings. I said to myself, with a surmise almost as wild as the Spaniards' in the sonnet, here I am in South America. For just those two words, I don't know why, had always been to me a label for the superlative of distant and unlikely. Perhaps it is their musical cadence, the one slow syllable and four quick, which makes them sound to me more remote, more beautiful, than the name of any other geometry—except perhaps California and Czecho-Slovakia. The strangeness and poverty of the place was emphasized by the handsome profile of *Santa Maria* with her smart green funnels rising high above the sheds. In places so foreign the mind seeks instinctively to make them feel homelike to the mind; even if it is only the tough grass and rubble heaps of a dockside freight-spur one reflects that they are closely familiar to *someone*. The sleepy hum of insects, under a furious prostration of sun, made the scene couth and agreeable. There were mechanical reminders too of familiar things. The travelling crane on the pier came from Ipswich in East Anglia, a town dear to me; the locomotive loitering thirstily under a water tank was built by

Baldwin of Philadelphia. These two were prophetic of much seen later: British and American capital side by side working at these far resources. Romulus and Remus at the udders of the big bad wolf of South America. Indeed, if you are going to go fantastic, you can well think of that chain of Andes peaks as the inverted dugs of some vast animal mother—offering such nourishment of natural wealth as even the conquistadores scarcely dreamed.

I was amused at a characteristic remark uttered by a very intelligent Englishman on the ship, a veteran of the West Coast returning after many years' absence. "What a pity," he said, "that the English or the Americans didn't get hold of these republics and make real countries out of them." (He put it a little more strongly than that.) This comment, superbly appropriate to our grasping race, leads into an infinity of meditation. For my own part perhaps I am grateful to see the spread of English and American efficiency occasionally checkmated. It has already gone farther and deeper in South America than you would ever suppose. But under the hull of an old blistered launch, pulled up in the shade of a tottering tin roof, lay two Colombian citizens blissfully asleep. No matter how much cargo *Santa Maria* had to shift before the evening tide they were going to enjoy their siesta. I was pleased too by a humane touch in a poster at the railroad station on the Jetty. It said that the Ferrocarril del Pacifico in hiring employees gives preference to fathers of families.

Buenaventura may seem remote to you, but it is closely tied in with the ever-tightening web of human affairs. At the *alcalde's* office is a notice that the next lot of *hombres* due for military service will be called up on such and such a date. (If the recent trouble between Colombia and Peru had come to formal warfare Buenaventura would have been the first to suffer.) Those innocent looking green knolls across the river are said to conceal guns; and on the pier are huge cases containing airplanes from Hagerstown, Md., addressed to the Minister of War. Up at the far end of the pier was an elderly steam cutter which seemed to constitute the Pacific squadron of the Colombian navy. She was built in Nor-

mandy and had once been very smart but her crew were gutting fish all over her deck and her brasswork was foul. Her name was *Carabobo*, which sounds Venezuelan to me; she had a most taking air of one who could tell good stories.

There's enormous wealth of goods in those big piers, but perhaps not much of it sticks to the fingers of Buenaventura. The parson of the tin-roofed church just behind the piers has his troubles. As it is time for another lesson in Spanish I cannot resist the thesis in manuscript fastened to the church door. It said:—

*En lugar de venir a pedirme dinero prestado, tenga usted la gentileza de ayudarme a pagar 1500 dólares que debo a la Casa de José Campanyá de Barcelona por le imagen del Resuscitado y la de San José. Precisamente por haberles prestado a hombres sin conciencia me aprietan las deudas.*

EL CURA.

This I construe as follows: "Instead of coming to beg me to lend money, have the kindness to help me pay \$1500 which I owe to the Joseph Campanyá Company of Barcelona for the image of the Resurrection and that of St. Joseph. Precisely for having lent money to men without conscience these debts are pressing me."

We went into the church, which was clean, spacious and touchingly simple, to see these images. One of George Fox's persuasion might think there is much to be said on both sides.—But the priest has other perplexities too. He has posted up a long dissertation on Marriage covering all the points both civil and ecclesiastical. *Si la mujer es aficionada a los bailes, facilmente despreciara a su marido y sobrevendran graves disensiones domesticas.* I wonder if I translate this correctly: "If the woman is fond of dancing she will easily become scornful of her husband and grave domestic dissensions will ensue."—Or is it the husband who will become scornful of her?

# In Bogotá

CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD

*While it is relatively easy to look at buildings and to examine natural objects, it is often difficult to grasp the intellectual atmosphere of a country or to sense the artistic tone of a continent. Yet one of the most obvious developments in Latin America, especially during the present century, has been the way in which the arts have flourished and intellectual interests have deepened. The architectural achievements in Venezuela and Brazil, in particular, where men like Lúcio Costa and Oscar Niemeyer have not only designed striking buildings but have completed an entire city, the new capital Brasília, are but one aspect of this tremendous artistic outburst. Another may be seen in the work of the great mural painters of Mexico—Diego Rivera, José Orozco and David Siqueiros. In poetry, too, Latin America has produced world figures, the two greatest probably being the Chileans, Gabriela Mistral, who won the Nobel Prize in 1945, and Pablo Neruda. Latin Americans in recent years, then, have come to the forefront in almost every art form.*

Nevertheless, it is difficult for an outsider to get a sense of the intellectual tone of a particular Latin American country. To do so he must be experienced in living abroad, and he must have an awareness of intellectual and artistic currents in other countries and continents. For this task Christopher Isherwood was particularly well-suited, for although he was born and educated in England, he has lived elsewhere since 1929. For most of the 1930's he lived in Berlin, writing both by himself and in collaboration with W. H. Auden. Then in 1939 following a trip to China, he came to the United States, where he has lived ever since.

As a playwright and novelist, Isherwood was considered in the 1930's to be one of the most promising English writers of his generation, but since his move to Santa Monica, California, and his employment in Hollywood, many critics have felt that his work has degenerated. Certainly there is no doubt that Isherwood's principal source of inspiration is Europe, and his recent novel, *Down There on a Visit*, returns to that scene. Nevertheless, whatever one says about the substance of his writing, his narrative skill is undoubted, and his prose is admirably fresh and unpretentious. These qualities emerge in his book, *The Condor and the Cows*, which he wrote following a trip to Colombia in 1948.

When Isherwood and his companion reached Bogotá, they were naturally introduced to a number of Colombian writers who wanted to meet the well-known English writer. These various meetings and the discussions that rose from them form the substance of the selection printed below, which in turn gives some idea of the liveliness of artistic production in a city renowned in Latin America as one of the intellectual capitals of the continent.

*October 12.*

Obviously, the Hotel Astor was once a private house. It is a gloomy rambling old place, built around an interior courtyard which the rain has filled with dismal puddles. Downstairs there is a long dark dining room, decorated and furnished in a style which Caskey describes as Hollywood Baronial; it has a massively carved mantelpiece and several sideboards stacked with heavy silver plate. At teatime this is the rendezvous of Bogotá's upper-class ladies. Mostly in elegant black, with furs and jewels, they form big gaily chattering groups, eat enormously and later retire to play bridge. The food is very good here, but you get far too much of it. The waiters seem quite dismayed because we can't manage five courses.

There is no public lounge, unless you count a large half-lit windowless hallway out of which several bedrooms open, on the upper floor. It has little furniture; one sofa, two or three chairs and a telephone which would appear to have been installed here in order that the maximum number of people can overhear a conversation. We have already noticed that the acoustics in Bogotá are almost painfully good. Perhaps this is because of the altitude. Nothing escapes you—no sound in the next room, no voice in the courtyard, no footstep on the stairs. As for the traffic outside, it seems noisier than Third Avenue; the taxi-horns jab at your nerves like pins. We have to sleep with the windows closed. This doesn't matter much, however, because our room is enormous and anyway very cold.

The Carrera Septima, on which this hotel stands, is one of Bogotá's main business streets. It has no character, beyond a superficial North American showiness. There are neon lights, U.S. advertisements with Spanish captions, movie theaters with Hollywood films (*El Huevo y Yo* is now playing), bars decorated in New York style, department stores full of U.S. gadgets, fashions and drugs.

After supper on the evening of our arrival, Arturo suddenly appeared. He hadn't been able to stand Villeta, he told us. It was

raining hard, and the place was dull anyway—not a pretty girl in sight. A family car was available, so he had impulsively jumped into it and come straight on up to Bogotá. Now he was all ready to show us the city.

He drove us out to the residential suburbs, which extend for miles; only then did we begin to realize how big Bogotá is. There are some fine houses, certainly, but the general effect is depressingly undistinguished. Nowhere could we see the least signs of a modern national style, even a bad one. The Spanish houses look more Californian than Spanish. And there are rows of bastard Tudor villas which must be among the ugliest things of their kind in the world. In the midst of this wild, largely undeveloped country the British and American architects and their pupils have managed to create an oasis of respectable boredom, an atmosphere of stodgy security, which is as tame as anything in Greater London.

Arturo, however, is touchingly proud of all this. He kept pointing out to us the homes of what he called "the high people," meaning the leading citizens. Later, he took us up to the top of the Parque Nacional, which is on the slopes of a steep hill above the city. It was a dark foggy night, but the view by day must be magnificent. Arturo added drama to the occasion by telling us that we ran a great risk in coming here at such an hour; many people had been set on recently and murdered by thugs. When we got out of the car to stroll around, he kept glancing significantly over his shoulder into the blackness of the surrounding trees. I don't believe he was really in the least scared, only hospitably anxious to give us an extra thrill. As we drove downhill again on the way home, he added further warnings. We must beware of so-called invitations; it was an old Bogotá custom to let the guest pay the bill. And we must be very careful with the local girls; nearly all of them had syphilis. He then proposed a tour of the night clubs, which we declined. Not having Arturo's inexhaustible energy, we were both very tired.

A walk in the city yesterday morning corrected many of our negative first impressions. Bogotá's dullness is merely suburban;

the center of town is full of character and contrasts. In the strolling crowds, business suits mingle with blanket capes. Right around the corner from the U.S. drug stores you see Indian women sitting behind their wares on the sidewalk. If New York seems very near, so do the mountain villages.

Around the Plaza Bolivar are the steep narrow streets and massive mansions of the old colonial quarter, with their brown-tiled roofs, barred windows, carved doorways and deep sheltering eaves. We saw several modern apartment buildings of severe and beautiful design, and went into a church where there were wonderful old walnut altars. The slums are a warren of muddy lanes and wretched crumbling hovels, but some of these will shortly disappear; for Bogotá is frantically busy tearing itself down and building itself up in preparation for the Pan-American Conference, early next year. You see scaffolding and workmen everywhere. One whole street of mud huts was being demolished by hand; Indian women were ripping the filthy thatch from the roofs and carrying it away in baskets. Later there is to be a broad roadway through here to the park. But where will its former occupants live?

Bogotá is a city of conversation. As you walk along, you have to keep skirting couples or small groups, all absorbed in excited talk. Some of them even stand out in the middle of the street, holding up the traffic. We suppose they are mostly discussing politics. The cafés are crammed, too; and everybody has a newspaper, to quote from or simply wave in the air.

I have never seen so many bookshops anywhere. In addition to dozens of Latin American authors I have never heard of, they stock innumerable translations—anything from Plato to Louis Bromfield. Bogotá, of course, is famous for its culture. There is a saying—reported, I believe, by John Gunther—that here even the shoe-shine boys quote Proust. It's nice to imagine one of them, brush in hand, pausing to remark: ". . . there is in love a permanent strain of suffering which happiness neutralizes, makes conditional only, procrastinates, but which may at any moment become what



it would long since have been had we not obtained what we were seeking, sheer agony . . ."

Caskey pointed to a clothing-store window, in which there was a life-sized cardboard head of the Mona Lisa, wearing a rubber bathing-cap. "You see," he said, "they just can't *live* without Art in this town." Nevertheless, we had to admit that, in the States, the head would probably have been a professional cutie's.

We had barely returned to the hotel when Arturo arrived to take us out again—this time to the Monte Blanco, a big ice-cream and sandwich parlor where the junior smart set of Bogotá meets twice a day, at noon and five o'clock. Arturo seemed to know everybody in the place, including an American girl who sings in the night clubs and on the radio. She was friendly and self-assured, accepting Arturo's extravagant compliments for exactly as much as they were worth. I liked her good-humored toughness. She has been here for some while, and has evidently acquired a wide experience of the Latin American approach to women. It neither annoys nor impresses her.

We then walked over to have lunch with Arturo's sister and brother-in-law. On the way, Arturo met many more friends—at least one on each block. At lunch we were introduced to about a dozen relatives; aunts, uncles and cousins. Everybody was charming—but I couldn't help feeling overwhelmed by a claustrophobic sense of "family." Imagine what it would be like to get engaged to a Colombian girl!

In the evening, we went to a Bob Hope movie—a confession of failure. So far, despite Arturo's kindness, we have failed to make contact with Bogotá. We are homesick and bored. The weather doesn't help. Today, it is raining again and I sit shivering at the table in our huge bedroom, trying to force myself to write an article about the Magdalena River. Caskey, on such occasions, is much more resourceful than I am. Right now, he is cutting his toenails with great care, completely absorbed. Suddenly he looks up and says with his sleepy drawl: "Bogotá—it's *gorgeous!*" And we both start to laugh.

October 16.

A gap in this record, owing to the sudden expansion of our social lives. We have certainly made contact—with what, exactly, it's too early to say.

On Monday, we called at the U.S. Embassy and the British Cultural Institute. I am already beginning to realize my enormous advantage in being Anglo-American. No American, and few Englishmen, would take me for anything but a Britisher, yet I have lived long enough in the States to have developed a kind of bifocal vision, and this, it seems, is now starting to operate. Indeed, there is a danger that I shall find the British and North Americans here *too* interesting and not be able to concentrate on the local inhabitants.

The British I see, essentially, as schoolmasters. That is to say, they have a vocation, a mission—to teach. To teach what? I suppose, in the nineteenth century, there were many people who would have answered, quite frankly and unblushingly: "The British Way of Life." All that has changed, now. The British official abroad nowadays is modest, subtle, apologetic, humorously self-critical. His manner is almost Chinese, and you half expect him to greet you with: "My poor country is honored . . ." Nevertheless, the sense of vocation persists—instinctively, subconsciously—and it reveals itself, now and then, in a little sigh and some such wistfully spoken phrase as: "What one *does* rather wish one could get the people here to realize is . . ." "The people here" never *will* realize, of course; he knows that. But he is very patient, and gently amused. Meanwhile he performs his unobtrusive national rituals, welcoming all who care to take part in them; and his presence infiltrates the community, like a tactful reproach.

The North American official is every inch a businessman. He represents his government just as he would represent a private firm. The President's photograph above his desk is simply a picture of the Boss. "What can I do for you?" he asks, and the offer is as genuine as his excellent teeth. He is all ready for business. He has

goods to sell—the best goods in the world—and he will give you plenty of whisky while you make up your mind about buying them. The U.S. Constitution, for example—that's a product he can highly recommend. He knows it inside out and will explain to you exactly how it works, with sincere technical enthusiasm, as though it were a refrigerating plant. His frankness is very attractive. It will only become sinister if and when he develops into a conscious technocrat, ruthlessly determined to make the world safe for iceboxes. . . . Meanwhile, he goes cheerfully ahead with his promoting, and secretly rather despises the devious ways of the professional diplomats. Why beat about the bush? Why fuss with a lot of protocol? And why the hell talk French?

The American Cultural Institute here is simply a business college for Colombians who wish to work in the United States. The British Cultural Institute is a complete little aquarium of British life. Upon entering, you plunge at once into the world of J. B. Priestley, Dylan Thomas, tweeds, terriers, buns and tea.

It was teatime when I arrived, so I met most of the teaching staff. I told them about my visit to England last winter—the blizzard, the Labor Government and the coal crisis, the latest rationing decrees, *The Winslow Boy* and *The White Devil*. It was all very snug and nostalgic and pleasant, and Bogotá faded into a mere backdrop—the view through the window of the Carrera Septima in the rain.

Nevertheless, it was here that I met Mr. Howard Rochester; he is a teacher at the Institute as well as being a lecturer at the University. Rochester is a Jamaican by birth, but he now lives permanently in Bogotá and is married to a Colombian lady. Slender and catlike, with a soft melodious voice and a small black beard, he moves gracefully about the room, dropping into and out of conversations, flashing his brilliant mischievous smiles—now lively and gossipy, now pedantic and earnest. If you mention a book or a writer he doesn't know, he frowns and looks badly worried; but this happens very seldom for he is incredibly well read, in three or four languages.

Everyone agrees that Rochester is the foreigner's ideal guide to Colombian culture. He knows nearly all the painters, writers and composers in town. Also, he is one of those rare people who really try to answer your questions. To hear him conscientiously struggling to evaluate the exact significance of some poet, you would think he was testifying on oath in a murder trial. He frowns painfully, clasp and unclasp his long fingers: "Could one say he is—fantastic? No . . . That's too strong. . . . Eccentric—not exactly eccentric . . . Odd? Quaint? No, no—he's not quaint. . . . Perhaps—yes, I think one could safely call him *capricious*. But please don't misunderstand me . . ."

The first person Rochester introduced us to was Edgardo Salazar Santacoloma, the essayist and political journalist. Salazar—we have already learned to avoid the mistake of using the mother's family name, which comes last—is a youngish man, around thirty, very thin, pale, cadaverous, ascetically good-looking. His body is tense with nervous energy. He wears dark glasses, and laughs in violent spasms. On Tuesday evening, Rochester invited Salazar, Caskey and myself to a bar for a *tertulia*—a real sit-down-and-drag-out discussion; *tertulias* are a great feature of Colombian literary life.

We started off on Shakespeare. How, for example, should Hamlet be presented on the stage? Rochester was all for authenticity: we should show Hamlet exactly as Shakespeare wrote him. The whole problem was to get back to the poet's original intention. I supported an opposite view: Hamlet belongs to everybody, and each of us has the right to interpret him according to our own taste and contemporary conditions, etc., etc. . . . Unfortunately, I lack the intellectual stamina necessary for prolonged argument. I prefer either to lecture or to listen; so the *tertulia*, as such, petered out and soon we were asking each other questions.

I wanted to know about literary movements. Rochester mentioned the *Piedracielistas*, the "Stone and Sky" Group. But he added that this wasn't, strictly speaking, a "movement" at all, and that it wasn't characteristically Colombian. The chief members

of the Group—Arturo Camacho Ramirez, Jorge Rojas and Eduardo Carranza—have quite distinct styles and show different influences. As for the name *Piedra y Cielo*, it is taken from a volume by the Spanish poet Juan Ramón Jiménez: "Stone" refers symbolically to the things of earth and matter, "Sky" to the things of the spirit. I suppose the general aim was to employ extremely "concrete" words to describe abstract mental experiences—which is more or less what García Lorca does; but even Rochester seemed a little vague about this. Anyhow, the Piedracielistas are no longer quite modern; they belong to the thirties. The latest generation of writers have reacted in favor of traditionalism.

I asked about Colombian humor. Rochester thought it could be better described as wit or *esprit*. There is a good comic writer named Lukas Calderón, but it would be difficult to translate him because his work is full of topical allusions and puns—perhaps somewhat in the manner of the Viennese.

Salazar began to question me about my own books. When we got to the plays I wrote with Auden, I had to explain that there are mountains in the Himalayas which are known simply by their geographical survey numbers, such as "K.I."—hence our invention of "F.6." Salazar wrote in his notebook: "*Montañas Sin Nombre*," mountains without a name. I think this would make a beautiful title for a novel, if it hasn't been used already.

Rochester has also introduced us to León de Greiff, the poet, to Otto de Greiff, his brother the musician, and to Eduardo Zalamea Borda, the novelist. León is large and bearded and bohemian; one imagines him dominating an artists' café in Paris and reciting his verses in a rich sonorous voice:

This woman is an urn  
Full of mystical perfume,  
Like Annabel, like Ulalume . . .

Otto writes poetry, too. He has made a complete translation of *The Ancient Mariner*. Here is the "water, water, everywhere" stanza:

Agua, por todas partes agua,  
y chirriaba el calor, en la borda;  
agua, por todas partes agua,  
y, para beber, ni una gota.

Zalamea has written a novel called *4 Años A Bordo De Mi Mismo—Four Years Abroad Myself*. It is about life among the Indians of the Guajira Peninsula, in the north of Colombia, and is said to be extremely coarse in its language. So far, I have only read the postscript which I will quote because it amuses me—although Zalamea crossed it out with his fountain pen before giving me the book:

I started to write this novel on Friday, May 9th, 1930, at 9 o'clock at night, among noisy loungers, on a "Continental" typewriter of which I don't know the number. In the offices of *La Tarde*, 14th Street, Number 89.

My work on it was interrupted for a long time and it was finished today, January 24th, 1932, at 11:30 at night, on an "Underwood" machine, number A23678867. 57th Street, number 11. A dark night, gray and blue, starless, foggy. Wind SSW, low clouds, rejoicing, immense rejoicing! And for what?

I find Zalamea very sympathetic. He is vigorous and lively; not at all "artistic" or refined. He keeps trying to lure me into making indiscreet political remarks, but I am careful because I fear he will print them. Yesterday he took me to the offices of *El Espectador*, the liberal newspaper he works for, and introduced me to the editor, an elderly man whose name, I believe, is Luis Cano. The editor made a great impression on me; he is one of those people whose integrity is so evident that you feel touched and ashamed, and want to protect them. He asked me what my politics were. I answered that I was a Liberal, and immediately felt like a hypocrite—although this is approximately true—because it pleased him so much. "Let us hope that you will *die* a Liberal," he said, patting my shoulder.

These people we have met all seem to agree in regarding William Faulkner and John Dos Passos as the two best modern

North American writers. Zalamea finds U.S. literature deeply pessimistic and ascribes this to the depressing effect of capitalism upon art in the States. However, he draws no such conclusions from the work of Sartre and Camus, both of whom are greatly admired here. Quite naturally, French culture is the ultimate criterion by which everything artistic is judged in this country; and I suspect that Colombians follow the French in thinking that the U.S.A. would do better to stick to writing crime stories and making automobiles.

A warning to writers who are planning a trip down here. Before you leave home, pack at least three dozen copies of your books; or, if that is too bulky and expensive, take a poem, a short story, a magazine article—it doesn't much matter what—and have it printed in pamphlet form. Otherwise, you will be as embarrassed as I am. Authors keep presenting me with inscribed volumes, and I have nothing to offer them in return.

The day before yesterday, Arturo and his sister drove us to the Falls of Tequendama. They are about thirteen miles from Bogotá, at the edge of the plateau, where the river drops 450 feet into the gorge below. This must be breathtaking in clear weather. But all we got were glimpses through the fog which kept rolling up the face of the precipice. Tequendama is a favorite spot for suicides—perhaps because there is something hypnotic about that great feather-bed of foam heaving over the rocks. A policeman with a dog is always on duty to prevent them. He sits forlornly beneath a palm-thatch shelter, with a pair of handcuffs dangling from his belt. Arturo asked him if he always knew which of the many visitors were planning to kill themselves. "Almost always," said the policeman. "And when I don't, my dog does." Some of the suicides don't give in without a violent struggle; finding themselves hand-cuffed to the policeman, they are apt to try to drag him with them into the water. It must be one of the world's most unpleasant jobs.

October 23.

Now that our stay in Bogotá is almost over, I must sort out some general impressions.

Certainly, we have enjoyed a wonderful amount of hospitality, both foreign and domestic. A dinner at the U.S. Embassy, where we met those two redoubtable professional travelers, Oden and Olivia Meeker; their efficiency makes me realize what a lazy amateur I am when it comes to fact-collecting. A memorable cocktail party in a penthouse, at which Caskey drastically improved U.S.-Colombian relations. And many lunches with all kinds of people, from the Principal of a girls' high school to the ex-Governor of a Department. I have tried to show my gratitude in the only way I can, by playing my part as a minor cultural object. I have been interviewed by three newspapers, spoken on the radio, and addressed a *tertulia* at the British Institute. The *tertulia* opened badly because I was nervous, but ended warmly because there were plenty of cocktails. Zalamea told me that I had "the eyes of absolute truthfulness," and we embraced repeatedly, somewhat to the surprise of Rochester who had apparently decided that I was the frigid British type.

Nevertheless, I feel that I shall remember Bogotá in an atmosphere of sadness. This has nothing to do with our hosts or our experiences. It is largely due to the weather. Everybody tells us that we picked the worst time of year to come here; it has rained, on and off, nearly every day. And the town itself is rather somber; the houses are seldom brightly painted and the inhabitants tend to dress in quiet dark colors. Then there is the altitude, which affects you in various mildly unpleasant ways: gas-pains, known as "Bogotá belly," or a tightness around the heart muscles, or a vague irrational sense of anxiety, as if you had forgotten some important obligation. In the mornings I feel tense, restless and uneasy; in the afternoons lazy, exhausted and sad.

Here are some miscellaneous facts and opinions which I noted down after various meetings and interviews. It is better to report



them without mentioning names, in case I am misquoting. I think, on the whole, that the opinions fairly represent group attitudes, not merely the prejudice of individuals. All my informants were, as they say, "responsible" people. None of them, however, were members of Gaitán's party, so the remarks about him are necessarily one-sided.

I asked a Colombian Liberal: "What do you think of Gaitán? I've heard people call him a Communist. Is it true?"

"Certainly not. Gaitán has no clear political line. He's an opportunist. His models are Mussolini and Perón. He wants to create a Workers' Party on the Perón pattern. He'll probably be elected President, but he'll never be able to abolish our other political parties. Colombians wouldn't tolerate that. Colombia is essentially democratic."

"What's his foreign policy?"

"He is opposed to the United States. That shows how unrealistic he is. Colombia can't get along without the States; they are our chief customer—almost our only one. We are a semi-colonial economy."

"Are Americans hated here?"

"I wouldn't go so far as that. I think most of us prefer the British, however. We always suspect the Americans of playing politics. Even their cultural attachés seem more interested in politics than in art and literature. They should send us a real writer, a poet. The French understand that. But then, I must admit, the French have practically no trade with Colombia. They can afford to be disinterested. . . . You probably read about the incident here, shortly before you arrived, when Washington protested to our Government against what it called the coffee-shipping monopoly and the U.S. Embassy windows were stoned? The U.S. officials were very sensible. They didn't make any fuss. And our newspapers deplored the whole affair. Just the same, the demonstration represented very real and strong feeling; not only on the part of the students—they are a great political force here—but also of the small business men. There is a special resentment, I think, against the oil companies. It is said that they are taking our oil

and hoarding it, in case the United States should get into a war."

"Are the Russians powerful here?"

"No. And they haven't a chance of becoming so. They can't get any trade started here. Washington sees to that. As for our Communist Party, it is split from top to bottom, into two factions. People say Washington is responsible for that, too. American agents infiltrated the labor unions and caused dissension."

Later, I quoted this remark to an American official, who roared with laughter. "I only wish we were that smart!" he said: "No . . . the Communist Party split, as they often do, on a question of tactics. One side wanted to go all out, as aggressively as possible; the others were for caution and diplomacy. They haven't much direct influence, anyway. But if some agitation gets started they'll run to the head of the procession, make speeches and try to convince everybody that they're leading it. That's what happened the other day, when we got our windows smashed. . . . The way they talk about Washington, you'd think it was some kind of a totalitarian political bureau, owned and operated by Wall Street. And all this stuff about Yankee Imperialism! If Colombians would get together and work out a reasonable economic plan, and extend taxes to finance it, they could have all the foreign capital they wanted. The present income-tax is a farce. And the labor unions aren't properly run. The leaders don't do enough for the men. They have no schools to make them into more efficient workers. There's even a sort of class system: the workers who get paid by the month look down on the day-laborers. . . . Yes, of course, there's some anti-American feeling. Under the circumstances, it's very natural. Colombians see U.S. goods and services and firms everywhere. They benefit from them but they don't like them, because they feel it reflects on their own lack of enterprise; they ought to be running things themselves. Well, one day they will . . ."

I talked to several Colombians about the next American elections. All of them wished that Henry Wallace might become President. He is still immensely popular here. "But we hear," said

one of them, "that Eisenhower may be running. Do you think he could win?"

"It's quite possible."

"That would be the worst thing that could happen."

"What makes you think so?"

"He is a general. . . . Of course, that may not mean quite the same thing in the States, I admit. In Latin America, we always distrust the Army. We have good reason to. Colombia is actually much better, in this respect, than most other countries. Here we have such a reverence for law and order that nobody dare go very far beyond it. On one occasion, some Army Officers went to the President and ordered him to resign. They had the document ready, but the President, to gain time, pretended he had lost the official seal. The rebels quite agreed that the resignation would not be legal without it, so they all started hunting around the palace, and meanwhile loyal troops arrived and the rebellion failed. . . . Another time, when part of the Army was attempting a *coup d'état*, the rebels wanted to concentrate their men in the Plaza Bolivar. To do this, they needed trucks. The truck-drivers demanded payment in advance, in cash. So an officer went across to the bank with a check. 'We're very sorry,' the cashier told him, 'but we are not allowed to cash any checks because a State of Emergency has been declared.' So that rebellion failed too. . . . That's the value of our traditions. Take away our traditions, and we have nothing. We should become another Bolivia."

"What part does the Church play politically?"

"The Church is less important, politically, than it used to be, but it is trying hard to regain its power. The Archbishop and most of the bishops are anti-Franco. The smaller clergy are mostly in favor of him, but that's only due to their ignorance. During the Civil War, the great majority of Colombians supported the Spanish Republican Government. . . . The Church is inclined to disapprove of the United States, because they are thought to set a bad moral example. Your sex life is much freer than ours, and the young people find this attractive. . . . Many of us Liberals would

like to see the creation of a national Catholic Church, independent of Vatican politics, but I don't think that's likely to happen at present."

"Do you think there is a possibility of woman's suffrage in Colombia?"

"The Conservatives are in favor of it, because they know that most women would vote for them. We Liberals know this, also. I'm afraid that is the reason why—although we support woman's suffrage in theory—we never do anything about it."

I asked a visiting British educationalist his opinion of Colombian culture. "Of course," he said, "it's pretty much limited to the big cities. Your Colombian intellectual's a great quoter. It's hard for him to think independently. He reads a lot of foreign stuff—particularly French. But when it comes to the literature of the other Latin American countries, he's inclined to be insular. As for the rest of the reading public, literacy's a very new thing for them; their choice of books is indiscriminate. You've noticed all the bookshops? That's because they have no lending libraries here; you've got to buy. The market's flooded with cheap Argentine translations, mostly in very bad Spanish. Comparatively little gets published here; but they do have one very good scientific journal, with excellent printing and color plates. There's a shortage of textbooks. The best ones come from Mexico. . . . Before things get better in the country districts, you've got to find more teachers—at present, they can't be persuaded to leave the towns. And you've got to improve the children's diet. There's a lot of malnutrition. The peasants eat too many starches. If they have milk, they don't give it to their kids, they sell it. When they fall sick, they go to the local medicine man. None of these chaps have licences, of course—there are very few qualified doctors—but some of them are amazingly skillful. They'll always start by examining your urine, no matter what's wrong. They haven't any anesthetics, so they do their surgery without; tell you to watch that bird outside the window, and then take your finger off with a

chopper. Luckily, most of their patients have very strong constitutions. . . .”

*October 24.*

This afternoon, we leave. Two of our Bogotá friends, Pablo Rocha and Steve Jackson, are driving us down to a winter resort called Apulo, at the foot of the mountains. We shall stay there a day or two, and then continue our journey by train. Pablo Rocha is an architect. He went to a British public school—Harrow, I think—and speaks perfect English; since then, he has traveled a great deal. He looks like an aristocratic polo-player, has beautiful manners, and is very hospitable and kind. Steve Jackson is a large good-humored relaxed American boy who has spent some time in this country working as an interior designer. Both of them can be extremely funny and silly on suitable occasions, and I'm sure we shall enjoy making this trip with them.

Salazar has just visited us. He brought with him an ivory paper-knife as a farewell present, and a recording-machine, into which he asked me to read a somewhat embarrassing passage from one of my novels. During this operation Caskey packed our bags, with the expression of one who is forced by circumstances to be present at an abortion but is determined to see, hear and know nothing of what takes place.

# Suggested Further Reading

*This list does not include books by contributors to this anthology. For information concerning works by these authors, the reader should consult the introductions to the various selections.*

AGASSIZ, LOUIS, *A Journey in Brazil*. Boston, Osgood, 1875.

The record of a famous naturalist's visit to Brazil, it includes comments on political and social life.

BINGHAM, HIRAM, *Across South America*. Boston, Houghton Mifflin, 1911.

——— *Inca Land*. Boston, Houghton Mifflin, 1922.

——— *Lost City of the Incas*. New York, Duell, Sloan & Pearce, 1948.

Professor Bingham of Yale was the discoverer of the famous Inca ruins at Macchu Picchu in Peru, and these books deal with his travels and explorations in the Andean regions of Bolivia and Peru.

BOWERS, CLAUDE, *Chile Through Embassy Windows*. New York, Simon & Schuster, 1958.

Noted as an historian of the American enlightenment, Bowers also served for fourteen years as United States ambassador in Santiago. His narration of his experiences there under four recent presidents provides an excellent introduction to contemporary Chilean life.

BRIDGES, E. LUCAS, *The Uttermost Part of the Earth*. New York, Dutton, 1949.

By far the most thorough and entertaining account in existence of life on Tierra del Fuego and the lower regions of Patagonia. For years the Bridges family have been important sheep ranchers in the south of Argentina.

CONRAD, JOSEPH, *A Set of Six*. New York, Doubleday, 1924.

This volume contains the story "Gaspar Ruiz," which is based on an actual incident during the Chilean independence movement. Conrad's South American novel, *Nostromo*, is also recommended.

DAVIS, RICHARD HARDING, *Three Gringos in Venezuela and Central America*. New York, Harper, 1896.

A very amusing account of Davis' travels through Honduras, Guatemala and Venezuela. The book is full of adventure and witty comment on local conditions.

HERNDON, W. LEWIS, *Exploration of the Valley of the Amazon*, Hamilton Basso, ed. New York, McGraw-Hill, 1952.

Major Herndon of the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers was one of the first North Americans to explore the Amazon. His account is full of interesting observations on natural life and native inhabitants encountered along the way.

KIDDER, DANIEL P., *Sketches of Residence and Travel in Brazil*. Philadelphia, Sorm & Ball, 1845.

A somewhat strait-laced and humorless missionary, Kidder nevertheless provides a detailed and presumably accurate account of conditions in Brazil under the Empire.

LUCCOCK, JOHN, *Notes on Rio de Janeiro and the Southern Parts of Brazil*. London, Samuel Leigh, 1820.

An early, and generally entertaining, description of life in Brazil. Especially good are Luccock's remarks on social conventions and behavior.

MATTHIESSEN, PETER, *The Cloud Forest*. New York, Viking, 1961.

A well-known young novelist and naturalist, Mr. Matthiessen concentrates in this book on the Valley of the Amazon and on Patagonia.

MORAND, PAUL, *Indian Air*. London, Cassell, 1933.

Since he is a Frenchman, Mr. Morand does not properly belong in this list of Anglo-American writers. But his unpretentious little book is so admirable an introduction to Latin America that it is included here.

PAYNE, E. J., ed., *Voyages of the Elizabethan Seamen to America*, Two series. Oxford, Clarendon, 1893.

These volumes contain extracts from the journals of the first Englishmen to visit North and South America. These men include Drake, Raleigh, Cavendish and Hawkins.

PRESCOTT, W. H., *The Conquest of Mexico and The Conquest of Peru*, Modern Library Edition. New York, Random House.

The classic historical accounts of the Spanish conquests.

PROCTOR, ROBERT, *Narrative of a Journey Across the Cordillera of the Andes and of a Residence in Lima*. London, Constable, 1825.

What is most interesting in this book is Proctor's description of crossing over the Andes by foot and horseback between Argentina and Chile.

ROBERTSON, J. P. and ROBERTSON, W. P., *Letters on Paraguay*, Vols. I & II. London, Murray, 1838.

This famous book provides a portrait of one of the first Latin American dictators, Francia of Paraguay, who controlled the country before the advent of López.

ROOSEVELT, THEODORE, *Through the Brazilian Wilderness*. New York, Scribner, 1914.

Shortly before his death, the former president explored the Amazon and its tributaries with the famous Brazilian soldier and colonizer, Colonel (later Marshal) Rondon. Though a trifle long-winded, Roosevelt's account is full of excitement and adventure.

SITWELL, OSBERT, *The Four Continents*. New York, Harper, 1954.

This book contains a short interlude on Panama.

SITWELL, SACHEVERELL, *Golden Wall and Mirador*. New York, World, 1962.

An intelligent travel book commenting especially on the architecture and ancient ruins of Peru, Bolivia and Ecuador, but also containing chapters on Guatemala.

STEPHENS, JOHN L., *Incidents of Travel in Central America, Chiapas and Yucatan*, Vols. I & II. London, Murray, 1851.

One of the most famous and entertaining of all travel books on Latin America, it is of particular value for its descriptions of ancient Mayan ruins, one of which Stephens himself tried to buy in order to preserve it. Highly recommended.

TSCHIFFELY, A. A., *Tschiffely's Ride*. New York, Simon & Schuster, 1933.

The story of a fantastic journey which Tschiffely undertook alone with his two horses between Buenos Aires and Washington, D.C.

WAUGH, EVELYN, *Ninety-two Days*. New York, Farrar & Rinehart, 1934.

An account of three months in the backlands of British Guiana and Brazil.

WILSON, EDMUND, *Red, Black, Blond and Olive*. New York, Oxford, 1936.

One section of this book is devoted to Haiti.



## INDEX



- Amana River, Guiana, 19-20  
 Amazon River, 15, 17, 207-19  
 Andes Mountains, 48, 51, 94, 275, 278, 290, 295, 306  
 Anson, Lord George, 47, 56  
 Antigua, Guatemala, 253-61  
 Antioquía. *See* Medellín  
 Antofagasta, Chile, 288, 290  
 Argentina, 73, 112-21, 134-35, 167-87, 188-97  
 Arica, Chile, 10, 289  
 Asunción, Paraguay, 134-37  
  
 Bogotá, Colombia, 308-25  
 Bolívar, Simon, 86, 87, 88, 133  
 Bolivia, 93-102  
 Brazil, 2-3, 103-10, 134-35, 198-206, 207-19  
 British Guiana. *See* Guiana  
 Buenaventura, Colombia, 301-07  
 Buenos Aires, Argentina, 80, 168, 189, 190, 196  
 Bullfights, 54-55  
 Byron, John, 47-56  
  
 Callao, Peru, 70, 74-75  
 Cape of Good Hope, 4  
 Carranza, Venustiano, 234  
 Chihuahua, Mexico, 223-24, 227, 228, 229, 230, 232-34  
 Chile, 7-9, 41-46, 47-56, 57, 69-70, 73, 80, 112-21, 287-300  
 Chiloe, Chile, 47, 53  
 Chuquicamata, Chile, 287-300  
 Cochrane, Lord Thomas, 57, 70, 74  
 Colombia, 73, 271-86, 301-07, 308-25  
 Conrad, Joseph, 5, 136, 168  
 Coquimbo, Chile, 9  
 Cortez, Hernan, 27-29, 31, 38  
 Costa, Lúcio, 308  
 Cuba, 152-66, 262-70  
  
 Dampier, Captain William, 40, 41, 42, 44, 46  
 Dana, Richard Henry, 152-66  
 Darwin, Charles, 112-21, 169, 170, 171  
 Defoe, Daniel, 41  
 Díaz, Porfirio, 221, 226, 228  
 Drake, Sir Francis, 1-12, 14  
  
 Ecuador, 70, 81-92, 113, 122-32  
 Elizabeth I of England 5, 6, 13, 14, 23  
  
 Frank, Waldo, 287-300  
  
 Gage, Thomas, 26-39  
 Galápagos Islands, Ecuador, 113, 122-32  
 Graham, Robert Bontine Cunningham, 167, 168, 188-97  
 Guatemala, 253-61  
 Guayaquil, Ecuador, 81-92  
 Guiana, 13-25, 103  
  
 Hall, Captain Basil, 69-92  
 Havana, Cuba, 262-70  
 Hergesheimer, Joseph, 262-70  
 Howe, Julia Ward, 152-53  
 Huayapa, Mexico, 237-52  
 Hudson, W. H., 167-87, 189  
 Huxley, Aldous, 253-61

- Indian population of Latin America, 3-4, 8, 16-19, 22-23, 24, 27-29, 96-102, 112-21, 220-36, 237-52 *passim*, 261
- Inquisition, 58-68
- Isherwood, Christopher, 308-25
- Juan Fernandez Islands, Chile, 41-46
- Kipling, Rudyard, 198-206
- Lawrence, D. H., 237-52
- La Quebra, Colombia, 281, 283, 285
- Lima, Peru, 10, 57-68, 70, 74-75, 77-80, 85
- López, Francisco Solano, 134, 141, 146, 150, 151
- Lynch, Madame, 135
- Magellan, Strait of, 6-7, 113-21 *passim*
- Masterman, G. F., 133-51
- McFee, William, 271-86
- Medellín, Colombia, 271-86
- Melville, Herman, 122-32
- Mexico, 27-39, 73, 220-36, 237-52
- Mexico City, 27-39
- Mistral, Gabriela, 289, 308
- Montezuma, 29
- Morley, Christopher, 301-07
- Neruda, Pablo, 308
- New Granada. *See* Colombia
- Niemeyer, Oscar, 307
- Oaxaca, Mexico, 29, 237-38
- Obidos, Brazil, 216
- O'Higgins, Bernardo, 70
- Orinoco River, 15-19, 25
- Orozco, José, 308
- Pampas of Argentina, 188-97
- Paraguay, 133-51
- Patagonia, 167-87
- Payta, Peru, 10-11
- Peru, 10, 57-68, 69-80
- Philip II of Spain, 1
- Plate River, 3
- Potosí, Bolivia, 93, 94
- Prescott, W. H., 58
- Punta Arenas, Chile, 113
- Raleigh, Sir Walter, 1, 13-25
- Reed, John, 220-36
- Republican government in Latin America, 69-80, 85, 86-87, 89-90, 91, 93-94, 133-34, 220-36
- Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, 199, 204
- Rivera, Diego, 308
- Robinson Crusoe*, 40-41
- Rogers, Woodes, 40-46
- Roman Catholicism in Latin America, 33, 35, 36-38, 58-68, 94-96, 148, 261, 296
- San Martín, General José de, 69-80, 85, 133
- Santiago, Chile, 8-9, 48-56
- São Paulo, Brazil, 198-206
- Selkirk, Alexander, 41-46
- Siqueiros, David, 308
- Spanish rule in Latin America, 8, 23, 27-29, 30-32, 42-43, 48-49, 62, 67-68, 69-72, 85-86, 93
- Stevenson, W. B., 57-68
- Sucre, General Antonio José de, 88
- Tarapaca, Chile, 9
- Temple, Edmund, 93-102
- Tierra del Fuego, 112-21
- Tomlinson, H. M., 207-19
- Trinidad, 18, 21, 23
- Uruguay, 134-35
- Valdivia, Chile, 9
- Valdivia, Pedro de, 49
- Valparaiso, Chile, 8-9
- Venezuela, 14
- Villa, Pancho, 220-36
- Waterton, Charles, 103-10, 180





